B
3 1761 03612 1184

THE MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF DR. W. G. GRACE

LORD HAWKE
LORD HARRIS
SIR HOME GORDON

B
G 75 3
H

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY
TORONTO
AUG 22 1924
RECEIVED

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/memorialbiograph00maryuoft

THE MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF DR. W. G. GRACE

This Edition is limited to
150 copies for sale.

W. G. GRACE.

From a miniature by Mrs. Frank Townsend.
Exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1915.

56844

THE MEMORIAL BIOGRAPHY OF DR. W. G. GRACE

ISSUED
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE COMMITTEE OF M.C.C.
AND
EDITED BY
LORD HAWKE, LORD HARRIS
AND SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

56844

LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY, LTD
1919

LIBRARY
MAR
9
1962
OF TORONTO

First published 1919.

GV
915
G7M44

Preface

NEVER was such a band of cricketers gathered for any tour as has assembled to do honour to the greatest of all players in the present Memorial Biography. That such a volume should go forth under the auspices of the Committee of M.C.C. is in itself unique in the history of the game, and that such an array of cricketers, critics and enthusiasts should pay tribute to its finest exponent has no parallel in any other branch of sport. In itself this presents a noble monument of what W. G. Grace was, a testimony to his prowess and to his personality.

The initiative is due to Sir Home Gordon, who conceived the scale on which the work has been planned, wrote over five hundred letters and had nearly one hundred personal interviews. On learning that the Committee of M.C.C. desired to be associated with the book, he handed over all the material he had collected and accepted their invitation to be co-editor with Lord Hawke and Lord Harris. Of that triumvirate he has been the active partner, the others proving critical, advisory and helpful in every possible way.

Something must be added about the unusual form that this Memorial Biography has been allowed to take. It was felt that the testimony of those who had played with and loved W. G. Grace would be of far more interest and value to contemporaries and posterity than a categorical and formal monograph. The human note, it is hoped, will proclaim what manner of cricketer the champion was. The editors are conscious that by adopting this policy a certain

amount of divergence of opinion will find expression in these pages and a certain amount of repetition prove unavoidable, however scrupulously cut down, whilst some overlapping must occur when the valued reminiscences of a comrade in big games may extend over some thirty years of friendship. These drawbacks to the method have been recognized from the outset, but it has been felt that the cumulative effect of the testimony immeasurably outweighed them because the desire of the editors is to provide the impression of what manner of cricketer W. G. was and that is what the reader of the younger generation will want to know.

There is nothing in the following pages about the private life of Grace. Alike as son, as brother, as husband, and as father, in every relationship of family existence he was exemplary. Those cherished memories are not for the general reader, because the honoured privacy of his domesticity has nothing to do with the public career of the great sportsman.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the extraordinary desire to be helpful shown by countless correspondents. Not only have those who were appealed to given of their best, but hundreds who were personally unknown to the editors volunteered assistance which was often valuable and would have been far more freely drawn upon if the present volume could have been permitted to attain double its size. The severest restrictions have had to be enforced, but they in no way diminish the feeling of gratitude, which is hereby all too inadequately expressed. If any whose help has been utilized do not find their names enumerated in the lists in this preface, will they accept thanks with the assurance that the omission is inadvertent? It must be added that a number sent in the same anecdotes which were contributed by various writers in their reminiscences.

To many who will read these pages, the memory

of the late Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane will be as dear as that of Grace himself, and the following letter in his own handwriting written less than a month before his death in his ninety-second year must not be omitted.

BRYMPTON, YEOVIL,
November 6, 1915.

DEAR SIR HOME GORDON,—

I was glad to see that you had undertaken the task of writing the Memorial of W. G. It was natural that you should ask me to send you some notes of him, as I had been so much connected with him. I had indeed proposed to do so before I received your letter, but I find I must abandon the task. I have been suffering for some time with weakness of my heart, and in the last few days it has attacked my head and filled it with porridge or some deleterious compound—so much so that I feel quite incompetent to bring my senses together to write anything of interest on so important a subject as a memorial of the finest cricketer that ever existed, so simple, straightforward and somewhat eccentric in character. Please therefore excuse me and accept my best wishes for the success of your book.

Yours truly,
S. PONSONBY-FANE.

The editors realize that the loss of Sir Spencer's recollections of W. G. leaves an irreparable gap. They were fortunate to secure those of the late Lord Alverstone, of the late C. E. Green, and of the late Henry Perkins before those three so eminently associated with M.C.C. also passed away. Horan, the "Felix" of Australian criticism, was also invited, but death reached him before the letter could have arrived at the Antipodes. Owing to his unexpected departure for India, the Jam Saheb of

Nawanagar could not fulfil his promise to furnish his reminiscences, and to extract a lengthy communication from him when in his own State is even more difficult than it was to dislodge him from the wicket when in his prime.

The warmest appreciative thanks must be expressed to each of the following who have furnished extended reminiscences of W. G. :—

H.R.H. the late Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein

Ashley-Cooper, F. S.
Barlow
Beldam, G. W.
Burls, C. W.
Carter, Canon E. S.
Clarke, C. C.
Cobham, Lord
Croome, A. C. M.
Francis, C. K.
Gale, P. G.
Hirst
Leveson-Gower, H. D. G.
Lilley
Lubbock, Alfred
Lucas, A. P.
Lyttelton, Canon Edward
Miles, R. F.
Page, H. V.
Paravicini, P. J. de
Pardon, S. H.
Rice, R. W.
Robinson, C. J.
Sewell, E. H. D.
Shuter, J.
Spofforth, F. R.
Studd, C. T.
Taylor, A. D.
Thornton, C. I.
Walker, R. D.
Warner, P. F.
Webbe, A. J.

Grateful acknowledgments are also tendered to—

Bell, Canon
Bradley, A. G.
Brown, Ernest
Coxon, H.
Ferris, S.
Hall, James
Hamilton, A. H.
Hawkins, Rev. Walter
Howard, R. E.
Leigh, T. A.
McArthur, J. A. S.
Pearson-Gregory, T. S.
Riddell, Sir George
Rogers, J. A. R.
Shaw, Arthur
Scott, Dave
Tatham, Canon
Thomson, H. A. C.
Troughton, H. C.
Townsend, C. L.
Warren, A.
Warren, Sir Herbert
Whitehead, Rev. A. Goram

To F. S. Ashley-Cooper a deep debt is due apart from his important contributions, for he was good enough to allow many points to be referred to him,

and he also read through the proofs, making invaluable suggestions. A. D. Taylor generously put his fine library of works on cricket freely at the disposition of the editors, and others who took exceptional pains to assist were C. K. Francis and C. I. Thornton. Two who by tact and help rendered valued service in the early stages were Sir George Riddell and C. L. Townsend, whilst the Secretary of M.C.C., F. E. Lacey, proffered all the aid in his power.

To the following indebtedness cannot be omitted :—

Bassett, R. G.
Bennett, H.
Bleackley, Horace
Blyth, H. M.
Brice, B.
Briscoe, W. A.
Buckingham, C. S.
Chandler, J. H.
Chiesman, C. S.
Clarke, H. H.
Cobbold, C. S.
Colman, Sir Jeremiah
Cox, F.
Davis, Alfred
Disney, T.
Dorehill, Major
Duckit, F.
Gibson, H.
Greaves, Miss G.
Griffiths, H.
Hardwick, J. H.
Hilder, T. P.
Hope, P. H.
Horner, C. E.
Hullett, R.
Humblecrofts, Preb.
Huxham, J. W.
Jay, J. W.
Jones, W. H.
Kernahan, Coulson
Lewis, Mrs.
Lodge, W. G.
McIvor, R.
McPherson, J. A.
Miles, J. A. H.
Millard, A.
Mitchell, Rev. A. G.
Muller, J.
Myers, T.
Noakes, W. F.
Norris-Elye, L. C. R.
Orlebar, B. O. C.
Overton, J. H.
Parker, R. J.
Pearson, J. H.
Preston, H. J.
Ramsay, B. M.
Ratcliffe, E. A.
Raynor, Rev. G. H.
Rhys - Jones, Rev. E.
Sampson, S. N.
Sankey, C.
Sawyer, C. J.
Sherburn, T.
Shuter, L. A.
Smith, C. J.
Stacy, Rev. P.
Tandy, J. H.
Taylor, T. Pryce
Taylor, T. L.
Thomas, Mrs.
Villiers, Mrs.
Warren, H.
Ward, C. S. M.
Watson, J.
Weidemann, C. H. R.
Wells, L. S.
Williams, F. W.
Williamson, D.
Wreford-Glanville, H.
Wright, C. W.
Wright, Ernest

It has proved impossible to trace all sources of information, especially as many were culled from scrapbooks kindly loaned, but wherever ascertainable permission has been asked and freely given. The warmest acknowledgments must be given to Messrs. Wisden, for the annual *Cricketers' Almanack* has not only proved invaluable, but permission has been accorded for the article by Lord Harris and many of the statistics by F. S. Ashley-Cooper. Grateful thanks are due to Lord Burnham for allowing the reproduction of the letter from W. G. Grace to the *Daily Telegraph*; to Mr. John Murray for the use of portions of the article in the *Quarterly Review* contributed by Sir Home Gordon; to H.R.H. Princess Christian for permission to use an extract from the *Life of Prince Christian Victor*; to Messrs. Blackwood for leave to quote from *Old English Cricketers*; to Messrs. Cassell from *Alfred Shaw, Cricketer*; and to Mr. Arrowsmith from *Kings of Cricket*. The proprietors of *Punch* most kindly permitted the whole of the noble tribute to W. G. by E. V. Lucas to be quoted, and the editor of the *Spectator* was good enough to allow the lengthy contribution by Canon Lyttelton to be used. It has not been feasible to trace any owner of copyright in the defunct Lillywhite annuals, green and red, or permission would have been solicited.

With regard to the illustrations, our selection had to be made from an enormous number and from a host of suggestions. Mr. G. W. Beldam generously allowed the reproduction of Mrs. Frank Townsend's miniature, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and allowed a selection from his photographs, acknowledgment being due to Messrs. Macmillan for leave to extract from *Great Batsmen*. Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Mawson gave leave for the insertion of a copy of the engraving from the portrait by the late Mr. Stuart Wortley which hangs in the pavilion at Lord's. The Committee of M.C.C. allowed

their collection to be drawn upon, the late H.R.H. Prince Christian presented some photos, and there are a couple in the volume the owners of which are not traced, but who are hereby warmly thanked.

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
	LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	xv
I	INTRODUCTION. By LORD HAWKE	1
II	A TRIBUTE. By LORD HARRIS	5
III	THE GREATNESS OF W. G. By SIR HOME GORDON, Bart.	13
IV	EARLIEST CRICKET	24
V	THE YOUNG CHAMPION. With Reminiscences by LORD COBHAM, CANON E. S. CARTER, R. D. WALKER and HENRY PERKINS	32
VI	APPROACHING HIS PRIME. With Reminiscences by R. F. MILES	45
VII	A YEAR OF TRIUMPH. With Reminiscences by C. K. FRANCIS and C. E. GREEN	57
VIII	SUPREMACY IN ENGLAND AND IN THE WEST. With Reminiscences by C. K. FRANCIS and ALFRED LUBBOCK	74
IX	AT HOME AND UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS. With Reminiscences by C. K. FRANCIS and F. R. SPOFFORTH	92
X	THE END OF THE OLD REGIME. With Reminiscences by C. I. THORNTON and A. J. WEBBE	107
XI	THE NEW ERA. With Reminiscences by CANON EDWARD LYTTELTON and F. R. SPOFFORTH	128

CHAP.		PAGE
XII	TESTS AND TRIUMPHS. With Reminiscences by A. P. LUCAS, J. SHUTER, S. H. PARDON and C. W. BURLS	144
XIII	MATURE PROFICIENCY. With Reminiscences by the late LORD ALVERSTONE, C. T. STUDD, P. J. DE PARAVICINI, and BARLOW	166
XIV	A WONDERFUL REVIVAL. With Reminiscences by H. V. PAGE and C. I. THORNTON	189
XV	PROWESS IN TWO HEMISPHERES. With Reminiscences by C. C. CLARKE	209
XVI	THREE STERLING SEASONS. With Reminiscences by A. C. M. CROOME and C. J. ROBINSON	223
XVII	MOST MARVELLOUS OF ALL. With Reminiscences by R. W. RICE, H. D. G. LEVESON-GOWER and P. F. WARNER	248
XVIII	GRACE'S JUBILEE AND THE END OF HIS COUNTY CRICKET. With Reminiscences by F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER, HIRST and LILLEY	271
XIX	THE CLOSE OF HIS FIRST-CLASS CAREER	293
XX	HAPPY LONDON COUNTY MEMORIES. By E. H. D. SEWELL. With Reminiscences by P. G. GALE and G. W. BELDAM	300
XXI	FINAL GAMES AND MANY ANECDOTES. With Reminiscences by H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN, etc.	318
XXII	GRACE AT OTHER SPORTS. With Reminiscences by SIR GEORGE RIDDELL, G. W. BELDAM, C. K. FRANCIS, etc.	330
XXIII	THE CLOSING SCENES	349
XXIV	STATISTICS OF W. G. GRACE'S CRICKET. By F. S. ASHLEY-COOPER	356
	BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE. By A. D. TAYLOR	377
	INDEX OF NAMES	381

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	TO FACE PAGE
Miniature by Mrs. F. Townsend	*Frontispiece*
Forward Push Stroke	16
The English Twelve in Canada	86
Back Stroke	112
Square Cut	128
Pull-Drive	160
Pencil Sketch by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.	177
Portrait by Archibald Stuart Wortley	208
A *Punch* Caricature	215
Facsimile of Letter to the *Daily Telegraph*	254
On his Fiftieth Birthday	272
With A. G. Steel	320
With H.R.H. the Prince of Wales	322
As a Golfer	330

CHAPTER I

Introduction

By Lord Hawke (*President of M.C.C.*, 1914-1918)

WHAT can be said of W. G. which is not expressed in the following pages?

Although it falls to my lot to open the innings of the great side that has been gathered to do justice to the champion's memory, as generally happens the Introduction is the very last portion of the book to be written. Therefore it seems to me that everything has been stated, and yet it behoves me to contribute my share when others have so generously given of their best.

Ever since I can remember, cricket was my greatest hobby, and looking back to my earliest boyhood it seems to me that cricket and Grace were synonymous. For nobody ever spoke of cricket without alluding to W. G. He symbolized cricket for every one who began to play after he became champion. He even attracted many to watch him who under no other circumstances would have thought of witnessing a match.

When I came to know him, the man proved as attractive as the cricket. W. G. was highly individual, like no one else, just as his cricket did not resemble that of any other player. I have heard it observed that he had just the figure for cricket. I do not think so. I regard his exceptional skill in his zenith as all the more remarkable, because

he overcame physical difficulties. That big, burly frame was slow to move, there was a tendency to put on weight, only overcome by strenuous exercise: he conquered such obstacles as he conquered opposing bowling and as he conquered *anno domini* to an unparalleled age. As years went by one marvelled more and more at his skill. The Old Man became a perennial in first-class cricket. Personally I enjoyed an exceptionally long career in county matches. But W. G. was playing for the Gentlemen before I was five years old, and he was still scoring centuries only a little before I resigned the captaincy of Yorkshire. It does seem so wonderful that one is in doubt how to allude to such exceptional success. "Take him all in all, we shall not look upon his like again," appears the one true quotation with which to commend his memory to those who will never enjoy the good fortune to watch his complete mastery at the wicket.

Individually I am the very worst possible to provide reminiscences of the champion. I always played cricket for cricket's sake, very seriously without giving thought to anything except the actual game. I never noticed what may be termed bye-parts, those pleasant side-lights which are so illustrative when one looks back. Whenever W. G. was against me—and we chiefly met in Yorkshire *v.* Gloucestershire matches—I found him absorbed in the encounter with none of the playful episodes occurring such as are recalled by other contributors to this volume. That earnestness made for good cricket, but not for amusing recollections.

He generally seemed to love the Yorkshire bowling, and I think that was because our bowling was just a bit better very often than others that he had to play, and therefore he tried just a little more than usual to get runs—and certainly made them. We possessed a succession of wonderful left-handed bowlers, and I always thought that W. G. played left-handed

bowling more easily than he did right-handed, that is to say, I believe he liked the preliminary direction imparted to the flight of the ball by the left hand, just as I did. Personally I never saw two finer efforts than his double century against us at Clifton in 1888. He hit the very first ball for four, plumbin the middle of the bat, and I felt we were out for a real "leather hunt." He never looked like being out. If Georgie Hirst never bowled him, as he relates, Bobby Peel only did so on six occasions and Peate on nine; and they must have opposed him a number of times.

He could be baffling on occasions. Once at Scarborough on the last day, it was a North *v.* South, he and Abel were in at lunch time and the boys wanted to catch an afternoon train home, so they did their best to get W. G. to have an extra glass of champagne in the hope that it would help to get him out. The Old Man well knew what they were up to. "No," said he, "I will have the other bottle at five o'clock." Sure enough, he was still in and had his "afternoon tea" and the boys missed their train.

I never had a word with W. G. in my life which was not cheery, pleasant and sportsmanlike. Only once, I think, did I shoot with him, and that was at Ranji's. The Old Man shot with a would-be pair of guns; one given by Purdy; the other was as unlike it as two sticks. Still he was in good form, and it was delightful to note his accuracy and his own pleasure in bringing down some really high birds.

I have expressed the opinion that I have always been splendidly supported by the Press in all my efforts on behalf of cricket. I also think that Grace owed not a little to the constant appreciation of his prowess shown in print. From the beginning the cricket critics recognized his supreme mastery of the game, and they never lost sight of that even when he was out of form now and again. This steady mainte-

nance of his skill to the public gave him opportunity to recover his form instead of his being subjected to erroneously short-sighted suggestions that he ought to be left out of a big match just because he had made a few small scores. The monument to W. G. is not only in what he has done, but in the consistent way in which it was recorded. In whatever class of sport that can be named, I doubt if there ever was one who shone so brilliantly above his fellows. No one was ever more popular, and still we can say, with the real depth of truth, that one of his greatest charms was that he was always the same and never had his head turned. Indeed there were so many that one is tempted to sum it all up thus :

W. G. b. 1848, d. 1915 : well played.

Yes, that is the truth : he played life's innings well, as this book goes to prove. A memorial to him is to be perpetuated at Lord's, just as this Memorial Biography is intended to give permanent testimony to what he was. Yet no monument, no portrait, no book can adequately represent either the vitality of W. G. or his superb skill in the game he loved. They had to be seen to be realized, and now we can look at them no more.

CHAPTER II

A Tribute

By Lord Harris (*Treasurer of M.C.C.*)

IT is thirty years since I ceased to play regularly with W. G., and a period such as that plays havoc with one's memory of particulars; but as one of the few left who played with him in the great matches of the seventies and eighties I feel that though one's thoughts are concentrated on a far different field, I ought to try, before it is too late, to leave on record my recollections of him and his play.

I suppose it has been difficult for the present generation, who have seen occasionally at Lord's or in some country match his massive form, to realize that in the seventies he was a spare and extremely active man. My old comrade, Mr. C. K. Francis, reminded me when we attended his funeral, that in 1872, when Mr. FitzGerald's team of Gentlemen visited Canada and the United States, W. G.'s playing weight was no more than 12 stone 7 lb.; he was a magnificent field in any position, but more especially in fielding his own bowling he was unsurpassed. For a long time during his career he fielded regularly at point, and though those who had seen both considered his brother E. M. far the better of the two in that place, he was quite first-rate. He was a long thrower in his earliest days, but quite early in his career, when he sometimes went long field, preferred to bowl the ball up to throwing it. He

was always when at point on the look-out for a batsman being careless about keeping his ground, and you would see him occasionally face as if about to return the ball to the bowler, and instead send it under arm to the wicket-keeper, but I never saw him get any one out that way. He was originally a medium-paced bowler without peculiarity, meeting occasionally with considerable success, but in the seventies he adopted the delivery, slow with a leg break, by which he was known for the rest of his great career, and added to his otherwise extraordinary capacity as a cricketer. He must have been by nature a great bat and field, but he made himself, by ingenuity and assiduity, a successful bowler: and though I never knew any one keener on having his innings, I am by no means sure he did not prefer the other department of the game; at any rate, it was very difficult to take him off once he had got hold of the ball. It was "Well, just one more over" or "I'll have him in another over or two," when one suggested a change. The chief feature of his bowling was the excellent length which he persistently maintained, for there was very little break on the ball, just enough bias to bring the ball across from the legs to the wicket; not infrequently he bowled for catches at long leg, and when his brother Fred was playing was often successful in trapping the unwary, for with a high flight and a dropping ball it is difficult to avoid skying a hit to leg. Fred Grace was as sure a catch as I ever saw: he caught the celebrated skyer hit by Bonnor at the Oval, certainly a very high one. But a better still I thought was one he caught one very cold September day at the Oval in a match played for the benefit of "The Princess Alice" Fund. G. F. was bowling and a tremendous skyer went up, which obviously belonged to mid-off where I was standing. I was not particularly keen about it, and there was plenty of time for me to say "Who's going to have

this?" "I will," said G. F., and he held it sure enough.

The success of W. G.'s bowling was largely due to his magnificent fielding to his own bowling. The moment he had delivered the ball he took so much ground to the left as to be himself an extra mid-off, and he never funked a return however hard and low it came. I have seen him make some extraordinary catches thus; he had also the additional chance of the umpire making a mistake over an appeal for l.b.w. He crossed over to the off so far and so quickly that he could not possibly see whether the ball would have hit the wicket, but he generally felt justified in appealing. On one occasion at Canterbury with a high wind blowing down the hill he was having much success, and asking every time he hit the batsman's legs. He could not get me caught at long leg for I always hit him fine, but he asked every time I missed the ball; I kept remonstrating, and he kept responding indignantly until at last I put my left leg too far to the left, the ball passed through my legs and hit the wicket, upon which he argued that all the previous balls would have done the same, whilst I argued that that and all the others had not pitched straight. He always had his mid-on very straight behind him to make up for his crossing to the off. He seemed quite impervious to fatigue, and after a long innings would gladly, if allowed to, bowl through the opponents' innings. It is right to dwell thus much on his bowling, for though not a brilliant he was a decidedly successful bowler, and with a wind to help him actually difficult. But, of course, he will go down to fame as the greatest batsman that ever played, not as the greatest bowler; and I should judge that that description of him is justified. I happen to have seen and played on the average wickets we had to play on before the days of the very heavy roller, and also on the wickets batsmen now enjoy and bowlers groan over. I was too long

after his time ever to see Fuller Pilch bat, but I fancy it would be a very fair comparison to pit W. G.'s performances against Fuller's, and, great batsman as the latter was, I cannot believe he was as great as W. G.

I have elsewhere dilated, at such length as to prohibit repetition here, on the difference between the wickets of my earlier and of my later experience. The far lower level of batting averages in the seventies, as compared with those of the nineties and subsequently, is ample proof of the improvement of wickets, for the bowling has certainly not deteriorated, and it should be remembered that W. G. was making as huge scores on the more difficult wickets as his successors have done on the easier.

The great feature of Fuller's batting was his forward play. He used a bat with a short handle and abnormally long pod, so that, whilst he could smother the ball, and drive and play to leg, he could not cut ; whereas W. G. could hit all round, he used every known stroke except the draw which had become all but obsolete when he commenced first-class cricket ; and he introduced what was then a novel stroke, and one more adaptable to the break-back bowling which he had as a rule to meet, than the leg-break bowling which was common in Pilch's time, viz. : the push to leg with a straight bat off the straight ball, and his mastery of this stroke was so great that he could place the ball with great success clear of short leg and even of two short legs. It was not the glide which that distinguished cricketer Ranjitsinhji developed so successfully, or a hook, but a push and a perfectly orthodox stroke. In his prime he met the ball on the popping crease, neither the orthodox forward nor the backstroke ; it was a stroke entirely unique in my opinion needing remarkable clearness of eye and accurate timing : it is easy enough to play thus when one's eye is in, but when at his best he commenced his innings with

it. He stood very close to the line from wicket to wicket and made great use of his legs in protecting his wicket, not, be it understood, by getting in front of the wicket and leaving the ball alone, for no batsman left fewer balls alone, but bat and legs were so close together that it was difficult for the ball to get past the combination. So much so that the unfortunate umpires of those times were constantly being grumbled at either by the bowlers for not giving him out, or by him for being given out. J. C. Shaw, in particular, who remarked once: "I puts the ball where I likes, and that beggar he puts it where he likes," was constantly appealing to heaven—as he had failed in his appeal to the umpire—that he had got him dead leg-before; and W. G. remonstrating in that high-pitched tone of voice "Didn't pitch straight by half an inch." I cannot remember his ever—when in his prime—slogging: he seemed to play the same watchful, untiring correct game as carefully towards the close as at the commencement of a long innings: and there was no need for he had so many strokes and could place them so clear of the field, and with such power that when runs had to be made fast his ordinary style was enough to secure all that was wanted.

He was quite untiring during the longest innings, and just as anxious and watchful for every possible run whether he had got to save his duck or had already made 200, and he was very fast between the wickets, and just as reluctant to leave the wicket whatever his score was as was Harry Jupp, but more observant of the rules, practice and etiquette of the game than that stolid player, of whom a story was told that playing in a country match he was bowled first ball. Jupp turned round, replaced the bails, and took guard again. "Ain't you going out, Juppy?" said one of the field. "No," said Jupp, and he didn't. I may repeat another story I have recorded elsewhere how I caught Jupp once at point

close under his bat and close to the ground, that he showed no inclination to go and, so it was declared, that I said in a voice so thunderous : " I am not going to ask that, Jupp, you've got to go," that he did go.

W. G. was desperately keen for his side to win, and consequently was led, in his excitement, to be occasionally very rigid in demanding his full rights, but he was so popular, and had the game so thoroughly at heart, that such slight incidents were readily forgiven him and indeed more often than not added to the fund of humorous stories about him. When the luck of the game went against him his lamentations were deep, and his neighbourhood to be temporarily avoided, except by the most sympathetic. Alfred Lyttelton used to tell a delightful story of how in a Middlesex *v.* Gloucestershire match W. G., having been given out for the second time caught at the wicket for a small score, he retired to the dressing tent with his shoulders so humped up and his whole aspect so ominous that the rest of the Gloucestershire XI were to be seen sneaking out of the back of the tent to avoid an interview. His ability to go on playing in first-class cricket when age and weight had seriously increased was quite remarkable. He was a most experienced and skilful anatomist of his own body, and knew how to save the weak points, but in addition he was always a most plucky cricketer. Standing up as he had to to the fiercest bowling sometimes on most fiery wickets, and putting his hand to everything within reach no matter how hard hit, he had of course at least his share of painful contusions, but I cannot in the years that I was playing with him remember his ever standing out or flinching : and I have seen him playing with badly bruised fingers.

He was so immeasurably above every one else for many years, that the lines about Alfred Mynn naturally occurred to one as appropriate also to him,

substituting batting for bowling and Gloucestershire for Kent :

"But the Gentlemen of England the match will hardly win
Till they find another bowler such as glorious Alfred Mynn"

and

"Till to some old Kent enthusiasts it would almost seem a sin
To doubt their county's triumph when led on by Alfred Mynn."

I am sure it seemed to us who played with him in the great matches of the seventies and eighties that with W. G. to start the batting both the Gentlemen and England must be invincible, but Australian bowling took down our pride somewhat and taught us some useful lessons. When the Gentlemen of England were playing in Canada and the States in 1872 we used to grumble because W. G. and Cuthbert Ottaway used generally to put up 100 before a wicket went down, leaving some of us who fancied we could also do well if we had the chance, little to do when our time came. He was then and always a most genial, even-tempered, considerate companion, and of all the many cricketers I have known the *kindest* as well as the best. He was ever ready with an encouraging word for the novice, and a compassionate one for the man who made a mistake.

The sobriquet "Old Man," and it was a very affectionate one, was an abbreviation of "Grand Old Man," copied from that given to Mr. Gladstone by his admirers, and indeed he was the Grand Old Man of the Cricket World and the Cricket Field. It is, I suppose, natural if the present generation who have never seen him play cannot realize what he was to the cricketers of mine. He was a landmark, a figure head, a giant, a master man, and to most of those who are left I imagine it must be as difficult as it is to me to imagine cricket going on without W. G. He devoted his life to it, and was perhaps as well-known by sight to the public as any man in public life ; for he played all over England, in his

younger days with the United South of England XI—managed, if I remember right, by Jim Lillywhite—against odds; later as county cricket increased the Gloucestershire matches took him to all the great cricketing counties; but I think he would have said that his home in first-class cricket was Lord's; he was a most loyal supporter of M.C.C. cricket, and the admirable likeness of him by Mr. Stuart Wortley shows him batting on that historic ground, the combination of man and place surely most appropriate: the greatest cricketer in the history of the game batting on the most celebrated ground in the world.

He has gone and it is difficult to believe that a combination so remarkable of health, activity, power, eye, hand, devotion and opportunity will present itself again; if not, then the greatest cricketer of all time has passed away, and we who saw his play were encouraged by his invariable kindness, and gloried in his overwhelming excellence, may well think ourselves fortunate that a few of our cricketing years fell within his long cricketing life. It was a shock to hear that W. G. was no more; the crowd at his funeral, at a time when many of his greatest admirers were occupied with war work, was the best proof of the respect, admiration and affection he had won. The well-known lines in remembrance of Alfred Mynn pray that the Kentish turf may lie lightly on him; it now provides a calm and honoured home to the remains of

W. G. Grace.

CHAPTER III

Why W. G. Grace remains the Greatest Cricketer that ever was or ever will be

By Sir Home Gordon, Bart.

EVERY young cricketer of to-day and every cricketer of future generations will ask : " Why was W. G. Grace the greatest of cricketers and was he so very wonderful after all ? " It is to answer that very natural question that this memorial biography has been compiled. Why should our descendants take our word for anything ? They demand proof, and it is believed that the present volume will provide it on behalf of the deceased champion. At the same time it must be admitted that the praises of bygone heroes of the cricket-field often sound a little dull. Some of us may regard the famous Hambledon men much as we think of the Knights of the Round Table. We are not enthralled by Old Clarke, we are left unstirred by the once renowned prowess of Fuller Pilch, and neither William Ward nor Lord Frederick Beauclerk arouse a thrill. Better the next county match that is to be played than the greatest test match that was ever played. Whether this latter contention is right or wrong depends on the power of memory, or the links of association. Cricket memories are among the most fragrant of all to many devotees of the grand game. Anyhow, here is the emphatic statement once again : there can be no one else like W. G. Grace.

Far be it from those of us old enough to have seen

several generations of cricketers to lay stress on the superiority of those who have played their last big game. There are just as fine cricketers coming to-morrow as ever batted yesterday. Charles Buller was not a better bat than Andrew Ernest Stoddart; Richard Daft was not more difficult to dislodge than Tom Hayward; C. I. Thornton as a glorious hitter was succeeded by H. T. Hewett and Francis Ford; J. T. Tyldesley and Victor Trumper, Hobbs and George Hirst will have their counterparts in the next decade; after A. G. Steel came F. S. Jackson; we may again see such a super-vitalized cricket genius as George Lohmann. What about K. S. Ranjitsinhji? Well, the popular Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, when the present writer was his guest for the Delhi Durbar, said that he himself had only begun as a bat where the Grand Old Man had left off, and certainly he was never compelled to play on the abominably difficult wickets on which the senior acquired his well-earned reputation. At the centenary dinner of Lord's cricket ground, C. E. Green proposed the health of W. G. as "the greatest cricketer that has ever lived or ever will live."

Why? Young England justifiably asks. Let it not surprise those of us who have been born and bred under the shadow of W. G. Grace's incomparable supremacy that already have arisen those junior to us who inquire why. They have the right to know; they want reasons for our positiveness on the subject. Few people to-day dogmatize with complete confidence; why should all the generations of spectators and players for forty years agree on this one point?

The answer is not difficult to give. W. G. Grace is virtually the creator of modern cricket as we know it. He came into cricket when it was the most delightful of all contests, and by his amazing prowess he lifted it on his own massive shoulders to be the finest of all games, which it is to-day and will be

to-morrow. The part he played was so unique that so long as England to herself is true the fame of W. G. Grace will be preserved among the greatest imperial traditions.

In the realm of sport—that peculiarly British preoccupation—no other player ever towered so colossally over all other players in any game. Thousands who never saw a match nor felt the faintest interest in the antagonism of bowler and batsman were aware of him familiarly by repute. To the British public W. G. was almost as well known as W. E. G.; and, in the midst of the excitement over the first Home Rule Bill, a distinguished diplomatist observed that there was only one man more talked about in England than Gladstone and that was Grace. This unique reputation will have to be considered when the social and moral history of the past fifty years comes to be written, for the investigator will be compelled to ascertain how it came about that one who never forced himself into publicity, except by his paramount skill in a game, should have held so remarkable a place in the popular regard.

The explanation seems to be that he embodied in a particular way so much that appealed to his fellow-countrymen. Beyond all others he stood out as the typical example of absolute supremacy in his own sphere. In the best sense he was an individual gifted with amazing aptitude, emerging from the middle classes to be foremost in a game dear to all ranks of English society. It is but a truism to say that, to all intent and purpose, Grace personified cricket to the whole Empire for successive generations of cricketers—he played with the grandsons of those who had called him champion, and could still merit that proud title. It was not only what he achieved, it was also the individuality of the man, his massive, unmistakably British personality which exercised a spell over the crowd and caught the

imagination of those who never saw him to such an extent that in his own lifetime he entered the rank of traditional popular heroes; and the testimonials collected for him gave substantial evidence of how large he loomed in general estimation.

It became a commercial enterprise to arrange for his appearance at such towns for example as Cork, Inverness, Aberdeen, Lincoln, Wakefield, Darlington, Grimsby, Durham and Exeter, where no crowds otherwise could be induced to watch cricket. He alone among Englishmen proved an attraction, from the gate-money point of view, as lucrative as that which the Australians subsequently became; and the silver testimony of the turnstiles forms an unmistakable indication of what interests the public. In the seventies a newspaper observed that the clubs emptied and a stream of cabs dashed towards St. John's Wood when it was known that he was playing at Lord's. More than twenty years later, on his fiftieth birthday, twenty thousand people were packed round the same ground; excursion trains were run from the West of England: and "much to their annoyance, ladies and gentlemen, not in twos and threes but in hundreds, had to be turned away." No other votary of any sport has even a tithe of the references to W. G. Grace that are to be found in the pages of *Punch*.

It was appropriate that so many of the greatest achievements of the Old Man—as he was familiarly called in his veteran days—should have been associated with the headquarters of the game in which he excelled. Countless are the occasions in which he descended the steps, first of the old, then of the new pavilion at Lord's, always to be greeted with acclamation, often with positive enthusiasm. Even to look at, Grace had no parallel. That huge, ponderous form, those tremendous arms—their hairy strength revealed by the upturned sleeves—the big, familiar head, invariably wearing a red and yellow cap, the

W. G. GRACE.

The beginning of his forward push stroke

(From an action-photograph by G. W. Beldam.)

swarthy complexion, the thick black beard—later, "a sable silvered"—all revealed a man physically somewhat apart from the type usually associated with cricket.

When he reached the wicket and took guard, he invariably marked the spot on the ground with one of the bails. Then he would adjust his cap and take a careful look round to ascertain the placing of the field before confronting the bowler. Naturally, as a veteran, with increasing years and bulk, he leant more heavily on his bat, but in his prime his position was particularly easy. The weight of the body rested entirely on the right leg, the left foot being generally cocked up. He met every ball in the very centre of the bat, and whilst at the wicket inspired a curious confidence in his capacity to stay there. The late A. G. Steel—as great a master of the theory as of the practice of cricket—observed that it was waste of time on hard, dry wickets to put on fast bowlers when Grace was at his best. The runs that came from bowlers like Martin McIntyre were astonishing; cuts, pushes through any number of short-legs, big drives and colossal leg-hits—all were alike to the great batsman. No warmer verbal tributes were ever paid to Grace than by that master of the ball, Alfred Shaw—the bowler who most frequently obtained his wicket and was admitted by Grace himself to be the one he found most difficult to play. That his very repute itself exercised a detrimental effect on bowlers pitted against W. G. seems to have been contemporaneously recognized and admitted by many.

With reference to a sentence which has become classical, the one uttered by J. C. Shaw—but erroneously attributed on occasions to Alfred Shaw—W. G. Grace himself must be quoted:

"My experience of J. C. Shaw was that at first he tried all he knew to get me out, but after I got set he

was not quite so keen and gave me repeatedly a ball to hit for no other purpose than to get me to the other end so that he 'might have a try at some one else,' as he said. And over after over he bowled a wild ball in the hope of getting me caught; giving as his reason for doing it: 'It ain't a bit of use my bowling good 'uns to him now; it is a case of I can bowl where I likes and he can hit where he likes.'"

All the same, the version of the phrase given by Lord Harris in Chapter II is the correct one.

Considering that he was such an aggressively rapid run-getter, it may seem surprising to assert that the chief characteristic of Grace's batting was his watchful defence. Nevertheless it is a fact that his magnificent punishing powers were only a superstructure on a foundation of solid impregnability. It was that reserve of protectiveness which stood him in such wonderful stead. Recollect how he, and he alone, systematically stopped the dangerous "shooters" at Lord's in the seventies, when Jem Mace the pugilist said he would rather stand up for ten rounds than keep wicket on that pitch. It is, however, remarkable that Grace told A. C. M. Croome that there never was such a ball as "a yorker" bowled to him: "they were nothing more than full tosses."

Grace had no pet stroke as other batsmen had. He was master of every stroke and used the one best suited to the ball he was playing. Not only did this give great power, but an extraordinary appearance of security. There never seemed in his great days any reason why W. G. should get out. The spectators watched the master of his art and saw all the wiles of the cleverest bowlers reduced to the level of being apparently easy to play. He took the semblance of sting out of bowlers with consummate ease. Bowler after bowler of tremendous local repute was brought up to dismiss W. G., but went back having largely swelled the champion's aggregate. It has often

been pointed out that a clever young bowler enjoys success by reason of the novelty of his delivery until the idiosyncracies become known. This was never the case against W. G. He summed up each man at once because he always concentrated the whole of his attention on the ball then being delivered. That was why no one ever saw him flustered at a crisis: he was merely doing his job, which was playing the next ball. Ranjitsinhji told the writer the secret of his own success was that he saw the ball a yard nearer the bat than any other cricketer. One secret of Grace's success was the unparalleled union of eye and hand: in other words, no one else ever approached his perfect timing of the ball. To this must be added Richard Daft's opinion that he owed much to his self-denial and constant practice. G. W. Beldam has emphasized to the writer that one cause of Grace's mastery, which he discovered by his action photographs, was that the champion saw the bowler deliver the ball with both eyes, whereas by the old method with the left shoulder forward, only the left eye of the batsman was actually on the delivery.

Again and again he was scoring his century with ease when others were scraping about for twenty or were out for forcing the game. W. G. played so hard on every ball and scored with such steady rapidity that, until the modern telegraphs were instituted, registering each run as scored, spectators did not recognize with what powerful precision he was piling on runs; as a rule it would be safe to assert that in his prime he was responsible for nearly two-thirds of the runs scored whilst he was at the wicket. So far as results go, Ranjitsinhji in 1896 scored forty-one more runs than W. G. in his best year, 1871, but in sixteen more innings; Shrewsbury in 1887 equalled W. G.'s best average, but was dismissed four fewer times.

In one respect only I think that less than justice was done to the champion, namely that not enough

tribute was paid to the ease of his style. Admitted he had not the delightful elegance of W. Yardley or A. P. Lucas, of Lionel Palairet or R. H. Spooner, but people were too apt to regard idly the heavy physique of W. G. and to talk of him as being powerful without anything approaching attractiveness This was not the case. Such innings, from personal memory, as his delightful partnership with J. Shuter against the Australians, his 125 against Kent, some of his efforts against Yorkshire and his century against the Players in 1895 go to prove that on a good wicket under congenial circumstances Grace could add consummate ease to unparalleled skill. Of course he made more of his runs in front of the wicket than some distinguished batsmen because of the aforementioned habit of meeting each ball plumb in the centre of the bat. His skilfulness in placing he himself attributed to playing so much against twenty-two's for the United South XI, though old men tell me he possessed this quality from the very outset of his career. " He was strictly orthodox in his batting, improving and standardizing (so to speak) the strokes of George Parr, Tom Hayward the elder and Robert Carpenter." There were great cricketers before W. G. Grace and great ones will come again ; but it was he who must be regarded as supreme because he took the old-time game and by his surpassing prowess made it spectacular, therefore more widely popular—and personally caused most of the various developments which have crystallized into what is known as first-class cricket. So far back as 1871, it was seriously proposed to alter the laws of cricket solely on his account, so baffling was the mastery he exhibited.

Moreover he was endowed with abnormal power to resist fatigue. The longest day in the field or the lengthiest innings left him fresh until increasing bulk rendered running between the wickets an exhausting strain. True tales are related of his being

up all night at the call of professional duty, and then making a huge score ; of his rising before six a.m., to shoot or fish energetically, prior to a long day's cricket ; of his leaving a match at the Oval to win a sprint at the Crystal Palace. Moreover—the point most emphasized by the elders vaunting Grace's supremacy as a cricketer—everything had to be run out. It was common, before the war, to read that a batsman "visibly tired as he approached his century"; he would have been more fatigued when getting fifty under the conditions prevailing when Grace made his first notable scores. But who ever saw Grace tired until he had passed the age of forty-five? It was this perennial faculty of endurance that assisted to make him so remarkable. Time after time we were informed that "Grace was finished," that "he was done at last," that "even he could not be expected to go on for ever"; and shortly after he would play a succession of marvellous innings such as no other cricketer, young enough to be his son, could emulate.

As we turn over the pages of old cricket-books or papers, traces can be found of that discussion which seems to have continued through the seventies whenever two or three cricket-lovers were gathered together, and which will be echoed many times in the ensuing chapters of this biography : was Grace a good bowler? His fine results seem to answer that question in the affirmative, especially as they would have been far better had he been more ready to relinquish the ball. It seems to have been forgotten that, in his early days, he bowled fast medium, with his arm nearly level. His cunning slow bowling, which so often baffled batsmen because it looked as though the ball were going to do much more than it actually did, was a later development—another proof of the amazing pains he took with his cricket. That leg-ball, which recurred in every over, was a legacy from the time when his younger brother

G. F. seemed able to catch well-nigh anything hit on the leg-side. Further, no one estimating W. G. Grace as a bowler should forget that he was entirely indifferent to what punishment was meted out to him, just as he was unperturbed when his county in its weakness lost an aggregate of matches greater in number than the victories acquired in its zenith. Nobody (it has been said) could ever bustle W. G.; and he owed much to that imperturbability. Though he never for a moment took the game lightly, he never made it more than a game. Others go in grim and pallid at a crisis: he invariably had a jest and a passing word for some acquaintance as he came down the steps of the pavilion. Not that he lacked keenness; far from it. No one ever played cricket with more enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which sometimes led him too far, but which was pardoned because of its very ingenuousness.

It is a curious fact that among all the famous families associated with the game, the Lytteltons, Walkers, Graces, Steels, Studds, Fords, etc., in no single case was the eldest brother the most distinguished cricketer, nor yet the best field. Owing to the length of his career, the pristine excellence of W. G. Grace in the field has been somewhat lost sight of. In his prime, he was regarded as almost the equal of his brothers in a department in which the latter were sensational; and, to the very end, if a ball came near his hand it seemed to stick in it. W. G. dropped uncommonly few catches, and he also possessed an uncultivated aptitude for keeping wicket. As a captain he demonstrated many qualities that make for good leadership, such as not grumbling at the weakness of sides he had to direct, and always showing himself kind and encouraging to young players, while never abating his personal efforts, no matter how hopeless or how inevitably drawn a match might be. In those respects he set an admirable example. But when he directed a team in the field, he did not

avail himself of all the resources at his disposal nor sufficiently adapt his tactics to the exigencies of the moment. Hence it happened that another was occasionally selected to be captain even when Grace was the strongest player on a representative side.

That he has never been equalled as a cricketer is an axiom to all who have contributed to the present memoir and to every one who has seen him play. That he will never have an equal in the future of cricket is to us equally an axiom because never again will the conditions under which it is played be so difficult as they were when he built up his reputation by demonstrating his superiority alike over them and over his contemporaries, a position he held for whole decades. Amid the deepening gloom caused by the best and bravest giving their lives in the noblest cause, a light of a happy past was extinguished when W. G.'s time came all too soon. It is certain that thousands, who never felt the crushing grip with which he shook hands, realized an irreparable gap when they learnt that he had gone. Something of the part he played is what the present pages are intended to portray.

CHAPTER IV

Earliest Cricket

WILLIAM GILBERT GRACE was born at Downend, near Bristol, on July 18, 1848, and christened in the parish of Mangotsfield on August 8, 1848, whilst Eton was playing Winchester at Lord's and England being defeated by XIV of Surrey at the Oval. He was the fourth son of Dr. Henry Mills Grace, who brought up all his male issue to be medical men, four becoming fully qualified, but the youngest, G. F., died before he had passed his final examination.

The father was a well-built man, standing five feet ten, who all his life showed himself enthusiastic about cricket, and from their earliest years his sons were systematically and assiduously coached in every department of the game. W. G. has related that it was as natural for all the family to stroll out on to the practice ground, prepared in his orchard by the father for his sons, as for the average boy to stroll into the nursery ; whilst, in order to increase the number of available fielders, a retriever and two pointers were pressed into the service. Long before he was old enough to join in the sport, W. G. looked on as his elders developed their prowess. They must have been a happy family of rather rough and tumble, very jolly and remarkably vigorous children, not overburdened with lessons, but leading a merry out-of-door life.

At an age when most boys are amusing themselves

with toy bricks or rocking horses, the small Gilbert was acquiring the rudiments of batting. Care was taken he should not use a bat too heavy for him, and he was not allowed to hit until he had acquired a sound knowledge of defence. No doubt this coaching was made all the more drastic because of the amazingly unorthodox methods with the bat of E. M., who was always a law unto himself in the way that he "pulled" the straightest professional bowlers.

To a large extent this tuition of all the Graces seems to have been due to their mother, Mrs. Martha, who, as an old lady, will be remembered by very many now only in middle-age, with her hair in ringlets, watching Gloucestershire matches, whilst her sons hovering about her seat heard pretty direct criticisms of their form. When unable to attend an important match, the score sheet was posted to her by her sons night by night, and often she received a telegram stating what they had done. She collected newspaper extracts about W. G., which were pasted into huge scrapbooks, much prized by him after her death. He himself has repudiated the statement of George Anderson that she could throw a cricket ball properly seventy yards, but Richard Daft is responsible for the statement that "she knew ten times more about cricket than any lady I ever met." It has now become a matter of historic lore that when, over sixty years ago, she wrote to George Parr asking him to include her son E. M. in his England eleven, she added that she had a younger son, W. G., who would in time be better still because his back-play was sounder and he always played with a straight bat.

When Lansdowne were playing Gentlemen of Philadelphia in July, 1884, a member of the home club seeing an old lady intent on the game, near the pavilion on the first morning, took out a chair for her. She thanked him and inquired if he were fond of cricket, and, on an affirmative, she replied: "I

taught my sons to play. I used to bowl to them." On returning to the club-house, he learnt she was the mother of the Graces. She must have been rewarded that day for her pilgrimage, because E. M. Grace put up 149 for the first wicket with E. Sainsbury, his own share being a very hard-hit 89.

W. G. bore a striking physical resemblance to her. She was a woman of magnificent physique and indomitable will. To her levée in the centre of the grand-stand at Clifton came every cricketer of note who played in a match there, and the fine old dame could tell them pretty characteristically and technically what she thought good or amiss in their form. It has been said that she had an unconquerable dislike of left-handed batsmen and never failed to comment adversely on a fieldsman who threw in underhand.

Even in a volume that must perforce be confined to the cricket super-man who is dealt with in its pages, something must be tersely stated about Dr. E. M. Grace, for the elder brother materially favoured the rapid development in cricket of the younger if only because he himself had amazed the sporting community just a little earlier. In a generation of cricketers who played in strictly orthodox fashion under restricted rules and under conventions that were more binding than laws, E. M. Grace initiated a method that has had no imitators despite its success in his own case ; he became a marvellous player and will always be reckoned the most unconventional and original exponent the game has ever seen.

His association with cricket was as lengthy as that of his yet more famous brother, though he did not maintain his position in the first-class averages for nearly so long. Born in 1841 and dying in 1911, he played in matches from his tenth year to his sixty-eighth. In his career he is stated to have taken 12,078 wickets and to have scored 76,760 runs. During thirty-seven seasons his average capture of

wickets each year exceeded 200, and in 1863 his figures showed 339 wickets and 3,074 runs.

In his twenty-first year playing as emergency man for M.C.C. *v.* Gentlemen of Kent in Canterbury Week he took all ten wickets (a feat he accomplished on thirty-one occasions) and scored 192 not out. Previously to this, on his first appearance at Lord's, he was accountable for fifteen out of the seventeen wickets, besides scoring 51 not out. He was the accepted most successful cricketer in England until eclipsed by W. G. Like him he was never at his very best consistently when playing at the Antipodes. Soon after the creation of Gloucestershire as a cricketing county in 1871, he became its secretary and held the post until 1909.

He rarely attempted to play with a straight bat, his position at the wicket being to stand perfectly upright, to grasp his bat firmly so that it was at an angle of 45° between the stumps and the ground and then to show a profound disdain for the customary methods of treating bowling. Gifted with a capital eye and great punishing powers, he placed the ball wherever he thought judicious, but he certainly indulged more in the pull stroke than did any other prominent cricketer.

Few seem to realize that he began his career as a fastish bowler with the old-fashioned round-arm action with the hand below the shoulder. It has been stated, but is not here vouched for, that he adopted his more familiar method of bowling lobs as the outcome of a hunting accident. The most notable thing about him as a cricketer is that he was without exception the very finest point that ever fielded. His temerity in creeping almost up to vigorous batsmen was amazing, but it was if possible excelled by his quickness of eye and astounding power of holding the hottest catches. That he exercised a baffling and cramping effect on batsmen was a thing that entered into his calculations—few things did not.

for he was always out to win, he meant winning, and the tales that have been told of him are for the most part true. Apart from his vitality, he possessed inexhaustible vivacity and never allowed a game to flag in which he was participating. His temperament led him into controversies, but his keenness was as great as his mastery, after his own fashion, of every department of the game he loved so well. An admirable biography by that master of cricket lore, F. S. Ashley-Cooper, provides a permanent memorial.

Yet more brief must be the separate allusion to the youngest of the great triumvirate, G. F. Grace, who is believed to have died in his thirtieth year from the effects of sleeping in a damp bed, though this has been disputed. He was personally most popular and in appearance exceedingly handsome. One of the very finest fielders that ever covered great distances in the deep field, he had a sure pair of hands, whilst he was an effective fast bowler and a capital bat, possessing strokes all round the wicket, thus obtaining his runs in attractive fashion. It may be said that his personality exercised something of the same fascination over the cricket-loving community which that of George Lohmann subsequently achieved. He had not a foe in the world and for nearly a dozen seasons he was in the forefront of the game.

When only ten years old, in 1860, he played for Radcliffe Alliance *v.* Lancastrian Club. When fifteen and a half, he appeared in Canterbury Week as substitute for Bennett for South *v.* North and three days later made 17 for Gentlemen of South *v.* I Zingari. He first represented Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's in his twentieth year when he claimed seven wickets. Against Notts in 1872 he scored 115 and 72, both not out. His 165 not out for Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire, a year later, was reported to be the most dashing innings of the season. A magnificent 180 not out *v.* Surrey in 1875 was his highest score in first-class matches. For Gentlemen *v.*

Players at Lord's in 1877, he and W. S. Patterson being the last pair, made the 46 required to win, and on the following day, at Prince's against the Players, he was credited with 134. Though he failed to score in either innings in that first historic test match at the Oval in 1880, the catch by which he disposed of the Australian giant G. J. Bonnor will never be forgotten. He held the ball, which at one time "seemed to hang in the air," 115 yards from the wicket and two runs were finished before it came into his hands. His life figures in first-class matches show an average of 25·81 for 6,815 runs obtained in 264 completed innings, whilst he captured 309 wickets at a cost of 5,937 runs, averaging 19·21. Still it was in combination with his brothers in the field that he achieved his finest work. As an instance of his keenness for sport, it is related that on one occasion he started off at dawn into South Wales where he shot ten brace of grouse, returning in time to score a century for his county on the same day.

Reverting to W. G. Grace himself, he was never sent to a public school. His education began at a village school, then at a more ambitious one at Winterbourne, followed by another, at Ridgeway House until he was fourteen, when he was coached by a private tutor. In his fifteenth year a severe attack of pneumonia arrested lessons, and after his recovery he shot up so that in stature he towered over the rest of his family. Of his school days the traditions are those of happy activity not of bookish application; invariably he bore an excellent character.

His first innings of any importance was for West Gloucestershire *v.* Clifton the day after he had completed his twelfth year, when he went in eighth and was presented with a bat by his godfather for making 51. F. S. Ashley-Cooper has furnished, for the purpose of this biography, an exhaustive table of all the matches in which young W. G. Grace played from the

age of nine to thirteen, many of which had not been previously discovered. These show that he went forty-one times to the wicket, being on nine occasions not out, obtaining an aggregate of 192, which yields an average of 6 runs per innings, the above mentioned score being the only one that exceeded 16. In 1862 he was three times not out, batted in eleven innings and scored 138, his highest contribution being 35 for Bedminster *v.* Lansdowne. In August, 1863, he compiled 32 for XXII of Bristol *v.* the England Eleven, the earliest occasion on which he met prominent professional bowling.

It was in 1864, when in his sixteenth year, that the future champion first became noteworthy. With an elder brother, Henry, he was brought up to the Oval to represent South Wales against the Surrey Club, obtaining 5 and 38. The captain of the side, being offered a more experienced player for the subsequent match at Brighton against Gentlemen of Sussex, wished W. G. to stand down. But his elder brother protested : " the lad had been asked to play in both matches and in both matches he would play, or there was an end of the Grace connection."

So he went in first wicket down and scored 170 out of an aggregate of 356, whilst in the second innings he again furnished the largest contribution, 56, besides taking a couple of wickets. Such a huge innings at his early age was considerably more remarkable in those days than now. In fact it attracted almost as much contemporaneous attention as did A. E. J. Collins' 638 at Clifton College in 1899. In the following week, he made his earliest appearance at Lord's, still on behalf of the same touring team, going in second wicket down *v.* M.C.C. and contributing 50, the second highest score. Next came the earliest of his three visits to Southgate, where he obtained 14. Finally he wound up at Lord's again with 34 and 47 against I Zingari. This is the earliest important instance of E. M. and W. G. Grace opening an innings

—that association which became so proverbial and successful—and this first partnership produced 81. Thus, on his first excursion into Eastern England, young W. G. aggregated 417, his average exceeding 46. That summer he compiled 1,079 runs. Lilly-white, in the next annual, says of him : " promises to be a good bat, bowls very fairly." He was already a cricketer to be noted at an age when many who have subsequently become deservedly famous were not even in their school elevens.

CHAPTER V

The Young Champion

With Reminiscences by Lord Cobham, Canon E. S. Carter, R. D. Walker and the late Henry Perkins

IT was in the following year, 1865, when only sixteen, that W. G. Grace came into his own and was acknowledged to be among the finest players of the day. At first it seemed as though he were going to be noted chiefly as a bowler. He performed remarkably at the Oval for Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South, bowling unchanged throughout the match with I. D. Walker and claiming 13 wickets for 84 runs, winning the game for his side and being presented with the ball.

A fortnight later he appeared for Gentlemen *v.* Players on the same ground. A veteran spectator, T. A. Leigh, has forwarded the following *contemporaneous* note that he took. "After Jupp and Humphrey, who went in first and put on 98 runs, causing numerous changes, W. G. Grace bowled with marked success. He was only sixteen. His fielding at cover-point was brilliant, and though he hardly had a fair chance to distinguish himself with the bat, going in eighth, he showed excellent form, scoring 23 and 12 not out against the best bowling in England." His analysis showed 7 wickets for 125 runs in a game that, for those days, produced heavy scoring (912 runs). Five old Harrovians were on the amateur side, and in the match for the first time were included

W. G. Grace, I. D. Walker, C. F. Buller, Jupp, T. Humphrey and Alfred Shaw.

Young as W. G. was, he was sent in first each innings with E. M. for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, his scores being 3, run out—a very rare event with him at any period in his career—and 34, which included a hit through a bedroom window of the old tavern. This latter fact is vouched for by an onlooker, but E. M. claimed to have done it. The match was notable as being the first occasion since 1853 that the Gentlemen had won, they having lost 19 matches in succession to the Players. George Parr for the last time played in this match, having first played for the Players, at the age of twenty, in 1846. W. G. Grace, at the age of sixteen, first played for the Gentlemen and made his last appearance in 1906; so two participants in the chief annual representative match covered a period of sixty years.

That fine ornament and enthusiastic votary of cricket, R. D. Walker, writes:

"In that match though George Parr's batting powers were on the wane, yet he scored 60 on a wicket that would be described by players of these days as almost unplayable. Of the sides, Lord Cobham, F. R. Evans, W. F. Maitland and myself with G. Wootton are, I believe, the only cricketers alive. For the next three or four years I played several matches with W. G., and such was his keenness for the game that it was always a pleasure to meet him on the cricket field. He certainly, for many years, occupied a similar position in our national game to that of John Roberts in billiards, and the familiar initials G.O.M. will always be applied to him, whenever the history of cricket is discussed."

Here it is appropriate to add a verbal criticism by the late I. D. Walker made in the seventies:

"W. G. has not the style of Mitchell, Alfred Lubbock or Buller, but as a bat he is worth all the three put together," possibly the biggest compliment ever paid to the champion.

Lord Cobham writes:

"My recollections of W. G. Grace are chiefly confined to the four Gentlemen *v.* Players matches at Lord's and the Oval in 1865 and 1866. I can very clearly recall his physical characteristics when I first saw him at the Oval match in 1865, just before he completed his seventeenth year. He was a tall, loose-limbed, lean boy, with some appearance of delicacy and, in marked contrast with his brother E. M., quiet and shy in manner. He looked older than he was, and indications of the great beard which subsequently distinguished him through life were even then apparent. His fielding in the outfield in the early part of his career impressed me, if anything, more than his batting or bowling, for he was a beautiful thrower. [At the athletic sports at the Oval, during the visit of the Australian Aboriginals, W. G., in three successive attempts, threw the cricket ball 116, 117 and 118 yards, and also threw it 109 yards one way and back 105. He once threw it 122 yards at Eastbourne.] He could run like a deer and had a very safe pair of hands. As a saver of runs he was unsurpassed, and I have always regretted that increasing bulk and the claims of bowling later on necessitated his fielding near the wicket, where his special powers were not called into play. At point, where he generally fielded, he was never equal to E. M.

If he did nothing phenomenal in the four matches, yet he had a substantial share in the victories, after eleven years of defeat. He averaged 21 runs and took 22 wickets at a cost of 17 runs each, and his cricket was of so sound and matured a character that I believe had he been selected for the team a

year earlier, when only fifteen, no mistake would have been made.

At the Oval in 1866, after following our innings, we put the Players in to make 205 to win and W. G. settled the matter by taking 7 wickets for 51 runs, a fine performance. At that time his bowling was almost over medium-paced, the ball coming with his arm, and to my mind he did not improve upon it by adopting later a slower and higher delivery. The match which we won at Lord's in 1865 by eight wickets would seem on paper to have been a hollow affair, but to get 75 runs to win against the Players on that ground was far from a certainty in those days. Whatever misgivings may have prevailed, these were certainly not shared by either E. M. or W. G., who were sent in first. They hit 'hard, high and often,' and in less than half an hour the result was virtually decided.

In the next ten years following these matches, I saw many of W. G.'s greatest innings, and I formed the opinion that the two outstanding characteristics, in those days, of his batting were his defence and his placing of the ball. His hitting was well timed and powerful, but there was something clumsy and laborious about it and he was by no means careful to keep it along the ground. But whether he was dealing with a difficult ball or hitting a loose one, the way in which he steered it clear of the fieldsmen was almost uncanny and enabled him to score with almost equal sureness and rapidity off any kind of bowling. These qualities, coupled with a grand physique, unshakable nerves and confident 'will to win,' formed an unique combination and made W. G. the paramount cricketer that he was, through nearly the whole of his exceptionally long career."

It seems to be necessary to make some reference to the vexed question as to when W. G. Grace grew a beard. Lord Cobham, as shown above, R. D.

Walker, Henry Perkins and other veterans agree that he had a stubbly beard at seventeen. A print showing a group at the Canterbury Festival early in the seventies however shows him clean-shaven, and that, for a year or two, is the recollection of those who played with him at that time. So it would appear that about 1870 or 1871 he shaved for a while and then allowed his salient characteristic to acquire the flowing nature so well remembered later on.

Another point to be noticed—it will be borne out in subsequent testimony—is that overtures were made to Grace to go up to both Oxford and Cambridge purely for the sake of his cricket, but that parental opposition prevented what would probably have been congenial to himself. Going to an University solely for the purpose of obtaining a cricket "blue" is not unknown—Sir Timothy O'Brien furnishes one familiar example—and it opens a wide field of conjecture as to the influence on the University match of such a phenomenal player as the champion. There are instances of a single cricketer entirely dominating such an encounter—P. R. Le Couteur is a notable one—but none theoretically could have exercised such a preponderating supremacy as W. G. would have achieved.

The reminiscences of Canon E. S. Carter may here be interposed, as they introduce this topic, though their wide range covers a period that will, in part at least, not be reached for several chapters. He writes:

"My acquaintance with W. G. began at Oxford in May, 1866, when he was only seventeen and G. F. but fifteen. They both came with an eleven of Gentlemen of England. I clean bowled G. F. each time, and the 'Varsity won by ten wickets. W. G. made very few, and in one innings he was caught, I think at short-leg, off a 'half-cock' stroke. On his return to the private tent on the ground, his mother was reported

to have said in the hearing of a fielder, ' Willie, Willie, haven't I told you over and over again how to play that ball ? ' He breakfasted with me next morning in my room in College (Worcester) and I tried my hardest to get him to Oxford as an Undergraduate. We walked round and round the beautiful garden after breakfast, talking over the possibility : but he was sure that his father would not sacrifice the time from his study for the medical profession. So it turned out and the great W. G. was lost to Oxford. From that time we were warm friends. He always called me ' little Tyke,' evidently contrasting me with his big self, for I was close on five feet in height and twelve stone in weight.

After leaving Oxford, I took Holy Orders and had my first curacy in Ealing and used to go to Lord's whenever I could, if Yorkshire were playing. One day I said to Tom Emmett: ' Tom, what do you think of this young W. G. Grace, who is making such scores ? ' (He was then twenty years old.) Tom replied : ' It's all very well against this South Country bowling ; let him come up to Sheffield against me and George ' (Freeman). A few days afterwards, July 26, 1869, Grace went to Sheffield to play for the South *v.* North and in the first innings he scored 122 out of 173, *with Emmett and Freeman bowling.* When Tom came to Lord's shortly afterwards, I said to him : ' Well, Tom, you've had Grace at Sheffield what do you think of him now ? ' Tom answered: quite seriously : ' Mr. Carter, I call him a non-such , he ought to be made to play with a littler bat.' :

I went once to Cheltenham to play for Yorkshire and Gloucestershire and in the match three rather amusing incidents occurred, two of which showed W. G.'s skill and cunning with the ball and in laying a trap for the batsman. I was fielding as substitute for one of the Gloucestershire men, who was away from the field for a while, and I was standing at fine mid-on, near the bowler. Ephraim Lockwood came

in, took his guard and had a good look at the position of the fielders. The late G. F. Grace was fielding deep square-leg and Ephraim took a second look at him. W. G., who was the bowler, turned to me and said very quietly, 'You saw old Mary Ann look round to see where Fred is. I'll make him drop one into his mouth,' and he bowled a lovely half-volley on the leg-side. Lockwood could not resist it and sure enough he hit the ball right into Fred's hands. Then he trapped me very cleverly when I went in, catching and bowling me at cover-point. I had hit three balls in succession to the boundary past cover-point. He bowled a fourth precisely similar, and immediately after delivering it, he ran round in front of cover and brought off the catch. His cackle was something to hear. The third incident was that W. G. returned the easiest of catches, a regular 'sitter,' to Emmett, who dropped it. He may have slipped, as the ground was very wet. However, Tom in his disgust threw his cap down in the mud and trampled on it savagely before giving the ball a kick which sent it to the boundary and credited the champion with four runs. Tom spent the rest of the day apologizing to W. G. Grace."

Canon Carter had some further cricketing associations with W. G. Grace. One which suggests itself is that when the champion made his first appearance at Scarborough, both A. N. Hornby and Canon Carter were acting as longstops. Though these were two of the finest fields in England, yet there were 43 extras in a single innings, mostly byes, owing to the terrific speed of the bowling of Walter F. Forbes. W. G.'s comment was that he was glad it was always his good fortune to field in front of the wicket.

Another old friend whose association ranged over many pleasant years must here be given what is, alas! a posthumous innings, for the late Henry Per-

kins, who wrote only a couple of months before he too passed over to the great majority, commenced his recollections antecedent to those of Canon Carter and had close ties with Grace during the time that the latter was making so many appearances at Lord's. Once more it must be observed how impossible it is to keep to strict biographical chronology if the impression that the champion made on his friends is to be conveyed to readers.

The popular ex-secretary of M.C.C. stated :

"I was introduced to W. G. Grace on July 10, 1865, the occasion of his first appearance for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, he being then within eight days of his seventeenth birthday. I do not propose to enter into details as to his skill as a player : far abler pens than mine will do him full justice in that respect. I will only say that the 'well left alone' practice formed no part of his programme, and whatever the length of his innings, a ball hardly ever passed his bat.

From 1865 to 1876, I made a point of going to Lord's when W. G. was down to play, but after 1876, when I became Secretary of M.C.C., I was naturally brought into closer contact with him and able to form an idea of his merits not only as a player but as captain of a side. He was the most generous man towards all other players who ever lived. I never knew him depreciate any one, either amateur or professional. The matches other than Gentlemen *v.* Players, South *v.* North and *v.* Australians in which he played were those in May each year against first-class counties. It was very difficult to get any first-rate amateurs, whilst those who put their names down, as a rule had no claim to play in a first-class match. This made no difference to W. G. I used to say : 'I have a very indifferent lot to-day.' 'Oh well, let us see who you have got,' and he would go through the list, with the result invariably the same :

'We shall do very well, they will all try,' and try they did and generally with success.

The M.C.C. and Ground matches against the first-class counties are not now and never have been well patronized by the public; but if W. G. was down to play, then there was a good gate to a certainty—the match against Yorkshire, in particular, in which Grace most frequently played, was always a great attraction.

It was in 1878 that W. G. first came to shoot partridges with my brother on the Downing Estate in Cambridgeshire, but from that date up to the time of my brother's death in 1901 his visit was an annual one. He was quite a good shot and a real sportsman, always in the same high spirits wet or fine, good sport or bad. On one occasion the M. F. H. called overnight to say he proposed cub-hunting on the morrow at four-forty-five a.m., the meet three miles off. W. G. said he would be there. He went on foot and was in at the death of a fox five miles from his quarters; he was home in time for breakfast and to commence shooting at ten. The party rested at four for refreshments: after this, W. G. said: 'Now then, boys, round again once more.' The boys did not respond; they pleaded fatigue. 'Well,' said W. G., 'I shall go round by myself,' and round he went—not a bad day's work for a man just over fifty years of age. I never heard that he 'rode to hounds,' but he ran with beagles every winter up to the very last, and whatever sport or game he followed, he followed with all his might, so that, taking one thing with another, we may well feel that he can have no equal."

Some of his achievements in 1866 must not be overlooked. Against the Players at Lord's, he and his brother sent down 18 overs for only 3 runs at one period, while Hearne and Jupp were in, whilst at the Oval in the return match he bowled nearly through the

first innings and right through the second, in which latter he claimed 7 opponents for 51 runs. In each case the Players batted first. A month later for England *v.* Surrey, he contributed the then enormous innings of 224, the largest ever made at the Oval up to that time. He went in third wicket down and was at the wicket whilst 431 was scored. "The innings was steadily played as well as finely hit." It contained two fives and only eight fours, but he made more off his own bat than Surrey in their double effort. So effective was this victory that, with one exception, it was eleven years before another county met All England, and then it was the county of the Graces that undertook the heavy task.

For a cricketer to leave a match for any save a critical purpose is in the twentieth century unknown, but V. E. Walker willingly released W. G. Grace from fielding on the second afternoon in order that he might compete at the National Olympian Association Meeting at the Crystal Palace where he ran and won the quarter of a mile hurdle race over twenty flights of hurdles in the then fast time of one minute ten seconds.

An interesting memorandum about W. G. Grace as a runner has been furnished by a veteran observer, Algernon Warren, as follows:

"In the sixties at the Zoological Gardens, Clifton, the champion cricketer distinguished himself repeatedly and, according to the standard of the times, proved a very fair athlete. In fact, in 1866 he secured the gold medal for general proficiency. E. M. was acknowledged to be one foot better in the hundred yards, but that year W. G. managed to get off the mark quicker and just landed himself winner. E. M. was decidedly wrathful, but turned the tables by winning the two hundred yards which was regarded as a certainty for W. G. E. M. ran that race as he never ran before. Over the hurdles W. G.

often showed to advantage, but it is a popular and traditional misconception that he always came in first. He hardly excelled at the long jump, although he occasionally carried off a prize for an achievement of under eighteen feet. W. G. was very good at the half-mile and in several instances came in an easy first, but proved nothing like so successful in the mile race. Once he was badly beaten in this by Lane, a little fellow who had been given a start of twenty yards, of which he certainly had not the slightest need. In vain did E. M. shout: 'Come, Gilbert, spurt! He is running two feet to your one.' It was no good and Lane won just as he liked.

In the quarter, one of W. G.'s most formidable local competitors was one A. Easton, but this individual's condition (he ran too much to fat) varied considerably. He was a pretty runner and at times would win easily, but at others was discomfited through lack of training. He and W. G. were on one occasion the only starters. Easton dashed away with the lead, but W. G. caught him up and passed him soon after the commencement of the second hundred. Halfway through the distance, Easton closed up again on Grace, who had been leading by a yard, but could not breast him. Then W. G. got clear again, but Easton made a final effort, to which the other responded all he knew and won by a yard. Both had run so well that it was announced two prizes would be given, W. G.'s being a claret-jug and Easton's a cricket bat, the latter by a coincidence having been presented by Dr. E. M. Grace.

On another occasion when W. G. came up to receive quite a lot of prizes from Mr. Killigrew Watt, then the Mayor of Bristol, the band unexpectedly struck up 'See the conquering hero comes.' The Mayor, having given Grace his various awards, turned towards the other competitors and said: 'Never mind, gentlemen, don't any of you be discouraged, he will grow old and stiff some day.' That

day was probably more remote for the champion than for any other man of his age in England."

An instance of his athletic versatility is provided by another correspondent who states that "at the Bedminster Cricket Club Sports in 1870, W. G. Grace won the 100 yards flat, ran second in the 220 yards hurdles (over ten flights), won the quarter-mile hurdles (over twenty flights) and finished third in the 440 yards flat. All were handicap events and in each race he started from the scratch mark."

On one occasion Grace's running powers were useful in a good cause. He had attended the Berkeley Hunt Steeplechases. At the railway station a lady gave a pickpocket in charge. The prisoner managed to escape and bolted across country, quickly placing a whole field between himself and the astonished policeman, who had regarded himself as his custodian. Grace then dashed off in pursuit, going pell-mell after the thief, bounding over fences as though he enjoyed the chase. While the vagrant crawled through a hedge, Grace leapt over it and was actually seen to take a formidable-looking iron gate with the ease with which he would clear a hurdle. In this way, he headed his man, who doubled back and ran right into the arms of the constable, who had joined in the chase at a more leisurely pace.

One other remarkable innings was played by W. G. Grace, yet again at the Oval at the very close of the season of 1866, and it was the earliest of the few that he himself was willing to recall as "one of my best." For Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South, on a very weak side, he first bowled clean through the opposing innings of 207, taking 7 wickets for 92 runs, and then, going in fifth, was not out with 173 out of 240 whilst he was in. This effort has been described as "absolutely faultless and was made off Willsher and James Lillywhite in their prime." It was also more aggressive in character, for it included

two sixes, two fives and six fours as well as fifteen threes, every hit being run out.

It was subsequent to this that he was first termed champion and further was mentioned: "his fielding at long-leg magnificent; throw-in terrific, with a peculiar spin that often baffled the wicket keeper." Such contemporary tributes are testimony of unassailable character. Again must be emphasized the remarkable fact that he was only just entering on his nineteenth year.

CHAPTER VI

Approaching His Prime

With Reminiscences by R. F. Miles

NATURALLY in so prolonged a career, there were seasons in which W. G. Grace did less than in others, and 1867 may appear to have been a comparatively light one, judged by his aggregate. Yet this was through no fault of his own, for a sprained ankle and a split finger handicapped him in the earlier months, whilst for six weeks, soon after the commencement of July, he was incapacitated by an attack of scarlet fever. Such accidents would have marred the prowess of any cricketer of less genius than the champion, but, as a matter of fact, he came out with the finest bowling average of his whole career, namely the amazing one of only 7 runs each for 39 wickets. *Lillywhite's Companion* for that season describes him as " a magnificent batsman, his defensive and hitting powers being second to none ; his scoring for the last three seasons has been marvellous ; a very successful medium-paced bowler and a magnificent field and thrower from leg. Plays for Gentlemen *v.* Players and is a host in himself."

The truth of the last observation can be illustrated by a few examples. A new fund was started called " The Marylebone Club Cricketers' Fund," for the benefit, primarily, of the professionals engaged on Lord's ground—the staff that season had been increased to fifteen ; in 1914 it consisted of fifty-seven

—and, secondly, " for the relief of all cricketers who, during their career, shall have conducted themselves to the satisfaction of the Committee of M.C.C." For the benefit of this charity, a match between the Metropolitan County and England attracted four thousand spectators on Whit-Monday. W. G. Grace and Alfred Lubbock contributed a brilliant 75 and 129 respectively, not without chances, towards a total from the bat of 254, and the former followed this up with 6 wickets for 53 runs, bowling unchanged. As to this achievement an amusing error occurs. There is a misprint in the analysis in *Lillywhite's Companion* giving the runs scored off W. G. as 15 instead of 53, and a flowery biographer of the champion on the strength of this described it as " an exceptionally fine bowling performance—in fact the finest he has ever done," whereas a glance at the score would have shown the obvious mistake. Thus is history falsified.

South *v.* North of the Thames showed what the old pitch at Lord's could provide. The sides appeared so well balanced that " on paper there was scarcely a pin to choose between them," yet the game was finished by lunch on the second day, the four innings only yielding an aggregate of 241 runs. The South won by 27 runs, their opponents being set 74 to win and being dismissed for 46, W. G. Grace taking 6 wickets for 28 runs, five of which were caught, after having claimed as many in the first effort for five runs less. He followed this up by a devastating display against the Players for the Gentlemen in the finest weather, but "on wickets decidedly bad even for Lord's ground." He began the second innings of the professionals by making Jupp bag a brace to his bowling, and was so deadly that he dismissed every one except Humphrey and James Lillywhite at a cost of only 25 runs. This he followed up by hitting in such a plucky manner for 37 not out (by far the highest score in the match) against the fine bowling that the amateurs won by 8 wickets. Finally, to

show that convalescence had not weakened his skill, on August 26, for England *v.* Surrey and Sussex at the Oval, for Tom Lockyer's benefit, before ten thousand people, by what was termed "splendid bowling," he turned the fate of the match, claiming 5 for 31—the five being Humphrey, Jupp, Charles Payne, Charlwood and James Lillywhite.

A great year for batsmen was 1868—it was abnormally hot—and W. G. Grace took ample advantage of the hard wickets. For England *v.* M.C.C. and Ground—for the benefit of the Marylebone Cricketers' Fund—he opposed the premier club for the third and last time in his career save when representing his county, being elected a member in the following season. He set his mark on the game, for in each innings his 29 and 66 were the largest scores and their aggregate enabled the national eleven to win by 92 runs. This fixture was not renewed until 1877 when, playing for the club, W. G. Grace scored 11 and 6.

For Gentlemen *v.* Players his performance of 134 not out he himself repeatedly declared to be one of the finest innings he ever played. He had not yet reached his twentieth birthday, be it remembered, and his effort against the attack of Willsher, Silcock, Wootton, Grundy and Lillywhite, including one six, two fives, eleven fours, was a "terrific hitting innings"; every hit too in those days, except drives into the pavilion, had to be run out. He went in first wicket down and remained undefeated, his companions making 59 between them, only one—B. B. Cooper—obtaining double figures. Nor was this all, for the Players had to follow on, and in their two innings W. G. claimed 10 wickets for 8 runs apiece. Immediately prior to this achievement, all the three Graces had taken part in the first Gloucestershire match, *v.* M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's. The county won easily by 134 runs, but only the analysis of the first two innings is extant. Apparently only the brothers bowled, anyway they divided the wickets

and were accountable for 113 out of 270 from the bat.

Once, in 1817, had the feat of scoring a century twice in the same first-class match been accomplished, W. Lambert having then made 107 and 157 for Sussex *v.* Epsom in a game which took six days to play at Lord's. W. G. Grace now emulated this, and though the feat has become comparatively common under modern conditions—there are eighty-three instances up to 1915 by thirty-three amateurs and twenty-three professionals—this does not detract from the prodigiousness of the achievement of the youth of twenty in 1,868. The match was South *v.* North of the Thames and, after a prolonged drought of nearly three months, 1,018 was scored on the excellent wicket of the St. Lawrence ground at Canterbury, where boundaries were established. W. G. Grace's contributions were 130 and 102 not out, off Wootton, Grundy, Howitt and Tom Hearne, whilst it is to be noted that, despite this great effort, he was on the losing side. In his first innings he saw eight wickets fall and ran 247 runs, being in three hours and twenty minutes; in his second he also saw eight wickets fall, going in when two wickets were down and running 180 runs without being dismissed. A curiosity of the encounter was that one-fourth of all the wickets were secured by the respective wicket-keepers, Pooley and Plumb. W. G. Grace was the last survivor, except Wootton and Lillywhite, of those who participated in this match.

As a rule he wound up his season with a particularly good achievement, and nearly always did well in a benefit match. In the one at the Oval for Julius Cæsar,—England *v.* Middlesex and Surrey—Humphrey and Jupp scored 60 before a wicket fell. Going on as second change, so effective was Grace that the side was out for 97, seven wickets being claimed by him for only 28 runs. He also captured five opponents in the second effort, but could not win the match, the last man Howitt joining Souther-

ton when eight runs were wanted for victory and the pair made them. This was the first match in which those old friends of his, C. I. Thornton and C. E. Green, were both engaged with him.

In the following year, 1869, W. G. Grace came of age, and about the middle of that season it was written of him: "batting so triumphantly superior to all kinds of bowling brought against it has never been witnessed in our generation. Not merely is Mr. Gilbert Grace the best batsman in England: it is the old story of the race—'Eclipse' first; the rest nowhere." This was the earliest summer in which he obtained over a thousand runs in first-class matches.

It was now that he began his prolonged and distinguished association with M.C.C. He was proposed by the Treasurer, T. Burgoyne, and seconded by the Secretary, R. A. FitzGerald. In his whole career for the premier club, he averaged 37 with an aggregate of 7,780 runs. That first season for it he averaged 60, scoring 724, besides taking 44 wickets for a dozen runs apiece. He led off with a century in his earliest effort, 117 (with two sixes) *v.* Oxford University, there being only three other double-figure scores on the side, whilst he bowled unchanged almost throughout, so he had a large share in the single innings victory. A month later, against the rival university at Lord's, he took eleven wickets, again bowling nearly through, whilst on a proverbial St. John's Wood wicket he hit with tremendous power for 32 out of 35 and 31 out of 41 while in, his aggregate of 63 being a pretty good share of the 143 from the bat of the club side.

Opposing the counties for M.C.C., he made 51 out of 134 *v.* Surrey, when the ground was so bad at Lord's that the visitors won the toss but put the home side in and lost by ten wickets in consequence. He was even more severe on the Surrey attack in the return match at the Oval. The weather was so cold

on that July 1 that the umpires wore greatcoats. But W. G. kept himself and the fielding side warm by going in first and carrying his bat for a magnificent 138 out of a total of 215. He opened his shoulders with two tremendous on-drives on to the racket court off Street and was credited with thirteen fours. He then settled the match by taking half a dozen wickets in Surrey's first effort, which fell twenty short of his own score.

Notts that season had the strongest professional attack, composed of Alfred and J. C. Shaw with Wootton. In his first effort, Grace was run out—an unusual incident with him—after hitting finely for 48, there being only two other double-figure contributions in the innings of 112. Richard Daft then scored a fine 103 not out and W. G. wagered he would beat that achievement, although the wicket on fourth hands was pretty dreadful. He won his bet with an impetuous 121 compiled in about three hours out of 186 whilst at the wicket, being bowled off his pads, after giving some chances, the missing of which must have sorely annoyed Daft, who was apt to be irascible under such circumstances. Meeting Lancashire, Grace was twice cheaply dismissed by Hickton, but took 9 wickets for 34 runs, and, at Canterbury, gave a generous display against Kent. The club played a purely amateur side, and going in first he was pre-eminent with 127, "being as finely put together as ever."

Earlier in the Festival, for South *v.* North, a sensation had been created by his being bowled all over his wicket by J. C. Shaw with the third ball of the match. As a contemporary critic phrased it: "Imagine Patti singing outrageously out of tune; imagine Mr. Gladstone violating all the rules of grammar—and you have a faint idea of the surprise created by this incident." Said W. G. himself as he walked in for his second effort: "I fancy I'll do a little better this time." The premonition proved

accurate, for he and Jupp put up the century in seventy minutes, and with the total at 134, the champion left, " after one of his own rapid innings of 96, composed of thirteen fours, five threes, etc., his hitting being superb."

For some time the South had been defeated by the North, but at Sheffield W. G. turned the tide and gave the visitors a victory by 66 runs. It was his first appearance locally and excited great interest, Emmett and Freeman being promised presents if they could get him out cheaply. He went in first and gave a rare taste of his quality, for his 122 was out of a total of 173, only B. B. Cooper, who went in with him, getting double figures. After that, he took 6 wickets for 57 runs, leaving the Yorkshire crowd convinced that his tremendous reputation was thoroughly deserved. He has recorded how Freeman, whom he regarded as the best fast bowler he ever met was the only one in this match, who gave him any trouble ; in the second innings he bowled him with a ball which, after it hit the wicket, kept spinning for a few seconds between the stumps and then lay perfectly dead at the bottom of them.

Gentlemen *v.* Players brought out the best that was in Grace. At Lord's, his second contribution of 30 (with an on-drive for 7 off Wootton) in conjunction with W. Yardley's 39 not out just enabled the amateurs to obtain the 98 needed with three wickets to spare. At the Oval he hit freely for 43 at the opening, and in his 83 his " batting soon asserted its supremacy, the ball travelling to all parts of the ground, the hitting being magnificent." From one over of Silcock's he made a two (to leg), a four (cut) and a five (on-drive), but was caught at point off Emmett in hitting to leg. This was the exciting match which the Gentlemen won thirteen minutes before time by seventeen runs.

The greatest of all his achievements in 1869, how

ever, was to put up 283 with B. B. Cooper for the first wicket for Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South, which remained the first-class record until 1892 when H. T. Hewett and L. C. H. Palairet made 346 for Somersetshire *v.* Yorkshire at Taunton. It was a match of huge scoring, as circumstances then existed, 1,136 runs being obtained for only 21 wickets, giving an average of 51 runs to each batsman. Pooley and Jupp had put up 142 for the first professional wicket. As so often happens in a grand partnership, one of the pair only survived the other by three balls.

The following quotation from the *Daily Telegraph* has been already republished, but must find a place here :

" The champion batsman was more than ever on his mettle. His own bowling, to begin with, had been unceremoniously knocked all over the ground. The most good-humoured of young giants, he must have felt rather impatient as one little fellow after another seemed to do just what he liked with the trimming balls that were sent in so swiftly with such obvious intention. That Mr. Gilbert Grace meant to take his revenge was tolerably clear. Every one on the ground expected it. Ably helped by Mr. Cooper, it was soon clear that no anxiety on that account need trouble the mind of his admirers. He has made even larger scores than the 180, but we doubt whether a better innings has ever been played by cricketer past or present. The characteristic of Mr. Grace's play was that he knew exactly where every ball he hit would go. Just the strength required was expended and no more. When the fieldsmen were placed injudiciously too deep, he would quietly send a ball half-way towards them with a gentle tap and content himself with a modest single. If they came in a little nearer, the shoulders opened out and the powerful arms swung round as

he lashed at the first loose ball and sent it away through the crowded ring of visitors until one heard a big thump as it struck against the farthest fence. Watching most other men—even good players—your main object is to see how they will defend themselves against the bowling; watching Mr. Gilbert Grace, you can hardly help feeling as though the batsman were himself the assailant. You want to know, not how he will keep up his stumps, but where he will choose to hit. On Friday last he chose to hit all over the ground; and he did it! Young men, however, are never satisfied, and so, for the sake of a little variety, he sent the ball into the nearest street."

One other incident occurring in 1869 cannot be omitted. A tattered newspaper cutting, apparently from the *Westminster Gazette*, gives a letter from Canon Bell, which authoritatively deals with a topic that has become half apocryphal as well as most widely variable, but seems to have been generally remembered by admirers of W. G.

"The real story about Grace and the hymn is this. I was the master who was reading prayers in the chapel that evening and gave out the hymn. I was the choirmaster, and it was I who had arranged, on the Saturday previous, the hymns for the week, and among them was the one in question, 'Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go,' and of course it was absolutely unintentional on my part that it should have been down for an evening when Grace was in chapel. Well, these are the facts. Grace was bringing an eleven from Gloucestershire to play the Marlborough boys and in the train he made a bet he would get a hundred runs and also hit a ball into 'Sun-lane'—a very big hit and which had only once been done. I was in with him and a boy called Kempe bowled him clean with as fine a ball as I ever saw, I think for

only three runs, and therefore neither the century nor the big hit came off. He came to chapel in the evening and the lines were sung:

> 'The scanty triumphs Grace hath won,
> The broken vow——'

and I believe it was generally thought I had done it of set purpose. It was absolutely accidental.

Perhaps you may like the following coincidence, which also happened at Marlborough. The Cheltenham boys came to play Marlborough on their ground and were defeated, most of the runs having been made and most of the wickets taken by two boys named Wood and Stone. In chapel the hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains' was sung, where the lines occur:

> 'The heathen in their blindness
> Bow down to wood and stone.'

This also was purely accidental."

Amid the mass of correspondence received about the hymn and Grace, the following from A. G. Bradley, now a Master at Marlborough, deserves quotation: "The point is that to the natural delight and surprise of the boys, the champion, after making six in the first over, was bowled clean and his wickets sent flying the first ball of the second, by a very fast bowler of low stature, J. A. Kempe, a Devonshire boy, well known at the Sidmouth and Teignbridge cricket weeks, which were the chief feature of the far-west country cricket in those days. The next Lansdowne player was despatched almost immediately by the same bowler and, as he took off his pads, remarked: 'Beastly bad light. I could have played that ball easily if I could have seen it.' 'It was just the opposite with me,' said W. G., 'I could see it perfectly, but I couldn't play it.'"

Here may be appropriately inserted the recollections of an old Old Marlbornian and subsequent county comrade, R. F. Miles, who writes:

"My earliest recollection of W. G. Grace was in the year 1865, when he and E. M. came down to play against Marlborough College. This was the year after he had startled the cricket world by making 170 and 56 not out against the Gentlemen of Sussex. I was fortunate enough to bowl out both brothers pretty cheaply in the first innings, but in the second both had their revenge. W. G. was then only sixteen, a long, lanky boy, who bowled very straight with a good natural leg curl. A year or two later, probably 1869 rather than 1868, I saw him run in a 440 yards Strangers' Race at Oxford. He had broadened and filled out a good deal. About this time and in 1868, I played in two or three matches, very close ones, against him and several of his brothers at Knole Park. He was bowling very well then, medium pace. I do not think he took to bowling slows until after 1870.

From 1870 to 1880, I played a great deal of county cricket under his captaincy. My view has always been that he was far and away the greatest cricketer that ever lived, not only because of his great scores but also for the fact that he generally had to go in immediately after a long spell of bowling, whereas most great batsmen have not been bowlers. Moreover, in those early days grounds were not kept in the perfection they are now. Bramall Lane was generally a bad wicket, and I remember W. G. having an over from Clayton in which he received two balls on the ribs, one on the beard and a dead shooter, yet he compiled a century.

One of the most comical incidents I remember in connection with him was in a local match at Thornbury, in which W. G. played for Thornbury and his eldest brother Henry—a very straight medium

bowler—and myself played against him. Henry Grace hit W. G. on the leg and appealed. The local umpire would not have dared give him out, but Henry Grace shook his fist in his face and said: 'Be a man, be a man.' Then the umpire yielded to the most adjacent danger and said 'Out.' The Old Man did not quite like it, but could not help laughing at his brother's attitude.

As a captain, W. G. was a very good judge of batsmen's weaknesses. I remember, *v.* Sussex at Cheltenham, feeling quite pleased at catching a man out at point. As the next man came in, W. G. changed places with me, caught the newcomer that over close in and then changed places again!"

CHAPTER VII

A Year of Triumph

With Reminiscences by C. K. Francis and C. E. Green

WHILST Bismarck was carrying out his offensive schemes against unhappy France in 1870, W. G. Grace was triumphantly supreme in the peaceful cricket grounds of England. *Lillywhite* had stated that he " is, of course, at the top of the tree ; who would dream of disputing his claim to the championship ? That the day be far distant when his peerless science and hitting cease to charm a crowded ring is our most earnest hope." For over thirty-five years yet he was to be well before the public. Still quoting from the green annual : " Each succeeding season adds to his reputation. Always to be reckoned on for a very long stay at the wickets, he is undoubtedly at once the quickest run getter and surest batsman in England." In thirty-eight innings, with 5 not outs, he averaged 54 with an aggregate of 1,808, opening with eleven consecutive double-figure contributions, followed by a century ; four others came later, only once was he dismissed without scoring—bowled by J. C. Shaw—and only on six other occasions did he fail to get double figures, never twice in the same match. It is curious that in matches in which professionals were opposed to him, he was never dismissed in 1870 by an amateur

bowler, was only once l.b.w. and in every other instance was either bowled or caught.

On the last day of May against Yorkshire at Lord's, he played an innings of 66 which he himself always regarded as the finest of his whole career. It is alluded to by his partner in the stand, the late C. E. Green, in his reminiscences at the close of the present chapter, but a further quotation must be made from the *History of Yorkshire Cricket*, by Rev. R. S. Holmes :

" Of that match W. G. Grace has put on record that he 'stood up to Emmett and Freeman on one of the roughest, bumpiest wickets we had now and then on that ground. About every third or fourth ball kicked badly and we were hit all over the body and had to dodge an occasional one with our heads. Shooters were pretty common on the same wicket, and what with playing one ball and dodging another, we had a lively and unenviable time of it.' Freeman thus spoke of it to me in 1894: 'Tom Emmett and I have often said it was a marvel the doctor was not either maimed or unnerved for the rest of his days or killed outright. I often think of his pluck when I watch a modern batsman scared if a medium-paced ball hits him on the hand ; he should have seen our expresses flying about his ribs, shoulders and head in 1870.' Emmett quaintly remarked to me that he did not believe 'W. G. had a square inch of sound flesh on his body after that innings,' whilst C. I. Thornton, who has seen as much good cricket as anybody, and who is without the shrewdest of critics, has pronounced W. G.'s 66 the best innings he ever saw."

Though W. G. frequently spoke of this performance as his best, there is a conflicting testimony

on the point in a letter from the late Henry Perkins, who wrote :

" I have often been asked which was the finest innings I ever saw W. G. play. My answer is always the same : July 10, 1871, Single *v.* Married, 189 not out, total score 310. Rain stopped play at frequent intervals and the wicket at times was apparently unplayable. I think on the last occasion that this question was put to me, W. G. was appealed to in my presence and confirmed my judgment."

The season at the headquarters of the game opened with a futile match between Left-Handed and Right-Handed, which had not previously been played since 1838 and has not been repeated, despite occasional suggestions by correspondents in newspapers. Grace enjoyed a bowling spell, claiming 6 wickets for 24 runs, followed up by 5 for 34 *v.* Surrey.

Gloucestershire came into being as an actual cricket county, twice playing Surrey and once M.C.C., winning the home match by 51 runs and the two on metropolitan grounds with an innings to spare. W. G.'s share was considerable, for, at the Oval, in three and a half hours, he hit grandly for 143 and then took 8 wickets for 52 runs, whilst at Lord's in conjunction with C. S. Gordon he put up 139 for the first wicket, his own 172, " as usual, a magnificent display—perhaps considering the excellence of the bowling and the badness of the light and ground, one of his very best innings, whilst 7 wickets for 65 were also recorded to his credit." At this period, and for many subsequent seasons, the western county played a wholly amateur side. In the six innings, only the three Graces and R. F. Miles went on to bowl, whilst in an additional minor match with Glamorganshire W. G. scored 197, being five hours at the wicket.

The rivalry between W. G. Grace and Richard

Daft yielded a tie in the encounter of M.C.C. *v.* Notts, for each made exactly the same score 117, but W. G. went in first and carried out his bat, no one else except I. D. Walker—who helped him to put up 127 before a wicket fell—getting double figures. This was the match in which Summers was killed and W. G. was the earliest to render him medical assistance after he had fallen from the force of the blow on the cheek bone. In the second innings J. C. Shaw bowled Grace without a run and smashed the middle stump.

The extreme freedom with which Grace hit the bowling of both University elevens was commented on at the time, but when he came to oppose the Players for the Gentlemen he was yet more paramount. At the Oval the paid representatives were sadly weak in bowling and runs came as plentifully as blackberries at the second effort of the amateurs. W. G. Grace, at the outset, found an able partner in J. W. Dale, who helped him to put up 164 before they were parted. When stumps were drawn for the night, the champion was still in with 175 to his credit and next morning he added 40 more, his 215 being the largest score so far ever recorded in these pre-eminent encounters. He exceeded it by two runs next year at Brighton, but until the war only thrice have these been surpassed, Abel's 247 at the Oval in 1901 being the absolute highest. Grace's effort is described as "one that will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to witness it. His hitting was extraordinary and his wonderful run-getting powers were never more brilliantly exemplified. A splendid on-drive [off Wootton] for seven (made into eight by an overthrow), three fives and seventeen fours were his principal hits."

Contrary to the usual custom, the Players' side at Lord's was far from being representative, and again W. G. Grace took a pitiless revenge on the attack, his 109, compiled in a little over three hours, being

the first sensation in the closely contested match which the Gentlemen won by only 4 runs, as C. K. Francis relates in the present chapter. Immediately afterwards the champion had another success in that usually big scoring match Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South, making 66 out of the first 95, being the first man out, his cutting being pronounced superb. He followed this up with a faultless innings of 84 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Surrey, before he returned a ball to Southerton. Another remarkable performance has to be recorded for Gentlemen of the South *v.* Gentlemen of the North at Beeston near Nottingham. In the enormous score of 482, eight batsmen only contributed 19 runs between them, W. G. opening the innings with 77, G. F. getting 189 not out and I. D. Walker 179. Grace was fond of recalling that, off his bowling in this game, J. W. Dale was given out for a catch outside the boundary, the only experience of the kind he remembered. Finally, according to his habit of invariably "doing something"—his own phrase—in a benefit match, when Mortlock enjoyed a lucrative one at the Oval, W. G. showed his hardest hitting of the summer in a vigorous 42, before he was annexed at the wicket by Plumb, and 51 not out which proved a futile attempt to hit off the necessary runs before time, the bowlers carefully sending down balls too short for him to hit. The number of exhibition matches of those days furnished London with many opportunities of seeing W. G. Grace tackling the best bowling of the period.

That fine bowler and able critic C. K. Francis writes:

"Why it should ever have struck any one that I was a proper person to write on any theme of interest about W. G. Grace or could do so, I cannot say: but still there is one reason that suggests itself why I should have been asked, and that is because so many

of my date, when I look back, have joined the great majority. For example, in the first year I was invited to play for Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, in 1870, I notice that about eight of the amateur side are, alas! no more. Another reason may be because from 1870 to 1875, W. G. was certainly at his very best, and that was the precise period when I had most to do with him. How interesting it would have been before writing anything, if I could have compared notes with I. D. Walker, Ottaway, Jack Dale, Yardley, Appleby, Absolom, David Buchanan, Pauncefote, W. H. Hadow,—the majority played in that match, all were playing about that time and all of them more qualified than I ever was to talk or write about Grace. As there still, however, remain so many much better cricketers than I ever was and their views may not coincide with my own, I admit I take on the task with a considerable amount of diffidence.

I should like to preface my remarks by saying that it was always a pleasure to play on the same side with one who was always so cheery. The keenness of W. G. never flagged; though towering above his contemporaries there never was the slightest 'side,' swagger or conceit about him; his unparalleled success never turned his head. True, I often heard him say when he made nothing first innings: 'I'll get a hundred next time,' and he very often did so. He was always the same, and I cannot recall in the many matches we played together a single incident which in any way tended to mar the proper spirit in which cricket should be played. I am not saying that, occasionally, there may not have been some slight dissatisfaction or difference of opinion upon some umpire's decision, but who has ever played much cricket without, in his experience, occasionally such incidents arising? I know I can plead guilty to having been at times very much dissatisfied. How many cricketers does the reader

know who have said, after being given out l.b.w. or caught at the wicket, 'I was smack out and I know it'? My experience tells me that such would not form an infinitesimal minority.

A great deal of water has run under London Bridge since I was for the first time in a field with W. G., and that was early in 1870. In that year I played a good many matches with him, fortunately for me, generally on the same side. My first was, however, against him as he came down to Oxford to play against the University. I was a freshman and probably bowled better then than at any time except when I was at school, and I very soon discovered (for I think I commenced the bowling) how feeble were my efforts and futile my attacks against his powerful and masterly methods of defence and punishment. Balls which, hitherto, others had treated with respect and played with even some difficulty, were all treated by him with the same ease and apparent contempt with which I afterwards saw him treat all bowlers alike. I began soon to realize what R. D. Walker once caustically said of my bowling, viz. that my 'long hops were really worth sixpence a piece,' was true, a retort which somehow I think I brought on myself by daring to refer in some disrespectful way to his own 'tossing up "half vollies."'

May I now say this of W. G.'s batting? There was nothing very attractive in his style, which was quite different from that of any one else. There was none of the finished and graceful wrist-play of an Alfred Lubbock or Alfred Lyttelton or Charlie Buller, all beautiful players to watch batting. What always struck me about his own peculiar style was that he made batting look so ludicrously easy, the ball always seemed to hit the middle of his bat, his timing was so exact, he was never too soon or too late. I think he was more at home to fast bowling than to slow, and if investigation were made, I should say he more often succumbed to slow bowlers

than to fast when at his best: e.g. to A. Shaw, Southerton, Briggs, Peel, Peate, Lohmann, though perhaps Briggs and Lohmann were more medium. I have noticed other admirable players who invariably seemed to hit the ball in the middle of the bat—one who comes to my mind is A. P. Lucas—but with this difference that, in his case, the ball seemed to be so much more often most accurately played straight into some field's hands, whereas with W. G. it was generally played, purposely and skilfully, to a spot where there happened to be no field—and I think it was this which was so disconcerting to bowlers.

Another point about his batting I should like to mention. I can hardly ever remember seeing W. G. intentionally leave balls alone on the off-side, which of late years has become so fashionable and wearisome and such a tedious abomination to onlookers who, like myself, occasionally are able to spend a few hours looking on. I have seen a whole over bowled and every ball left alone purposely, when the batsman might as well have had a toothpick in his hand. Such extreme caution and fear of giving a catch in the slips was never in W. G.'s definition of cricket. Nor again can I ever remember W. G. stepping in front of his wicket without attempting to play the ball with his bat. No doubt his height was very useful to him in getting over a ball which possibly any one six inches shorter would have had difficulty in getting away from.

No one that I ever saw possessed and used the same punishing power when in his prime (for the moment perhaps I ought to except C. I. Thornton); no one who ever lived 'knocked off' all bowlers alike in the same short space of time. Often a match was practically over in two hours, by which time he had settled all the bowlers. He was never what I should call a big hitter, for the enormous number of runs he got I should say he seldom made gigantic hits, but I have seen him hit a ball out of Lord's, and

once in Canada I saw him hit a ball into a house 130 yards off in style which would have made 'Buns' jealous. But it was not very often that he opened his huge shoulders in that way.

I do not intend further to allude to his excelling all others, except in matches with which I was myself individually concerned. I was really on what I may describe as the high road of cricket only a few years: my days were pre-Australian days. But W. G. never left the high road: he was always on it, and on it from 1865 almost to 1905. No one ever kept up his cricket for the same length of time. Of course one could name instances like Lord Harris, Lord Hawke, A. N. Hornby and others who stuck to first-class cricket for years and years, but W. G.'s career extended over a much longer period than that of any other of these notables. The life that he led in the winter may, and no doubt did, tend to keep him hard and in fit condition: with his weight it is surprising that he did not break down more often. One point: I think he would have made a century in each innings far more often if he had had the chance: it should be remembered that constantly when he obtained a long score in the first innings, the match was a victory by a single innings.

To return to my own experiences with W. G. In 1870, I played with him in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's, as I have observed, and I think I then did what very few can claim to have done, I was a victim in a hat trick with Grace himself. In justice to him, it ought to be stated that he had made 109. I followed and was bowled by a shooter and G. F. Grace followed suit. I do not remember being one of such a party before or since, and I certainly could not have selected better company in which to distinguish myself! Curiously, the bowler was not in those days a celebrated one, Tom Hayward (not of course the Surrey magnate). That match was one of the best I ever took part in

and we only won by 4 runs ; for me the second close finish in ten days, the other being the celebrated Oxford and Cambridge match from which I have never quite recovered yet, and shall certainly never forget, when we lost by 2 runs.

I think it should not be forgotten that W. G.'s performances at that period were not always on what I call the ' bread and butter ' wickets, which afterwards became so common. There were ' shooters ' at Lord's in those days : there are none now. By ' shooters ' I mean *real* shooters, almost undergrounders, not a ball that keeps low, but one that hits the wicket at the bottom and never leaves the ground after it pitches, one which makes the bails fly forward on to the pitch. How often, I wonder, is that seen now ? Yet in 1870, it was not uncommon at Lord's, and no one then could get a hundred there against good bowling without having to play many such. One bowler I can recall who used to bowl more than his fair share of such shooters was George Wootton ; on other grounds not a more difficult bowler than many other good bowlers one could name, but at Lord's a terror to any one who, like myself, could never stop such a ball. To W. G., who was often opposed to Wootton, shooters were of no moment. He could always stop them with consummate ease. He had no equal in this respect that I can remember except C. J. Ottaway, who hardly ever let one get by, a batsman with the strongest defence that I ever saw and one who was unfortunately lost to the cricket-world at an early age."

The late C. E. Green's reminiscences cover a far wider range, but they seem to be appropriate here because of the grand innings against Yorkshire mentioned earlier in the chapter and also because at this period he and Grace so often met in important encounters. His recollections ran as follows :

"The first time I ever saw W. G. was when he played in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1865. Even then, although he was a stripling of only seventeen years of age, he had a dark beard. Although at that time a capital bat, he was played in that particular match chiefly for his bowling. In those days his arm was as high as his shoulder—that is as high as it was then allowed by cricket law—and while his delivery was a nice one, his action was quite different to what it was in his later days; it was more slinging and his pace was fast medium. He had not then acquired any of his subsequent craftiness with the ball. He used to bowl straight on the wicket, trusting to the ground to do the rest—as it used to do in the sixties, as exemplified by old Jemmy Grundy of Notts, who at that time was the foremost and principal bowler on the staff of professionals at headquarters, which was at that time a very limited one as compared with what at present exists. Jemmy Grundy was a very accurate, straight good length bowler, whose accuracy and shooters were at that time a terror to batsmen at Lord's, but I doubt if he would have been very deadly or troublesome on the present-day perfect wickets.

Until I left Cambridge in 1868, I had no opportunity of playing with W. G., as there were not so many matches in one season. Both he and I were in the following year elected members of the M.C.C., and thenceforward I played with him constantly in a great many matches, viz. M.C.C., South *v.* North, Gentlemen of South *v.* Players of South and Gentlemen *v.* Players, alike at Lord's, the Oval and Prince's.

By the way, no one seems now to remember that at the time I was an Undergraduate, there was a report that W. G. was coming up to Cambridge and going into residence at Caius, which has always been regarded as a medical college. This rumour created at the time a lot of excitement amongst the cricket set at Cambridge, and years afterwards, when I

mentioned the subject to W. G., his reply was: 'Yes, I really came very near doing so.'

A vivid recollection in my memory is seeing W. G. running in some sports at Blackheath in 1868, which were held in connection with the old Paragon Cricket Club. The sports were not held on the club ground, which was on the Heath, but in Mr. Angerstein's park. In the open events, W. G. won the 100 yards, the quarter mile and the hurdles. He had rather a lolloping style with a tremendous stride, and I always remember that, on that occasion, he wore salmon coloured running drawers. In those days he was comparatively slight but very tall.

W. G. was a real glutton for cricket. Any temporary friction in which he was ever involved was invariably due to his keenness. Nothing could ever quench his passion for bowling, and I remember once in a match between the Gentlemen of the South and the Players of the South at the Oval, our attack was completely tied up. I. D. Walker, who was captain, came up to W. G. and me and asked our opinion as to the desirability of a change and consulted us as to whom he should put on. W. G., who was bowling from the pavilion end, said quite seriously, 'I tell you what, I'll go on at the other end.' It never occurred to him for a moment that he himself should be taken off!

I well recollect the match which was played on the Sussex county ground at Brighton—Gentlemen *v.* Players—for the benefit of old Jack Lillywhite. In this particular match, W. G. got a duck in the first innings and scored 217 in the second. As far as I can recollect, the game ended in a draw, R. A. H. Mitchell, I. D. Walker and G. F. Grace, in addition to W. G., all making fairly large scores. For this match, I was staying with some friends in Palmeira Square, Brighton, and in the evening, after the first day's play, we were at dinner, when the butler came into the room, and approaching my host in a mys-

terious way, whispered to him that there was a burglar in the house. Some of us went upstairs in search of the intruder, whilst others went to the front of the house in case he should try to get out that way. We who had gone upstairs chased the burglar on to the balcony in the front of the house and he slid down the pillars of the portico right into the hands of those who were waiting there. The next day we were relating the incident to W. G., who, with his mind always full of cricket, remarked: 'What a ripping good catch it must have been.' After the match I remember Jack Lillywhite bringing out the large gold cup, which had been presented to him by the Sussex County Cricket Club, and filling it with champagne and handing it round to the players; and what a very long and deep draught old W. G. *did* take!

I well remember the M.C.C. *v.* Yorkshire match at Lord's in 1870, when W. G. played what I consider (and I believe he also did) to be one of his very finest innings. He and I were at the wicket together during a pretty long partnership and Freeman and Emmett, who were then at their very best, were bowling against us. We were both cruelly battered about; indeed to this day I carry a mark on my chest where I was struck by a very fast rising ball from Freeman. I may say that on this occasion the pitch was one of those typical Lord's fiery wickets which were generally experienced on that ground in those days.

Grace and I were also playing together in the match, M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Nottinghamshire at Lord's in 1870, when poor George Summers was knocked out by a fast ball from Platts the Derbyshire bowler. When this occurred, I was fielding longstop, and somehow or other I was the first to pick him up. It was an awful blow on the cheek bone. I remember W. G., who had made 117, feeling his pulse and simply remarking, 'He is not dead.' Summers was carried

off insensible to the hotel on the ground, and I have always understood that he would have recovered, and his life been spared, if he would only have agreed to keep quiet. Instead of this, he would insist, quite against the doctor's orders, upon coming on the ground the next day and watching the match, sitting all the time in a hot sun. After that he travelled by train to Nottingham, where he died. This tragic occurrence led to a rather humorous incident. The next man to come in to bat after Summers was knocked out was Richard Daft, who was always very dapper and rather full of self-importance. I shall never forget his coming out of the pavilion with two large towels bound round his head as a protection against the bowling, which was somewhat alarming at the time. I do not think I ever saw anything quite so ludicrous as was Daft's appearance at the wicket on that occasion.

The last time I ever played with W. G. was in the M.C.C. Centenary Week, when I was one of the Eighteen Veterans who played against the Gentlemen of the M.C.C. Grace, of course playing against us for the Club, was photographed in both groups of the teams by special request. The dinner took place the evening before the commencement of the match and was served in the old tennis court. Chandos Leigh, the President of the Club for that year, presided. I recollect R. A. H. Mitchell, who sat near me, chaffingly saying, ' Won't all you veterans be stiff to-morrow night.' But, as a matter of fact, we went in first and made over three hundred, and in a drawn match, we old crocks had certainly the best of the game. V. E. Walker was captain of the Veterans, and I remember that both he and C. G. Lane, the two oldest members of our side, fielded in tennis shoes, and, the ground being very hard, they both often slipped while fielding and fell down.

Some little time after the Essex county ground at

Leyton was opened, our committee were anxious to get it more widely known, and as W. G. was still a great draw, I asked him if he would bring down an M.C.C. side to play against the county. He did so, and during the match was my guest at home, together with A. P. Lucas and H. G. Owen, who were playing for Essex. Of course Bunny Lucas and W. G. had very many cricket yarns and reminiscences that they were able to recall. I also remember that we had a party of young people in the house, and W. G. was just like a boy, playing round games, and telling lots of amusing stories. At that time I was Master of the Essex Hounds, and knowing that Grace was interested in hunting, I had the hounds brought up to the house one morning at breakfast time for him to see. He thoroughly enjoyed this and rather to my surprise I discovered that he really knew something about a hound. He was also very appreciative of a big grey horse which I had at that time, and he told me that he would like to come back to Epping in the winter for a day's hunting with the Essex Hounds. For years afterwards whenever we met, he would sing out, 'How's my old grey horse?'

This little hunting incident reminds me that on one occasion when Gloucestershire were playing Middlesex, their fast bowler of that time was unable to play. Charles Turner, who was then the first whip to Lord Fitz Hardinge, had acquired a great local reputation as a successful bowler in country matches, and hearing of this, W. G. at once telegraphed for him to come to Lord's and play in the match. Bowling, however, against I. D. Walker, A. J. Webbe and other good batsmen then in their prime; and playing in cricket which was naturally of a very different kind from that to which he had been accustomed, poor Turner was knocked all over the ground. Flopping heavily down beside me after the match, W. G., in his usual outspoken manner, exclaimed: 'Charlie, no more huntsmen for me in county cricket.'

I have a very vivid recollection of the University match at Lord's in 1895, when W. G.'s eldest son played for the first time for Cambridge. I can picture to myself now W. G., resplendent in a long frock coat and high silk hat, and how happy and proud he was. At that time, I always used to have one of the private boxes over the grand-stand, where my party of friends used to view the match and have luncheon, etc. I remember meeting W. G. and Mrs. Grace, to whom he introduced me, and I asked them to come up to my box at luncheon time. This they did, and by that time old W. G. was happier and prouder than ever, as his son had played a really good innings and I think had scored something over 40 runs. During the same afternoon at the close of the innings, my party had gone down to join in the customary promenade round the ground, and upon returning to our box, to my astonishment, I found there was considerable difficulty in effecting an entrance. The explanation of this was that dear old W. G. in the fulness of his heart and the intensity of his happiness, had himself invited most of the members of both the Oxford and Cambridge teams into my box to celebrate the occasion!

Reverting again to W. G. himself as a cricketer, I may say he was a most delightful man to be in with, being such a splendid judge of a run. Another thing about him was his generous appreciation of other people's play. His constitution and energy were tremendous. He never seemed to tire, and after he had made a century, if it was necessary, he would proceed as carefully as ever to endeavour to put up a second. I should have said that about the years 1873–4–5, Grace took part in most of the matches which were played by the United South of England XI in different parts of the country; and very amusing were some of the stories that used to be told of how some of the country and local players used to be spoofed by old W. G.

I should like to add that in my opinion no other batsman has ever approached W. G. If he had, when a young man, played on the wickets on which modern cricketers achieved their fame, I do not think he would ever have been got out except by a fluke. He always seemed like staying, and in his great days he looked perfectly comfortable with any bowling. I should say that Ranji, in that marvellous effort of his on a very difficult wicket at Manchester for England against the Australians, came nearest to W. G. because runs took a lot of making on that day. However, in the days when Grace was at his best, runs *always* had to be fought for, whereas on modern grounds, runs just come, if you can only stay in.

Sometimes some of us did not always see quite eye to eye with him in everything, but, during the forty odd years of our very intimate acquaintance, and I may say friendship, we never had the slightest disagreement except upon one occasion, when we had one rather serious difference of opinion which resulted in our not speaking to each other for a year. This was in consequence of some unfortunate incidents during a match between Essex and Gloucestershire, when from his excessive keenness I considered he had been guilty of rather sharp practices. However, I am very happy to say that eventually after mutual explanations and most handsome admissions on his part, we became greater and warmer friends than ever.

W. G. always inspired a big love in all our hearts, and at his funeral some felt we had parted not only from a great all-round sportsman and a very close friend, but from a great landmark in our own lives. Looking back on cricket, why the very word suggests W. G., and especially to all of us who have had the happiness and good fortune to go into the field with this great master."

CHAPTER VIII

Supremacy in England and in the West

With Reminiscences by C. K. Francis and Alfred Lubbock

THE year of years for W. G. Grace was without doubt 1871. In that season he achieved such triumphs as could never recur in the twentieth century owing to the improved condition of the wicket. He attained the marvellous average of 78 (*proxime accessit* the 35 of G. F. Grace) for an aggregate of 2,739, so that with two more innings he made nearly a thousand runs more than in the previous summer and increased his average by 24 runs per innings. Twice he exceeded the second century, on eight other occasions he exceeded three figures, whilst only in four efforts was he dismissed for single-figure contributions apart from two ducks' eggs, both at the hands of J. C. Shaw. Only seven times was he bowled, twice l.b.w., twice run out, with once stumped, but a large proportion of his causes of dismissal were snicks at the wicket. He opened his account with the striking series of 181, 23, 98, 118, 178 and 162, whilst after each of his noughts in the second innings he retorted with one of the two contributions exceeding two hundred. Small wonder that it was felt that his very presence at the wicket paralyzed the opposing attack. It should be added that only K. S. Ranjitsinhji in 1900 ever exceeded

this average, his being 80 for a total of 3,065, but under infinitely easier circumstances, as he himself modestly emphasized.

Also it must be remembered that in bowling "W. G. Grace, though more expensive than several other amateurs, decidedly deserves the palm, for in many of the great matches he has not been put on to bowl till the batsmen have got well set and knocked the crack professionals off. His analysis of 79 wickets, at an average cost of 17 runs, constitutes no mean performance, and it should be borne in mind that on many occasions his bowling has followed almost directly after one of his monster innings of three or four hours duration."

At Lord's turnstiles were first used on May 15, 1871, and W. G. Grace commemorated the innovation with a wonderful 181 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Surrey in a little over four hours, one very hard chance being the only semblance of a mistake. A six and four fives, all big drives, showed his appreciation of the bowling, and the opposing totals in neither case were equal to his own contribution. Against Yorkshire an irreproachable 98 was terminated by his being thrown out. On the Middlesex county ground at Lillie Bridge, he rattled up 118 very quickly for Gentlemen of South *v.* Gentlemen of North, as well as claiming half a dozen wickets. It was not often that Appleby and David Buchanan came in for such rough treatment. Reappearing at Lord's for the Whit-Monday North *v.* South match, he gave a display of almost hurricane hitting, scoring his 178 at the rate of 60 runs an hour without a mistake. At one period he made 20 runs off five consecutively bowled balls sent down by J. C. Shaw, the rest of the attack thus contemptuously treated being composed of Alfred Shaw, Wootton, Clayton and McIntyre. "His innings, which comprised three fives and twenty fours, was certainly one of the very best he ever played—no mean praise." Yet again

each total of the opposing eleven fell short of his own contribution.

Making his first appearance at Fenner's, W. G. Grace for the Gentlemen of England *v.* Cambridge University, scored so rapidly, that when 103 was put up for the first wicket, A. J. Wilkinson left having only made 19, and the champion's 162 was his proportion of 255 before he was out, having two sixes, three fives and nine fours in his chanceless display. Oddly enough for the next three weeks he did little with the bat save 88 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Middlesex compiled in two hours in conjunction with John Smith "by some of the fastest run-getting ever witnessed at Lord's." What was curious about this match was that the Club was beaten by an innings after making a first total of 338. Even for Gentlemen *v.* Players (in the first unfinished contest at St. John's Wood between these sides since 1839), Grace was barely at his best, for his 50 was for him a patient and cautious innings. But at the Oval when the amateurs were set 144 to get in 105 minutes, he opened the account with a free and resolute 43, after having caught out five opponents.

Married *v.* Single was revived, having been last played in 1858, Carpenter and Richard Daft being the only two who participated in both matches. It was selected for the benefit of Willsher. "For the Single, W. G. Grace went in first and carried out his bat for 189, obtained in a little more than four and a half hours and comprising three fives and fourteen fours. This enormous score was put together without the vestige of a chance against the bowling of Howitt, A. and J. C. Shaw, Southerton, Iddison and G. M. Kelson, and was throughout absolutely faultless. When it is considered that the rain frequently stopped play, that the light was at times extremely bad and the wicket much cut up towards the close of the day, this innings may be fairly classed among the finest performances ever achieved." The next highest

score on the side was 33 by G. F. Grace, and the totals of the Married were 159 and 78. This was the consummate effort referred to in the letter, already quoted, by that fine judge the late Henry Perkins.

An intensely exciting match between M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Surrey at the Oval terminated in a victory for the county by a single wicket—its solitary success of that season—and the result was oddly ascribed to the incompetence of the Club wicket-keeper. W. G. Grace contributed 146 out of 218 whilst in and saw seven of the side out. Ten days later in North *v.* South, also at the Oval, played for the benefit of H. H. Stephenson, J. C. Shaw obtained Grace's wicket first ball on an appeal for obstruction, "and for once I am bound to say I think the verdict was right," was W. G.'s own comment, but a terrific revenge was taken for this cheap dismissal. At the second effort, W. G. was caught off his glove at the wicket, "a remarkably smart catch high up, from a bumpy ball," after a stay exceeding five hours, being credited with the great score of 268, the largest he ever made in London. It was obtained against some of the best bowling, all alike punished with equal severity, and contained only one chance to Pinder at the wicket after he had made 153; "and his defence, hitting and placing were alike perfect, his innings from first to last being a masterpiece." Whilst he was scoring his first 142 runs in a little over two hours on the Tuesday evening, his companions contributed only 47. The Surrey Club presented him with a new bat, inscribed suitably on a gold plate, as well as the ball he hit about to such an extent. About this period, though all pitches seemed to come alike to him, the Oval could be regarded as his most congenial ground, and, in his whole career, he averaged 43 per innings on it as compared with 36 on Lord's, his average everywhere being 39.

As was now customary he was the special star in the constellation of the Canterbury Festival, which

was, if possible, more successful that year than usual. A late train prevented him going in first, but he scored 31 and 40 for the South, the second effort being terminated by an adverse appeal for run out, which he never forgot and which others also regarded as erroneous. Mention must be made of a splendid c. and b. with which he dismissed Ephraim Lockwood. The M.C.C. side against Kent was entirely amateur, and the victory by an innings and 47 runs was mainly due to the all-round efforts of Grace, for he claimed twelve wickets, bowling unchanged throughout, and scored 117, including seventeen fours, before he was caught at point. He and J. W. Dale put up 107 for the first wicket, of which his colleague's share was 36.

Thence he went on to Brighton to accomplish one of those innings which became among the most traditional of his career. This visit to the town was for John Lillywhite's benefit. The Walkers had collected fine sides for Gentlemen *v.* Players and, considering the notorious apathy of the Brighton public to cricket in the twentieth century, it is interesting to note that thirteen thousand spectators were present. Again J. C. Shaw dismissed Grace first ball, this time with a breakback, and again abundant vengeance was taken at the second effort. True, Daft would have caught him early if the sun had not been in his eyes, but such incidents are in the fortune of the game. Once W. G. had played himself in, the rest of his 217 was splendidly compiled. His chief hits were one six, driven hard off a slow from Daft, and thirty-one fours, whilst he was only four hours making this great score, the partnership of 241 with G. F. Grace being registered in 150 minutes, whilst seven wickets fell to his bowling. His dismissal came through the wicket-keeper, H. Phillips, running to short-leg to secure a ball the champion had cocked up off a slow from Southerton. Seldom prone to dilate on his own scores, W. G. could generally be induced

to talk gleefully of this one, that remained among his pleasantest memories. It must not escape notice that his three largest contributions of this, his best, season, 268, 217 and 189 not out, were all made in benefit matches, so that the money he must have put into the pockets of the professional *beneficiares* can be regarded as a substantial part of their receipts (he being of course the main attraction), and this was a point that gave him sincere pleasure. W. G.'s own reminiscence of being bowled by J. C. Shaw in the first innings is well worth quoting :

" I was naturally disappointed at not having done more for good old John, and before I went in the second time I made my apologies to him for my deficiencies in the first innings. He was not taking any apologies, however, and insisted on presenting me with two sovereigns on the condition that I was to give him back sixpence for every run that I made. At the end of the day's play I had scored two hundred and had completely forgotten my compact with John. On my arrival at the pavilion, he quietly came up to me and said : ' I will thank you for £5 on account.' I handed over the fiver with a rather woe-begone air I suppose, for with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said : ' I'm quite content to cry quits on the bargain as far as it has gone if you are.' I was, I don't mind confessing, as I was in rare batting fettle and the wicket was like a billiard table. After all I should only have had to give him 8*s.* 6*d.* more, as I only got 17 runs the next day."

" The county of the Graces " had a more ambitious programme and in its success W. G. had no small share, though only once, when he took four Surrey wickets for 17 runs, did he do much with the ball. Against Notts, with E. M., he scored 134 for the first wicket, the first time that the Midland eleven had ever had 100 hoisted under similar circum-

stances. Stimulated by having to meet both the Shaws and W. McIntyre, his 78 was a grand display, including ten fours, his driving and square-leg hitting being especially brilliant. The return evoked the greatest interest as W. G. had not previously played on the Trent Bridge ground, ten thousand people watching the game on the first day. His earlier effort of 79 was strictly defensive, his side being in dire straits, the next best contribution being G. F.'s 24. Following on, W. G. did not go in until three wickets had fallen. After his dismissal in the first innings, Richard Daft remarked: "You ought to have made a hundred; it's never been done in a first-class match on this ground." Grace replied, chaffingly: "Why did you not tell me before and I would have done it. Never mind, I'll do it next innings," and he proceeded to play a magnificent 116 without a shadow of a chance in three hours, just managing to save a single innings defeat. "Before the game commenced bets of 20 to 1 were made that he would not reach three figures in either innings. All the factory hands for miles around struck work to see the game and during lunch straggled across the ground to 'bowl a few' to the champion."

Two other performances must be chronicled. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Sussex at Lord's he indulged in hitting worthy of C. I. Thornton or G. L. Jessop. He made 44 out of the first 50 runs in twenty-five minutes and was only forty minutes at the wicket when he was stumped for 59, his foot slipping owing to the lack of fresh spikes in his boot. This 59 out of 83 was obtained off 51 balls in twenty-seven hits. Finally, as Willsher's match had been a failure at Lord's, owing to rain, a second benefit was given to him at Maidstone. Kent was to have played Gloucestershire, but W. G. Grace had perforce to bring a very scratch side. Coming for the first time to the Mote Park ground, he carried his bat through the first innings of 141, his own share

being 81, and in the second he was again not out with 42 to his credit. In one over, off R. Lipscomb, he hit a six and two fours. He also bowled clean through both Kent innings, taking 10 wickets for 15 runs apiece, and he was never out of the field whilst a ball in the match was played : an energetic termination to an unparalleled summer's work.

The contemporaneous tribute from the review of the season in *Lillywhite's Companion* is of perennial interest :

" In fact the batting of him who has earned the title of the champion cricketer—and most certainly his equal has never been seen—has been the leading feature of the season. His defence has been more stubborn, his hitting more brilliant and his timing and placing of the ball more judicious and skilful than during any previous summer, and it is a common occurrence to see him defy the combined efforts of the best bowlers in England for the whole of an afternoon. He is also unsurpassed in the field, not unfrequently a successful bowler, and always an excellent general and tactician."

For any batsman to have an average of 54 and then to suggest that his performances savour of anti-climax is absurd ; but at the same time W. G. Grace's season of 1872 can only be regarded as less in importance than that preceding it by sheer comparison with that one, whilst his bowling average advanced from 17 to 11 runs per wicket. In estimating it too, it must be borne in mind that he did not play after Canterbury Week owing to his Canadian trip, whereas in 1871, subsequent to that festival, he had scored 558 in only five completed innings, whilst 1872 was a wet season.

He opened his account as early as April 29 at Edgehill near Liverpool in the first of the four matches played that summer between the United North and South Elevens. His mood was of the

liveliest, for on being put in by the opposing captain —Iddison—he proceeded to hit finely for 65 out of 87 while at the wicket. Of the rest, only Jupp, who went in first with him, exceeded 14 in the whole fixture, whilst the North scored 19 less than W. G. in their first effort against Southerton and James Lillywhite. An experiment was made at Lord's with wickets an inch higher and an inch broader than usual in a game between XI of M.C.C. *v.* Next XX. The innovation was not repeated and there was only one double-figure score in the game besides those of W. G. Grace and J. W. Dale, who put up 60 for the first wicket of the Eleven. Prince's ground was inaugurated with a representative North *v.* South encounter, but rain limited the play to four hours. W. G., however, led off with a superb 87, he and W. Yardley having a lively contest to see which could score the faster. They made 160 and the other nine were accountable for 24 between them.

Two remarkably strong sides were collected for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Yorkshire and Grace showed marked superiority over all the other batsmen. His first beautiful score of 101 proved quite faultless and was terminated by an innocuous slow underhand from Iddison. No one laughed more than the retiring batsman. When the Club wanted 82 to win, W. G. hit so hard for 43 not out that fifty minutes sufficed to get them. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Cambridge University, when the Club required 95 for victory, 5 wickets fell for 19. Then Grace pulled the match through, obtaining 54 not out, including three fives, his driving of the erratic deliveries of W. N. Powys being especially noteworthy. It may be of interest to state that W. G. said he was the fastest bowler he ever batted to.

Once again Grace rose to his best in the biggest matches of the year. No fault could be found with a single selection for Gentlemen *v.* Players and Grace proved the transcendent cricketer. It is true he

nearly put up a ball early to short-leg, but his 77 was a long way the best contribution in the first half of the match. As often happened if Richard Daft ran into three figures, W. G. also credited himself with a century. In this case the famous Notts captain in his 102 gave the best professional batting display of the year. To make 224 on fourth hands in those days at Lord's was truly formidable. But Grace rendered the task absurdly easy. He did not go in until the third morning, one wicket—that of A. N. Hornby—having been obtained overnight. In two and a quarter hours he " hit away with even more than his wonted brilliancy and effect," his 112 out of 152—his partner was C. J. Ottaway—" being an absolutely perfect display of batting and devoid of the remotest semblance of a chance." It is remarkable that only three left-handed bowlers, Appleby, Buchanan and Powys, were put on in the first innings of the Players and they accounted for all the wickets in both efforts.

The return at the Oval began on the next day and for once the Players eleven there was as strong as at Lord's, the only change being the substitution of Emmett for Alfred Shaw. W. G. Grace opened with 117, including a six and three fives, compiled in three hours, his partnership with A. N. Hornby fairly collaring the formidable attack. He then returned to Lord's to play his third consecutive innings of over a hundred in five days. For England *v.* Notts and Yorkshire, he went in first and carried out his bat for 170 out of 290, offering an excellent display " without giving a single chance, and more than one good judge of the game declared that a finer innings was never played." " This was the second time the veteran R. Carpenter played in the same eleven as W. G., and when he retired he remarked : ' It was not so much of a catch after all to play on the same side as Mr. Grace, as most of your time is spent running his runs.' " As a curiosity it may be men-

tioned that play was continued until five minutes to eight on the second evening to finish what proved a desultory match. Grace signalized the close of his metropolitan appearances with yet another century for South *v.* North, in Griffith's benefit match. Jupp helped him to put up 121 for the first wicket and the 114 finally to his credit contained only one faulty stroke in its rapid accomplishment. He also claimed eleven wickets for a dozen runs apiece, but, from one over of his, Clayton and Pinder scored 14 by two fours and two threes.

"The success that has attended the efforts of W. G. Grace to raise his native county to a level with the best is something remarkable and is quite without parallel in cricket history. Three brief seasons have sufficed to place Gloucestershire almost on the highest rung of the counties' ladder and yet the eleven consists exclusively of amateurs. A pluckier and better managed eleven in the field does not exist, and Gloucestershire has our best wishes for a continuance of her present prosperity"—thus *Lillywhite*. In one match W. G. fairly bore the county on his shoulders. This was in the encounter with Yorkshire at Sheffield for the benefit of Roger Iddison, the captain of the home team. Grace had the remarkable experience of scoring 150 and yet being the first to be dismissed in the innings, the total reaching 238 before the separation, his partner being T. G. Matthews. W. G. was eventually caught by A. Greenwood at mid-on, having only been at the wicket three and a half hours, during which there were but two mis-hits to be noted. He hit two balls clean out of the ground and three successive fours off deliveries by George Freeman. He followed this up by one of his greatest bowling feats, capturing 15 wickets for 79 runs, a really remarkable achievement considering the strong county team he sent back so cheaply. He never took himself off throughout, twelve of his opponents being caught off his head ball, the majority

at leg or point, and he averaged a wicket for every seventeen deliveries. The result was a victory by an innings and 112 runs, a decidedly hollow defeat. "His batting in this match gave rise to the saying: 'He dab 'em but seldom, and when he do dab 'em he dab 'em for foor.'" His appearance at the Canterbury Week was spasmodic, for he arrived so late that he went in number six on the card for the South and was compelled to be absent in the second innings, having to leave for Liverpool on his journey to the Western world.

On the invitation of Mr. T. C. Patteson of Toronto, supported by Captain Wallace of the 60th, the Secretary of M.C.C., R. A. FitzGerald, in August took the following side to Canada and the United States: W. G. Grace, C. J. Ottaway, A. N. Hornby, A. Lubbock, C. K. Francis, E. Lubbock, A. Appleby, W. H. Hadow, W. M. Rose, F. P. U. Pickering and Lord Harris, who had not then succeeded his father. One of the little band, still alive, C. K. Francis, furnishes the following recollections:

"Of course by August, 1872, when we started for Canada, my acquaintance with W. G. Grace, which had begun in 1870, had ripened into a close friendship. I had played many matches with him and my admiration for his superiority over all other cricketers had increased rather than diminished. Of our Canadian team only four remain out of the dozen who started, and I feel sure none of the survivors will be able to recall any but the most pleasant recollections of the whole expedition. We were entertained everywhere we went with the most liberal hospitality and no pains were spared to make our trip a success in every way. Dinners, luncheons, balls and entertainments of all description were provided. On almost every occasion W. G. was lured on to his feet to return thanks for his health having been drunk, and it must have been extremely

flattering to him to witness the reception invariably recorded. His speeches in returning thanks are fully reported in other volumes and need not be repeated here.

I am far from saying we were all completely happy whilst crossing the Atlantic. After being entertained at Liverpool by old cricket friends, R. Antrobus, C. Parr and others, at luncheon, we boarded the *Sarmatian*, which was in those days regarded as a large liner, in reality only four thousand tons and therefore a mere cockleshell according to our modern lights. When fairly in the Atlantic we encountered some rough weather and for some thirty-six hours we were battened down. It was like being on a submarine. I cannot say we were all sailors. Poor Ottaway grew whiter and whiter, most of the rest greener and greener; George Harris was prostrate and *in extremis*. Farrands, our umpire, who had made up his mind that drowning was to be his end, was lamenting that such should take place in mid-Atlantic instead of 'in some little pond near hame.' Monkey Hornby was piling his luggage against the door of his cabin to keep the water out, determined to resist the waves as long as possible. Alfred Lubbock, the only good sailor, was extremely cheery. W. G. was, I think, busy making his will, assisted by 'Nobby' Lubbock who, in those days, was a bit of a lawyer. Appleby was trying to keep our spirits up by singing lays such as 'A Life on the Ocean Wave,' 'Home Sweet Home' and 'Three Jolly Postboys,' all equally inappropriate and out of place to those whose feelings were more in favour of singing a verse of 'For Those in Peril on the Sea.'

So far as I can remember meal times were given up to fielding plates and catching glasses, which jumped off the fiddles as the ship responded to each roll of the Atlantic. After the storm we gradually crept on deck, all except George Harris, who was

R. A. FITZGERALD. A. APPLEBY. W. H. HADOW. A. N. HORNBY. LORD HARRIS.
W. G. GRACE. C. K. FRANCIS.
A. LUBBOCK. C. J. OTTOWAY. W. M. ROSE. P. P. U. PICKERING. E. LUBBOCK.

THE ENGLISH TWELVE IN CANADA

(From a picture in the Pavilion at Lords.)

never seen out of his bunk until we were fairly in the River St. Laurence. Keane FitzGerald (Bob FitzGerald's brother) imagined he was useful by offering us all anti-sea-sickness mixture, a dozen bottles of which he had purchased in Liverpool; indeed he exploited the horrible lotion with such success that he nearly settled the lot of us before we even reached Canada, so ill were those who were weak enough to take any of his remedy.

I must not forget our set rubber of whist: W. G. and Edgar Lubbock *versus* Ottaway and myself. We played almost every day, both going and coming back. I do not think any of the four were great exponents of the game. In fact I do not recollect much about our whist beyond the fact that W. G. was a rare card-holder and often successfully bottled up ace, king and queen of trumps to the end, when he put them down triumphantly, asserting 'the rest are mine,' as pleased as if he had just completed his hundred.

On arriving at Quebec, we were at once invited to dine with the Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, at the Citadel. Dinner over, four of our party—viz. W. G., R. A. FitzGerald, Ottoway and Pickering—changed and started off at night in an outside Irish car (how and why such an uncomfortable machine was ever induced to leave its native shore I never could make out) on a sporting expedition. R. A. F. and W. G. were bent on flogging a river, which the Irishman in charge of the vehicle of course gulled them into believing was stocked with trout of prodigious size and fabulous numbers. Ottoway and Pickering, who had one gun between them, were bent on shooting partridges which the Irishman again informed them were shouldering one another out of the cornfields. They were all nearly jolted out of the Hibernian vehicle, and what might have happened to the Irish driver—after the absolutely futile quest for spoil—if they had not been absolutely

dependent on his endeavours to bring them back to Quebec, can be left to the imagination.

This expedition after sport fortunately damped their ardour and their energies were subsequently chiefly devoted to cricket, which was the main object of our presence in Canada and the United States. Our matches were at Quebec, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Hamilton; then New York, Philadelphia and Boston, always against XXII and, if memory serves, were usually won in an innings. This was thanks to W. G. and Ottaway, who had generally mastered the bowling before the rest were called upon to officiate and it was desired to finish the matches in the two days allotted. The only close match of the tour was played against XXII of Philadelphia, where we were very nearly defeated, owing, in large measure, to a big fast bowler, Charles Newhall, who got rid of a good many of us on a rather difficult wicket, being well supported at the other end by one Meade, a left-handed bowler, very straight and steady, of medium pace. Of course W. G. was the success of the tour, and it was largely due to him that our victories were so easily accomplished."

Supplementing these reminiscences, many interesting points can be derived from that vivacious and now scarce volume *Wickets In the West; or The Twelve In America*, by R. A. FitzGerald. The author gives amusing quotations from Canadian papers. For example: W. G. Grace "is a large-framed, loose-jointed man, and you would say that his gait was a trifle awkward and shambling, but when he goes into the field you see that he is quick-sighted, sure-handed and light-footed as the rest. He always goes in first, and to see him tap the ball gently to the off for one, draw it to the on for two, pound it to the limits for four, drive it beyond the most distant long-leg for six, looks as easy as rolling off a log." At Toronto he was reported to have

" hit a shooter to square-leg for two." This occurred in a contribution of 142 out of 241 against a smartly-fielding XXII. In an exhibition game in which the English visitors were divided, he scored 27 in seven hits, smiting Alfred Lubbock out of the ground for 6, followed by a 7—4 overthrow. But the bowler had his revenge, getting him out for l.b.w., " much to the disgust of Gilbert and the spectators. Gilbert growled, but it was of no use, out he went." At Hamilton, it was practically night before the game was won amid excitement. The last wicket was hard to get, but W. G., bowling fast underhand, captured it with an uncompromising sneak : skittles rather than cricket, but justified by the necessities of the case. The lively pen of a reporter was responsible for : " Mr. Grace at point is all over the ground. He keeps his eye right on you and knows how you are going to hit the ball. It would seem as if the ball were fascinated by Mr. Grace's basilisk gaze (he has a fine, dark eye) for it seems to jump into his hand."

In the United States, journalism again enjoyed a vivacious innings : " Then comes W. G. Grace—a monarch in his might—of splendid physique he at once won attention by the play of limb and easy exercise of the muscles." As to his bowling : " The fact is, Grace frightened them. They thought they saw some unknown and fatal influence in his bowling and they simply played right into his hands all the time "—11 wickets for 8 runs bears out this opinion. At Philadelphia his attack was described as " high and home style which puzzled the Quakers." Summing up the tour the captain, R. A. FitzGerald, considered : " Victory is of course largely due to the never-failing bat of W. G. Grace." And in an account in *Bell's Life* of the tour, it was said : " He has arisen as a phenomenon in the game. Against all bowling and on all grounds he has left his mark." From the scores published, his average

was 49 for an aggregate of 540, whilst his 44 wickets only cost 72 runs.

It would be unpardonable to quit this cheery tour without alluding to the perennial jest of W. G.'s speeches. The earliest had been looked forward to with impatience, not to say a tinge of envy, by the eleven. It ran as follows: "Gentlemen, I beg to thank you for the honour you have done me. I never saw better bowling than I have seen to-day and I hope to see as good wherever I go." It was added: "The speech took longer to deliver than you might imagine from its brevity, but it was greeted with applause from all who were in a position to hear it." The fun grew however as, on each occasion, he said exactly the same, merely substituting "batting" or "the ground" for "bowling." The joke never palled on the team and nobody enjoyed it quite as much as the orator.

Here may be appropriately appended the testimony of Alfred Lubbock, who formed one of the team:

"I played with W. G. Grace about ten years in first-class cricket. He was a warm friend of mine and we had great fun and thoroughly enjoyed our conversations. He was a keen sportsman, keen on anything that came his way. I was chaffing him, one day, about running with the beagles and asking him how he could get along as he was so fat (we were in the pavilion at Lord's), so he said: 'Well, Alfoed' (he always called me Alfoed), 'I will just show you; I never trot faster than this'—and he proceeded to start off at a very slow jog across Lord's, much to the amazement of a lot of lookers-on, who could not make out what the deuce he was doing. He was always ready for any fun, and when I used to chaff him about having to take to golf, he would not have it, but eventually did and became a good player though never a flyer. The last time I saw him was going

to a poultry show at the Crystal Palace, and we went down in the train together. He had a rackful of toys for his grandchildren and showed them to me, especially a little toy bat he had carefully selected for his eldest grandson, and it struck me at the time as curious seeing the great W. G. with this tiny run-getting implement. In olden days I used to argue with him a good deal on the proper weight of bats, and my theory was that for an ordinary man 2·3 or 2·4 was quite heavy enough, for I believed you could hit just as far and that the majority in the present day played with bats too heavy. I said, 'Of course a big, strong man like you might play with a heavier, 2·5 or 2·6,' and asked him what he played with. 'Two nine (2·9),' he replied. This shows what strength he had. Of course he was never exactly a wrist player, but was very strong in all other respects and had a very good eye—to my mind the greatest asset to a batsman."

To this period is assigned one humorous anecdote. In a minor match near Bristol, W. G. had contributed a long score, followed by the capture of the majority of the opposing wickets. One of the tail skied a ball to square-leg. Not knowing the capacity of the fieldsman in that place, Grace shouted to him to leave the ball alone and racing at top speed himself brought off a magnificent catch. The retiring batsman observed: "The next thing that man will do will be to wicket-keep to his own bowling."

CHAPTER IX

At Home and Under the Southern Cross

With Reminiscences by C. K. Francis and F. R. Spofforth

A FEATURE of the next few summers was Dr. W. G. Grace's association with the United South XI. It was on a thoroughly business basis. A legal agreement was prepared for each match for which he received a comprehensive amount of money out of which he had to pay the side he engaged, a heavy penalty being embodied in the event of he himself not playing in the game. Various representative touring elevens were constantly playing local eighteens and twenty-twos not only in counties where cricket subsequently flourished on an important scale, but in various important centres where a first-class match is now never possible. Undoubtedly, with less pressure of county cricket, this proved a wide attraction and the repute of W. G. Grace was commercially successful in various localities. The amount of travelling he and G. F. Grace submitted to, under circumstances of comparative discomfort as compared with modern ease in transit, was considerable, but it never seemed to impair their cricket nor to lessen their keenness in the game. It may be added that if one of these fixtures ended before luncheon on the last day, a supplementary match had to be played. Nearly all the colleagues of the Graces in these touring fixtures, which extended to

Scotland and Ireland, were professionals, and it has been stated that none of the latter received more than £5 a match. The whole of these organizations gradually expired amid the modern developments inaugurated by the Australians, who themselves played the majority of the engagements of their first two tours against odds. They might have been prolonged through the personal "drawing power" of W. G., but after he began his medical career at Bristol in 1878, he was unable to go thus widely afield.

Out of a wealth of reminiscences kindly forwarded for the purposes of this volume from those who saw W. G. in such matches, space can be regretfully found for merely two. The most interesting, perhaps, is the anecdote of Andrew McAllister, a clever Scotch bowler, who was announcing how he was going to get Grace out: "I will just be placing the field as wide as possible and we will get him caught." That night the wily old fellow was in high glee for W. G. had been captured in the deep for a small score. On the next evening, however, the veteran was gloomy: "Well, you see," he explained, "the field was not big enough. W. G. hit seven sixes."

"Many years ago" [apparently May 24, 1877], writes a correspondent, "W. G. was captain of an England XI *v.* XVIII Edinburgh Gentlemen. At the preliminary practice on the second day, W. G. said to Leslie Melville-Balfour: 'I say, let me show you the ball with which I got you yesterday. I can always beat my brother Freddie with it.' Balfour, a sound bat, took guard in front of a single stump and saw it knocked out of the ground by the very first ball Grace bowled. The impressions I carried away that day were of the wonderful boyishness of the champion, of the great affection which existed between him and his brother G. F., and the remarkable vim of his cuts, which some of us tried to stop. I was a member of my college eleven at the time, but I must frankly confess that many of these

strokes were too hot for me to pick up." In a practice match on this ground in 1873, he made a hit of 140 yards. As the Dominie observed : " prodigious."

To Grace 1873 proved only second to 1871 as a summer of phenomenal performances. For the second time his average exceeded 70 and his aggregate 2,000. Seven centuries were placed to his credit, three consecutively. Only in one match were amateur bowlers responsible for his dismissal and he never failed to score, though sent back eight times for single figures. Once run out, once hit wicket and six times bowled, all the other dismissals were by catches. Moreover, this was the first season in which he claimed a hundred wickets.

Apart from some minor appearances, W. G. Grace played his earliest important innings after his return from the United States at Prince's for South *v.* North, his 68 being the highest score in a match drawn through unpunctuality. On the same ground, for Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the North, his grand score of 145 was the more remarkable in its flawless correctness because the next highest innings was E. M.'s 26. W. G. went in first and was last out, having made his runs out of a total of 237, with eleven fours. For the same side against the Players of the South at the Oval, his 134 was greater than the first aggregate, 126, of his opponents. He only ran 185 runs whilst at the wicket, so that his proportion of runs scored whilst he was in was even greater than usual, and he was credited with 73 out of the first 100 recorded.

This was the first of a triumvirate of centuries, the other two being for Gentlemen *v.* Players, both of which matches, as well as the third at Prince's, were won by the amateurs with an innings to spare. At Lord's, on a wicket dead after rain, in his magnificent 163, which included a seven, he was especially severe on J. C. Shaw. He was caught off a no-ball by Carpenter from this bowler when he had made

61. "There's no getting the long 'un out," said some one in the crowd at this point. "You don't want to, do yer?" was his friend's retort. At the Oval, in his 158, he "made all the bowling plain and all the bowlers desperate," more especially as he played the third ball he received from Tom Emmett hard on his wicket without removing the bail. He signalized this by promptly hitting him for six and five, making 25 off his next three overs. In the second innings of the Players he also enjoyed a destructive spell with the ball, claiming 7 wickets for 9 runs apiece, catching Jupp and Lockwood off his own bowling in the same over and getting four others annexed by his leg trap. Ephraim Lockwood indeed in each innings he caught out for the unenviable duck. In the extra encounter at Prince's, he and W. Yardley had the liveliest opening, putting up 141 for the first wicket, of which his own share was 70. He also took five wickets at the beginning of the Players' effort. Therefore for the Gentlemen that summer of 1873 he scored 291 in three innings and took 12 wickets for 10 runs apiece—that is against the picked professional talent of a day when fine bowling and sound batting were rife.

A wholly delightful amateur game at headquarters was that between the eleven which had been in Canada and Fifteen Gentlemen of M.C.C. with Rylott, who was never put on to bowl. The home side looked decidedly weak on paper, but put up so keen a fight as only to be beaten by 24 runs. W. G. Grace and C. J. Ottaway fulfilled their Canadian tradition by giving their side a splendid start, namely 119 for the first wicket. W. G.'s own share was 152, and special interest was felt in the way in which he punished the fast deliveries of his brother G. F. In the same week he played his highest innings of the year for South *v.* North at the Oval, the attack being the powerful one of A. and J. C. Shaw, Martin McIntyre and Tom Emmett. Helped by

two lives at the hands of the wicket-keeper—the burly Pinder—he carried his bat for 192 out of a total of 311, with seven fives in a contribution that occupied precisely five hours. Further, to finish off the game, he captured the last four wickets for only 20 runs.

Yet another North *v.* South opened the Canterbury Festival and the best exhibition of the year was given in the first-wicket partnership of W. G. and Jupp. The former was the earlier to leave, at 154, being bowled by Emmett when within two of his century. This small ground was always congenial to him and he made his runs all round the wicket at a great pace. For the Club against Kent he had a spell with the ball, for after taking five wickets in the first innings, he claimed 10 in the second for 9 runs apiece and then hit hard for 57 not out (the highest score on either side) towards the 107 required. At the very end of September, for Bennett's benefit, he brought a strong scratch side to oppose a Kent team of ten amateurs with Willsher, on the Bat and Ball ground at Gravesend. He bowled extremely well, claiming 5 wickets for 33, and then knocked the attack all over the field in a punishing 69 not out, which closed his account for the year.

Moreover, the spirited efforts of the Grace family for Gloucestershire were fully realized because that county became champion, winning four, drawing two and not losing a single match. Naturally W. G. was foremost on the amateur side, his batting average being 62, and he also captured 21 wickets. His "gluttony for runs" at the Oval saw him with 83 to his credit against Surrey, he and E. M. making 156 before W. G. was the first to retire. In the return match at Clifton, he again gave Surrey plenty of exercise, for in the second innings he had an unfinished partnership of 255 with E. M. Knapp, his own share being an aggressive 160, with four sixes. A disconsolate Surrey fielder, stationed near the

press tent, cheered up when he learnt he had made his 150, for he said: "We shall get him soon, for his average against us cannot be more than 180." He also took 4 wickets for 19 runs. In the first innings both E. M. and W. G. were out hit-wicket to Southerton, W. G. actually knocking a stump out of the ground, a singularly rare occurrence.

Against Yorkshire, for Rowbotham's benefit, from 12,000 people he obtained a reception which he was apt to recall as one of the greatest demonstrations accorded to him, and he also would say that he seldom opened his shoulders with more relish than in this 79. One minor achievement should not be forgotten: for the United South *v.* XXII of Coventry with Luke Greenwood, he took twenty-five wickets and made five catches off other bowling, thus having a hand in thirty wickets in one match.

Luke Greenwood, just mentioned, liked to tell a story of W. G. on a Yorkshire ground. "In one match, W. G. thwacked me out of the field for six on the square-leg side. There used to be a practice in those days of giving a shilling to those who returned the lost ball. An old lady found this one and toddled up to the wicket, as was the custom. She brought it to me and I said: 'Nah, yon's him that hit it; yo mun go to him for t' brass.' She crossed to W. G. and gave him the ball and he, much amused, paid the shilling forfeit."

Once more C. K. Francis kindly furnishes reminiscences, and if somewhat ahead, in one portion, of the period under review, yet it would spoil his contribution if it were cut into sections. He writes:

"After our Canadian trip, I played a good many matches with W. G., more than one Gentlemen *v.* Players of the South, an interesting match afterwards discontinued owing to the increase of county fixtures [it has been revived at the Hastings Festival only a few years ago], and in 1873 I played

with him no less than three Gentlemen *v.* Players matches, one at Lord's, one at the Oval, one at Prince's. No doubt he was then at the top of his form—that is from 1870 to 1876. He was then aged from twenty-two to twenty-eight and had not to carry the weight, which in his latter years hampered him a good deal and prevented him being seen to most advantage, although he made many hundreds when he was well over seventeen stone and would have compiled many more if he could have had some one to run for him. The three Gentlemen *v.* Players I have just mentioned constituted a record, for all three were won by the amateurs by an innings. Monkey Hornby and I are the only survivors of all three. Small wonder, with W. G. so transcendent in these successes, that just at that time, one of his ecclesiastical admirers described him as 'Lord of Lord's and Ruler of Prince's,' although with justice one might equally have said of him, 'Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus,' so vastly at that time was he head and shoulders over any other cricketer before or since.

I see I was again playing at Lord's for the Gentlemen in 1875, in which match W. G. made 152 in the second innings, when he was run out, which was very seldom the case. In that match, he and A. J. Webbe put on 203 without the fall of a wicket. Another curious incident was that I. D. Walker, who for some years was second only to W. G., annexed 'spectacles' and lost a fiver to boot, having bet Lord Harris ten to one (£5 to 10s.) that he would not do so. Poor 'Donny' Walker was not successful in his bets. I can remember being present when he lay Jack Dale £100 to £1 that Cambridge would not win the University match of 1872 by a single innings and the Light Blues did so. I must say I never saw a better innings for 0; he was in quite thirty-five minutes and played most correct cricket. Perfectly well I recollect sitting in the pavilion, watching every ball, knowing

how much depended on it and realizing what fun we would have with him if George Harris won his bet. I sat next Buns Thornton, who was also playing, and remember his characteristic remark to me as Donny was walking back to the pavilion, obviously anything but pleased: 'I should not like to have my finger in his mouth at this moment.' Of course I knew the feeling well, but to I. D. to have to return with a brace was a novel sensation which W. G. never experienced in a first-class match. I think it should be recorded that in that match W. G. took no less than twelve wickets, four of them being caught and bowled, besides scoring 159.

It was soon after the years I am speaking of, it will be remembered by cricketers, that at one moment it was suggested, to meet the difficulty of high scoring [W. G. Grace to the fore], to either reduce the size of the bat or increase the height of the wickets. I can remember a cricket bat, which A. G. Steel had made, about an inch narrower than the orthodox size. To me it seemed a revolution which would have altered the game, like asking a sportsman to shoot with a toy gun or a billiard player to use a cue a foot too short or too long. W. G. was, I think, in favour of leaving well alone.

Reverting to my recollections of him. At first, say in 1870, he was a medium-pace bowler, breaking a bit from leg, with an occasional slow one, but used less frequently than in later years, when he was altogether a slow bowler. The slow ball, in those earlier seasons, was very often a half volley to leg and so intended, in the hope of producing a catch at long-leg, which was very often brought off, but as often proved an expensive operation before success. I have been reminded by F. E. Lacey, the present Secretary of M.C.C., that in one innings he caught three off W. G. at long-leg, though he did not tell me at what cost. But he did tell me that, on one occasion, W. G. shifted him nearly fifty yards to the

exact spot for the long-leg catch hit straight into his hands.

In thirty-two years for Gentlemen *v.* Players he obtained over 250 wickets [271 with an average of 19 apiece], which would have justified his being played in those matches for his bowling alone. His delivery was certainly baulking. Bustling up to the wicket rapidly, his huge shoulders and elbows squared, both hands in front of his flowing beard and the ball thus concealed a good deal from view, which made it difficult for the batsman to detect where it was coming from, his M.C.C. cap tending rather to dazzle the batsman's view than otherwise, bowling generally round the wicket, he followed up his bowling quickly towards the off-side, usually having a field pretty straight on the on side behind him. By this manœuvre, he unquestionably caught and bowled a good many opponents, and his great knowledge of the play of almost every batsman he met enabled him very constantly to capture his wicket. He certainly was a very successful bowler against the professionals, who are always inclined to play with more caution than the amateurs, and they were, no doubt, impressed with the notion that it was W. G. Grace who was bowling—his great personality accounting for a good many wickets, which would not have been the case if the same ball had been bowled by any one else.

When he was active, there was no place in the field where he was out of place. In 1870 he could catch a man almost off the end of his bat in a way which would have rivalled E. M., who, I suppose, was considered in his day the best point in England. If W. G. did not get runs or wickets in a match, he generally left his mark in the field. I remember being at Londesborough Lodge once when W. G. arrived late in the evening. He had been playing that day at Manchester in the final test match against the Australians in 1888. By the papers we knew

England had won, but we did not know how England had managed to get the other side out in the time. We had finished dinner when Grace put in an appearance, having come for the Scarborough Festival, and I remember saying: 'Well, W. G., how did you get them out?' Equally well I remember his answer: 'Why, Tom, I cot 'em out,' and so it was, for he had brought off three very good catches, which disposed of three formidable batsmen at critical times."

A suggestion from *Fun* in 1873 may be added: "The Society for the Improvement of Things in General and the Diffusion of Perfect Equality, at a meeting to be held shortly, will submit the following propositions:

That W. G. Grace shall owe a couple of hundred or so before batting—these to be reckoned against his side should he not wipe them off.
That his shoe spikes shall be turned inwards.
That he shall be declared out whenever the umpire likes.
That he shall always be the eleventh player.
That he shall not be allowed to play at all."

Reverting to the chronological narrative—after the close of the season of 1873, W. G. Grace took a team to Australia. It was his own honeymoon tour, for only a few days before he sailed, namely on October 9, he married Miss Agnes Nicholls Day, daughter of his own first cousin. The eleven he finally selected, after many disappointments, was composed of his brother G. F. Grace, his cousin W. R. Gilbert, J. A. Bush, an excellent wicket-keeper, F. H. Boult, a fast bowler who was unwell throughout the trip, with Jupp, Oscroft, R. Humphrey, A. Greenwood, Martin McIntyre, Southerton and James Lillywhite. The voyage out was devoid of incident except that the cooking was pronounced very bad. On touching at King George's Sound, W. G. Grace

threw a boomerang, which might have killed a fellow-passenger, for it only just missed his head.

Dave Scott ("The Almanac") writes from the Antipodes:

"It was on the day in December, 1873, that W. G. Grace and his team arrived in Melbourne, I first met him. People turned out in thousands to welcome him and the cream of the English bowlers and eagerly scanned the daily practice which soon became the regular rule.

W. G.'s first public appearance was as spectator of a keenly contested match between Melbourne C.C. and South Melbourne for a trophy. I drove a drag and four with Grace on the box. When feeling ran high over the game about a vexed point, Grace was appealed to. His answer was non-committal: 'Though we have come from the home of cricket thirteen thousand miles away, our opinion cannot carry the weight of the umpires.' The game was abandoned owing to the dispute and this created a bad impression on the visiting team.

On Christmas Day after a heavy lunch, the English amateurs went to have a knock. Harry Boyle, who was to be one of the Victorian XVIII on the morrow to oppose them, and had come a hundred miles from Bendigo for the match, was looking on with me, who was his host. Some one said, 'Have a bowl at Grace.' 'No thanks,' replied Boyle, 'I expect I'll have enough bowling in the match before we get rid of him.' After watching W. G. for some time, the renowned bowler observed to me: 'Dave, he has a weak stroke and if I could only get a ball in between his leg and the wicket I could get him.'

It was not until the second day, just before lunch, that W. G. came out to bat, for previously G. P. Robertson had won the toss and Victoria had amassed 266, B. B. Cooper playing a magnificent innings of 84. Grace took Jupp in with him and

received a tremendous ovation. Just when 40 was hoisted, he fooled the crowd, who thought he had been stumped, by walking back as if to the pavilion and then returning, which caused heaps of laughter among the sixteen thousand spectators. H. F. Boyle was the first change bowler, and after the champion had made a few off him, a tremendous shout went up; he had bowled him with a ball between his legs and the wicket. The crowd rose and cheered, waved handkerchiefs and sticks, whilst about 1,500 Bendigo men, who had come because Boyle was their champion, went fairly mad and cooed with true Australian fervour. Allan, 'the bowler of the century,' literally hugged Boyle on the pitch. There had been a foolish and false rumour that Grace had laid £500 to £50 that he would never be bowled in Australia.

After the return match, W. G. made 126 not out in an exhibition game with eleven men only in the field. It was a revelation to the Colonial spectators to see the manner in which he placed the ball apparently where he liked. Sam Cosstick at one time delivered full pitches fair at the batsman's head, but W. G. would not have them, so Sam said the balls slipped from his hand.

At the farewell dinner to the English side at the *Criterion Hotel*, Collins Street, Grace said to Boyle: 'If you ever come to England and your bowlers are as good there as they are here, you will make a name for yourselves.' After the sensational defeat at Lord's in the one-day match of M.C.C. and Ground by Australia by 9 wickets in 1878, W. G. shook hands with Spofforth and Boyle, remarking to the latter: 'I wished you every success before I left Australia, but you have done us badly to-day.' "

That greatest of all bowlers as well as a singularly sound judge of the game, F. R. Spofforth, whose

further reminiscences will be found in a later chapter, writes :

" On the occasion of W. G. Grace's first visit to Australia, I only played in one match against him, and, when I met him in England six years later, he said : ' I only remember this Demon Bowler as a long, thin fellow standing in the deep field and throwing in so terribly hard.' In those days I practised long shying and could generally bung in the ball a hundred and twenty-eight yards.

I had a lark with the Old Man at the nets. In those days, though I stood six feet three inches, I only weighed ten stone six. But I could bowl faster than any man in the world. W. G. was at the nets at Melbourne and I lolled up two or three balls in a funny slow way. Two or three of those round asked : ' What's the matter with you, Spoff ? ' I replied : ' I am going to have a rise out of that W. G.' Suddenly I sent him down one of my very fastest. He lifted his bat half up in his characteristic way, but down went his off stump, and he called out in his quick fashion when not liking anything : ' Where did that come from ? Who bowled that ? ' But I slipped away, having done my job."

The narrative of the tour in *Lillywhite* for 1875 is understood to have been written by the late G. F. Grace and furnishes a valuable source of information. Even in its jerky *precis* form, it betrays sources of friction ; for example, in the very first match : " wickets cut up rather badly ; and, after the Sunday intervening, the captain of the XVIII refused to allow us to roll the ground. Query—Could he stop us ? " Indeed it is understood that there were varied subjects of dispute, possibly due in great measure to the fact that the speculators who conducted the tour knew nothing of cricket. " The trip, on the whole, was an enjoyable one, as far as

seeing the Colonies and meeting good friends; but in a cricketing point of view it was NOT a good one. We were met in a bad spirit, as if contending cricketers were enemies." How different from the modern Australian splendid sporting spirit when P. F. Warner and his teams twice brought back the ashes.

W. G. Grace, as captain, naturally bore the brunt of the friction. He also bore off the honours of the tour, his fine average of 39 being wonderfully good on bad wickets and against odds. In the first match against XVIII of Victoria, in the only innings of the opponents he took 10 wickets for less than 6 runs apiece and contributed 33 and 51 not out, by far the best, for the Englishmen were playing too soon after their long sea voyage. One local paper pronounced them "arrant duffers," another believed they had sold the match. As a matter of interest it may be mentioned that on the home side figured W. G.'s old cricket comrade at home, B. B. Cooper, who made 84, Midwinter, destined to help him so materially for Gloucestershire, H. F. Boyle, as already stated, and T. Horan, the best critic that the Australians have ever produced on the game and a fine bat, as he proved on his second visit to England in 1882, when he invariably went to the wicket with brown pads.

At Ballarat on New Year's Day, 1874, against the attack of Allan and Cosstick, W. G. gave "one of his grand innings, hitting tremendously hard, and was caught off a good hit for 126." Owing to the heat many spectators climbed trees and Grace hit one sitting on a bough, but he was not much hurt. When the England team played XVIII of New South Wales, the Governor Sir Hercules Robinson and his wife were among the twelve thousand spectators. Years afterwards, Lady Rosmead—as she subsequently became—who was noted for her emphatic speeches, recalled W. G. as "the human Orang Outang whose beard did not seem to get in the way

of his playing cricket." He captured 11 wickets for 69 runs in the first innings. On the home side were F. R. Spofforth, who only went on as third change and took Greenwood's wicket, Charles Bannerman, and D. Gregory. Against a combined XV of New South Wales and Victoria, W. G. played a fine 73 " in awful heat." The finish of this, the most important match of the tour, was excellent. On the last day, the English went into the field at five past three and had the last of the XV out at a quarter to six, owing to fine fielding and yet finer bowling by Lillywhite. At Kadina W. G. " had the ground swept and picked up two large baskets of small stones. A tape a yard in length was used to measure the wicket and there was no ball when play should have started." At Melbourne W. G. was credited with a good score of 64, when only two others in the match exceeded 30.

The persistency with which he and W. R. Gilbert went out shooting on all possible occasions was a point afterwards recalled, " the kangaroo is a sociable animal and the two Gilberts expressed themselves satisfied," whilst W. G. himself declared that on this tour his speeches were more varied than at other times,—possibly because the spirit moved him to make very necessary complaints. Australian cricket was in its infancy and it grew to be one of the proud features of the Empire in sport and a joy to us at home on all the tours. But it should not be forgotten that this tour in 1873 undoubtedly sowed seeds which the Australians were clever enough to cultivate until they produced the wealth of subsequent first-class cricket at the Antipodes. W. G. Grace once humorously called himself one of the god-fathers of Australian cricket.

CHAPTER X

The End of the Old Regime

With Reminiscences by C. I. Thornton and A. J. Webbe

IT has always been regarded that the visit of the Australians to England in 1878 marked the commencement of modern cricket, and therefore the seasons between 1874 and 1877 may be considered as the closing ones of the first part of the cricketing life of W. G. Grace. Directly after his return from the Antipodes, he hit up 259 in less than three hours for Thornbury *v.* Clifton and even now one can imagine how he must have enjoyed this rollicking spell of slogging. In important cricket his all-round superiority was as predominant as ever. Taking 140 wickets for only 12 runs apiece, he was more destructive than any amateur since first-class mat ches were instituted, and his batting average was 52 for an aggregate of 1,664. It was a season in which a marked decline of public interest was to be noted and some apathy also among the best exponents of the game. But the keenness of W. G. was never called in question. As for his success, though his first ten visits to the wicket only realized 201, he was only once again dismissed for a single figure—he never failed to score in 1874—and gave some phenomenal exhibitions, quite apart from increased deadliness with the ball, whilst he averaged 31 for twenty-four innings for the United South against odds, besides taking 121 wickets for only 6 runs each.

It was at Brighton on June 11 for Gloucestershire *v.* Sussex, that W. G. Grace gave his first important display of the summer. He fairly let himself go at the bowling in a brilliantly characteristic 179 out of 299, with one six, four fives and nineteen fours as examples of his gentle tapping, and then proved uncommonly efficacious with the ball, as indicated by his figures, 12 wickets for 158 runs. This was a foretaste of what he was worth to his county, for which he averaged 84, whilst his 58 wickets only cost 11 runs apiece. The greatest day in the latter department was at Cheltenham against Surrey, when he took 7 wickets for 18 runs—the chief factor in dismissing the opponents for 27—and 7 wickets for 48. On this occasion with 27 he was also top-scorer in a bowlers' game. As usual a benefit match incited him to a remarkable exhibition. This time, on Luke Greenwood's behalf at Sheffield, he delighted over ten thousand spectators with 167 played in four hours during which 303 were scored, after which he captured 11 wickets for 101 runs, his prowess somewhat abruptly terminating the struggle. In the return encounter at Clifton, he and E. M. put up 137 for the first wicket and he remained until 216 was scored, when he was caught for 127. Ten Yorkshire wickets for 121 were included in his bag for this match, so the Tykes had a pretty lively impression of his prowess.

In Gentlemen *v.* Players, Grace did something less than usual until the third match at Prince's when, with comparatively weak sides, he contributed 110 out of 209 and was credited with 7 wickets for 58 runs. This game was marred by many bad decisions. A curious appeal was one against W. G. for obstruction in preventing Lillywhite from securing a ball played back by G. F., but the umpire did not allow the claim. Never was he in greater vein than in the Canterbury Festival. In place of the monotonous North *v.* South was substituted Kent and

Gloucestershire *v.* England, and a capital game resulted in the defeat of the national side by 54 runs. W. G. narrowly escaped a double hundred, as he scored 94 and 121, besides taking 10 wickets for 16 runs apiece. Altogether he was batting whilst 400 runs were scored without his giving a single chance, and, curiously enough, all ten batsmen in the second innings were caught. Directly this match was concluded that between M.C.C. and Kent was begun. Grace this time appropriated eleven wickets, including a hat trick, and 123 runs hit up in only two and a quarter hours. With I. D. Walker he put up 149 for the first wicket, of which his share was 102. Another notable effort was his 104 for Gentlemen of South *v.* Players of the North, making his runs out of 160 while in, taking barely two hours to do so, and at one period hitting 50 in fifteen consecutive hits. Before thus roughly handling the attack he had taken 7 Northern wickets for only 60 runs in spite of Oscroft hitting with grim determination.

W. G. Grace achieved one of his records in this summer, as he made six centuries in seven matches, the actual figures being 104 and 19, 23 and 110, 167, 1, 94 and 121, 123, and 127. The bowlers he thus punished included Alfred Shaw, Morley and Ulyett (in three of the six matches), Rylott, Lillywhite and Clayton (in two), Emmett, Willsher, Silcock and Allen Hill, a list which adds to the merit of his achievement. Here may well come the first portion of the recollections of Mr. C. I. Thornton, biggest of hitters, foremost to come to the assistance of the present book in the kindest manner, who writes :

" I am afraid my reminiscences of the grand old cricketer will prove a little desultory. We were always capital friends, he and I, and many a long talk we had together. Therefore it is appropriate I should be a trifle conversational and probably will

be forgiven if I become occasionally anecdotal. To praise him as a cricketer would be to add light to the sun. I played with him very often and on many grounds and I have watched many more of his greatest efforts, always with profound admiration. The state of the wicket never seemed to trouble him as it does almost all modern cricketers, probably because he made his finest early centuries on pitches such as no one now in championship matches has even imagined and also, because, like so many of the older school, W. G. seemed so thoroughly to enjoy every game in which he took part. Only once do I recall even the suggestion of a grumble. It was in those days when Gloucestershire, reduced from its former glory, seemed unable to win more than a stray match each season, Grace observed: 'It ain't all jam when you're *always* on the losing side,' at that time every member of the county team being young enough to have been his son.

W. G. practically always went in first. I can, however, recollect two commencements of Canterbury Week when he did not; on one of them I remember beginning the innings for South *v.* North with G. F. Grace. To show how freely W. G. scored, in the early seventies it was particularly commented on that, for Kent *v.* M.C.C., Willsher sent down twenty-four consecutive balls to him without being hit.

I have a newspaper cutting, apparently from *The Times*, which runs: 'So deep is the apprehension entertained by every cricketer who is liable to find himself, in one or another match, ranged on the side to which Mr. Grace does not belong, that grave propositions have been made in the higher councils of the craft, having for their purpose the memorializing of that gentleman, in terms of earnest supplication, entreating that he will consent to play for the future either blindfolded or with his right arm tied behind his back. Only by such a reduction of his

extraordinary physical resources can the memorialists hope to dub him down to the level of ordinarily good cricketers. He is *Anax Andrôn* of a verity: but Agamemnon was not the only son of Atreus. The Graces outnumber the Atrides too, and one can fancy Alfred Shaw or Farrands, judging by the performances of two or three of them when they are 'out' together, ejaculating: 'Methinks there be ten Graces in the field.' Of course Mr. W. G. Grace is *facile princeps.*

Such a testimony to his skill was never written about any other cricketer nor do I believe it ever will be.

A short but most lively partnership between W. G. and myself for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Yorkshire at Lord's remains in my mind. I cnme in seventh, cutting the first ball I received, from Ephraim Lockwood, to the centre of the grand-stand, following it by a single and a couple off Allen Hill. W. G. responded with a leg hit for two and an on-drive for three off the same bowler, and on facing 'Emma' hit him splendidly round to leg, the ball reaching the bat stack for five, whilst I drove the same trundler for two and smote Allen Hill for a four and a single. This brought on Tom Emmett, off whom I was missed first ball and then skied one to mid-on. W. G., out at last to a lob from Iddison, made a glorious 101."

For the first time in 1875 the Jeremiahs began their perennial if intermittent croak that Grace had given the public of his best. An average of 32 with an aggregate of just under 1,500 would have been good enough for any ordinary first-class batsman; but of course W. G. had set a standard for himself. To balance the reduction in run-getting however, he enjoyed his best summer as a bowler, obtaining 190 wickets for well under 13 runs each. This was the third season in which he scored over 1,000 runs and

took over 100 wickets, a double feat he performed eight times. He was the only cricketer to do this until 1882 when C. T. Studd also accomplished it. Of course it has been achieved prolifically in the multiplicity of modern matches, George Hirst, who is credited with it in fourteen seasons, holding the record up to the war.

The late P. M. Thornton contemporaneously dealt aptly with the question of Grace's supposed decline: "Constant rain made the ground false, and before it could get hard or anything near it, Jupiter Pluvius elected to follow his innings and the early fixtures came off on a slough of despond. It is constantly our lot to hear people express their opinion that W. G. Grace had gone off. Now even supposing the great player had not totalled two thousand runs before cricket closed, it would surely be patent to any one worthy of forming an opinion on such subjects that scoring must relatively be less heavy when ground is slow and untrue."

W. G. Grace showed his customary appreciation of Yorkshire bowling. At Lord's for M.C.C. and Ground his second score of 71 was characterized as "very fine," whilst eight wickets fell to his share. At Sheffield,—a favourite ground of his—for Gloucestershire, before fifteen thousand spectators at the benefit of John Thewlis, he batted nobly for 111 and 43, getting practically no support, but hitting a five and ten fours. On this occasion, as he was so keen to do always, he included on his side a couple of schoolboys, both good bats, R. E. Bush and A. H. Heath. At Bristol on an awful wicket he made 37, top score, and his bowling won the match, for he took 13 wickets for only 98 runs. So he certainly set his mark yet again on the Tykes that summer.

His finest display, as was characteristic, was in the most important match, Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's. His bowling alone would have been noteworthy against such batsmen, 7 for 64 and 5 for

W. G. GRACE.

The finish of his back-stroke

From an action-photograph by G. W. Beldam.)

61, no less than four—Lockwood, L. Greenwood, Oscroft and Pooley—being c. and b. But this paled before his run-getting. Taking in A. J. Webbe the pair put on 203 before the old Harrovian was caught at the wicket for 65, then the longest first-wicket partnership ever recorded in the historic match and still the second largest in the whole series. W. G. was eventually run out after making 152 out of 242 whilst in. "For timing and placing this was equal to anything he had ever done. Certainly *the* exhibition of the year," and one still quoted by old stagers as a delightful treat to watch. At the Oval 9 wickets for 114 was his notable share in a dull game. The encounter at Prince's was a mere farce and is the only known occasion in first-class cricket away from the Crystal Palace on which W. G. insisted on selecting the pitch. It suited him, for he captured 7 opponents for only 23 runs when they had won the toss, though little fault could be found with the quality of the professional eleven.

The Whit-Monday match was played out in six hours. Southerton took nine Northern wickets in the first innings and seven in the second. At ten minutes to seven W. G. Grace and Jupp went in to get 41 runs in a dreadful light. "It will take you all night," prophesied R. A. FitzGerald, as the champion buckled on his pads. The pair accomplished their task in eleven overs off Alfred Shaw and Morley, W. G.'s share being 28. That is the kind of cricket worth recollecting. An occasion when he triumphed over "dreadful weather on all three days" was for South *v.* North at Huddersfield, when his contributions were 92 and 73, in which latter he hit Allen Hill clean out of the ground for six. Again, he had a square-leg hit out of the Clifton College ground in "a singularly perfect" 119 against Notts. This effort terminated in his being bowled by Alfred Shaw, who took his wicket in this way twenty times in his career, more frequently therefore than any

other bowler. W. G. himself always recalled his 35 for M.C.C. *v.* Notts at Lord's as one of the innings that gave him most trouble to compile, for this was the occasion when Alfred Shaw bowled so marvellously. He sent down 166 balls for five singles and a two (" a fluke "), taking 7 wickets, six clean bowled, his victims including W. G. Grace—who took an hour to make his first ten runs—I. D. Walker, A. W. Ridley, C. F. Buller and Lord Harris. No biography of Grace could be complete without allusion to this feat of " by far the finest bowler I ever met "—as W. G. said—and for which he was the recipient of a valuable silver teapot. Grace concluded his first-class season with a notable performance at Loughborough on a bad wicket when the ground was heavy. Against the North he had a hand in getting all the wickets in the first innings, catching one and claiming the other nine for only 48 runs ; as five more fell to his share at the second effort and with 20 he was the only double-figure scorer in a total of 38—W. Mycroft and Randon bowling—he must have created a big local sensation.

For the United South that summer, Grace had a better season against odds than in first-class matches, being credited with an average of 42 and an aggregate of 1,176, whilst his 186 wickets cost but 7 runs apiece. " His enormous score of 210 against XVIII of Hastings and District is remarkable as the largest ever recorded in this class of match," up to that time. He obtained his runs in five and a half hours despite the number in the field and though he was suffering from a sprained foot. His great hit for six off Draper was measured and from the crease to where the ball pitched was found to be 118 yards. Against XVIII of North Kent he obtained 152, but sustained a pretty hot piece of punishment, for in one over J. Fellowes, R.E., made 20 runs, three sixes—all over the pavilion—and a two. Probably no one appreciated this mighty tapping more than W. G. himself.

Allusion having been made to his famous partnership with A. J. Webbe, it is appropriate here to insert the particularly genial recollections of the old Middlesex captain, who writes as follows:

"I am sure that none of his friends had a more sincere affection or a greater admiration for dear old W. G. Grace than myself. I first saw him at Harrow in 1871, one afternoon—a match at Lord's was over early I think—with Lord Bessborough, and, whilst he was watching a match between the XI and Next XVIII, a terrible accident occurred. George Cottrill, the first choice of the eleven that year, while umpiring was struck behind the ear by a ball hit hard and clean to square-leg. I can see, as I write, W. G. bending over him. Poor Cottrill was killed, practically instantaneously. I had not then any opportunity of speaking to W. G. and little thought in after years I should play so often and be on such affectionate terms with him.

Frequently, since that day, have I seen W. G. hasten up to men slightly injured in the cricket field, and I have wondered at the gentleness with which those powerful hands were used, and over and over again have I said that should I be injured, how thankful I should be if he were present to come to my aid.

The first time I ever spoke to the great man was in 1875. It was my first big match at Lord's, M.C.C. *v.* Notts, the game in which in the second innings Alfred Shaw took 7 wickets for 7 runs. The same year we had a partnership in the second innings of Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's of 203. W. G. made 152. How he used to run in those days; then there was no sign of stoutness in his figure. Several times I played with him in the Canterbury Week before it was decided to play only county matches in the festival.

In a match Kent and Gloucestershire *v.* England—the combination of counties was evidently to secure

the attraction of W. G.'s presence—two incidents come to my mind which are, I think, worthy of being recorded. England lost the toss and we started with only ten men in the field. I was captain and I said to Alfred Shaw : ' What shall we do ? ' He replied : ' Oh, let us place a man between where short slip and third man generally stand for an over or two. We did this and to our delight, but to the dismay of the spectators, the man [it was Alfred Shaw himself] caught W. G. for 9 off Emmett. The champion, as he walked away, could not refrain from saying : ' He was in no place at all,' which was true, as in those days the fieldsmen were always placed in stereotyped positions. The place in which Grace was caught was really the same—the gully—where A. O. Jones had so many of his victims. However, in the second innings W. G. made 91, thus securing exactly 100 in the match. Kent and Gloucestershire looked like winning easily, but Alfred Shaw bowled W. G. and wickets fell so rapidly that G. F. Grace, who had changed from his flannels, had to come in to bat in his ordinary clothes, and when stumps were drawn there were two wickets to fall and thirty runs to go.

I did not very often have the privilege of playing on the same side as W. G., but was usually against him. An innings of 114 not out that he played in Daft's benefit match (North *v.* South) made a great impression on me at the time—the next highest score in the game was 57. Grace's score gave us a handsome victory, though apart from him we had much the weaker eleven ; but in those days he was worth at least half a side himself.

In 1879 Middlesex first played Gloucestershire and from then until I retired in 1898 I always looked forward to the two matches and particularly to meeting W. G. in his own country, for in addition to our usually having more closely and keenly contested matches, we frequently enjoyed his hospitality in his

happy home. On the whole I think we were fortunate in getting him out several times cheaply, but of course he made a number of fine scores against us, the longest being 221 not out at Clifton in 1885 when he carried his bat through the innings, the next best score, by H. V. Page, being 37.

From the first time we met until he passed away—just forty years—I received nothing but kindness from W. G. How pleased I was when I could take him home to my mother's house to dinner and, after we married, to our own. He was the best known man in England and, as I look back, I wonder at his modesty ; but his disposition was such that if he had never played cricket he would have been welcomed everywhere. I certainly never heard him say an unkind thing ; a little peppery sometimes in the field, but that is no fault. Admired as he was by the whole world as a cricketer, he has left behind him something better than the record of his prowess in the game, that of a true loving friend, always ready to enter into the joys and sorrows of his comrades and who never harboured an unkind word of any one."

All adverse critics were silenced in 1876 when for third and last time Grace's average exceeded 60 and his aggregate of 2,622 was the second largest of any of his seasons. His bowling average was increased to 19 owing to the drier wickets, but he accounted for 129 opponents, and it is recorded that he puzzled professionals more than amateurs. Alfred Shaw, (178), he and Allen Hill (109) were the only triumvirate to dismiss a hundred batsmen.

Grace's three consecutive centuries in August—the fifth time he accomplished this feat in his career—were by far the most important ever credited to any batsman : 344 against Kent, 177 against Notts and 318 not out against Yorkshire. In these three efforts, against such bowling as that of C. A. Absolom,

W. Foord-Kelcey, G. G. Hearne, A. Shaw, Morley, A. Hill, Armitage, Ulyett and Emmett, for twice out he scored 839 out of 1,336 made whilst he was at the wicket in seventeen and a half hours, his hits including two sevens, four sixes, four fives and one hundred and three fours, only two chances being given in the triple achievement, whilst in these matches he also captured 15 wickets for 20 runs apiece.

He had begun the Canterbury Week by catching out five of the England side, when representing Kent and Gloucestershire, and scoring 91, "a very fine display of masterly defence and resolute hitting." Then came his record score, since surpassed only four times in first-class matches in any part of the world. It was a twelve-a-side match. Kent had begun with 473, Lord Harris in his 154 giving one of his most attractive exhibitions, cutting Grace again and again in his polished Eton way. M.C.C. could only put up 144, and when the follow-on began, W. G. let out freely, thinking he would be able to leave for Bristol that night. When stumps were drawn he had made 133 not out in only an hour and fifty minutes. The next day he saved the match and increased his own contribution to 344, when the very first chance he gave was seized by V. K. Shaw off Lord Harris. "The record had stood at 278, made by Mr. William Ward at Lord's in 1820 and dire the punishment threatened by his son, the President of the Cambridge University Club, if Grace exceeded it. They met shortly after, and he punished him with hearty congratulations and a drink from the loving cup in which his father had been pledged."

From Canterbury on the Saturday, Grace came to Clifton on the Monday to win the toss against Notts and in just over three hours to see 262 on the telegraph, out of which his proportion was 177, made under a hot sun by terrific punishment. When Richard Daft and Oscroft retorted with 150 for no wicket, the prospect of Gloucestershire's victory

over Notts diminished, but W. G. took 8 wickets for 69 in the follow-on and there was a 10 wickets surplus.

The best of the three innings he himself considered was his 318 in eight hours *v.* Yorkshire at Cheltenham. At the end of the first day 353 was recorded and the total ultimately reached 528. The stand with W. O. Moberly yielded 261, of which that sound bat obtained 103. Even the last wicket gave no end of trouble, as J. A. Bush helped to add 62. It is related that Lockwood, who was captain of Yorkshire, found it difficult to get any one to bowl before the close of the innings. A pathetic appeal to Allen Hill to "have another shy at the big 'un," was declined. Tom Emmett said: "Why don't you make him; you're captain?" "Why don't you bowl yourself," retorted Hill, "you're frightened." "Give me the ball," answered Emmett—and sent down three consecutive wides. After the first evening, Tom observed: "Dang it all, it's Grace before meat, Grace afterwards and Grace all day, and I expect we shall have more Grace to-morrow." They had, to the extent of over three figures.

Emmett had another dose of Grace in Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's when in the same over W. G. hit him for a six and a seven—to the chestnut trees, all run out. These were items in a contribution of 169 out of 262 whilst in, "decidedly one of the grandest innings he has ever played." Nor was this all, for he proved by far the most successful bowler with 9 wickets for 122 runs. It took Richard Daft seventy minutes to get 28 off the attack of W. G. and Appleby, before the former caught him off the latter. In the previous match at the Oval, Emmett had enjoyed the felicity of bowling Grace for 0, but in the second innings had to watch him bat faultlessly for 90 made out of only 140 when in: so quick-scoring a bat as A. J. Webbe contributed two singles while the champion hit 32. At Prince's the latter

claimed ten professional wickets, including that of Arthur Shrewsbury in both innings.

With their amicable rivalry as batsmen, it was appropriate that Grace should make his mark in Richard Daft's benefit match. The South were set 190 and—in the words of that prince of umpires, Robert Thoms—" the champion, upsetting all the arrangements of the Northern bowlers, spanked the leather about most unmercifully to all points of the weathercock and won the match off the reel for the Southerners." A. J. Webbe assisted him to put up 101 for the first wicket and in two hours and a half —off Alfred Shaw, Allen Hill, Morley and Ulyett— W. G. had scored 114 not out and the match was won by 8 wickets. An eye-witness writes to the present editors : " The feature of his batting was the wonderful control he had over the ball in placing his hits. The fieldsmen were shifted time after time, but no sooner was this done than the next hit was placed in the vacancy. It was, indeed, most palpable and amusing."

Grace was a favourite at Trent Bridge and among his greatest admirers was old Walker, the groundman. Walker was always very strict on the point of cricketers not having their preliminary practice near the pavilion for fear they should " smash the winders." Most visiting players had been warned off some time or other. Once, W. G. came out and set his practice pitch in the forbidden area, to the amusement of the local " pros," who awaited events. Old Walker, however, said nothing. So it was suggested he should " go shift W. G." Walker shook his head. " No," he said, " you see 'e knows where 'e's 'itting 'em and you can't say that of the others." So W. G. was allowed to practise in peace.

On June 24, 1875, when bowled at the Oval by Lillywhite without scoring, Grace had not been dismissed for a duck in a first-class match since June 28, 1872, and then Lillywhite had been the bowler.

Several other efforts must not be omitted. Sussex having headed Gloucestershire on first hands by 8 runs, W. G. with 104 out of 171 in three hours made the match safe by a chanceless innings, and the Southerners subsequently were dismissed for 73. His own words must be quoted about his work at Hull for United South: "My performance in this match is unquestionably one of the best I ever did, for the bowling of the United North was extremely good, and I succeeded nevertheless in making 126 out of a total of 159, of which 154 were from the bat, and the other ten batsmen only scored 28 runs between them, of which Pooley scored 14. I made 82 in the second innings, which realized a total of 207." In these two efforts he hit eleven fours and thirty-four threes, including one stroke into a railway truck as it was passing, and "more complete mastery of bowling was never seen."

The stupendous minor score of 400 not out for United South of England *v.* XXII of Grimsby rivals in interest any of Grace's achievements. He carried his bat through a total of 681, never gave a chance until he had made 350 and hit four sixes, twenty-one fours, six threes, fifty-eight twos and one hundred and fifty-eight singles. "It was subsequently stated that his score was 399, not 400, one being added to make the enormous total." In the three days that his innings lasted he was about thirteen and a half hours at the wicket, the ground being perfect, and fifteen bowlers tried to dismiss him. About this feat, Canon Tatham writes:

"The captain of the local team—himself a first-class amateur in his day and a mainstay of the brilliant Cambridgeshire eleven in the sixties—is a friend of mine and corroborates W. G.'s statement that before the match began, some complaints were made by the local men of the weakness of the visiting team. All the first-class counties of the South except

Gloucestershire being engaged, Grace had to make up his side with second-rate professionals or those retired from first-class cricket, G. F. Grace and Gilbert being the only regular members of the eleven available. The bowling of the local team was by no means weak. My friend tells me that he believes W. G. was out l.b.w. when he made 6, but the umpire was afraid to give him out. The consolation was but a slight one, for in the first two days only three wickets were obtained, indeed G. F. Grace alone was dismissed on the second. That the bowling for the most part was straight and well-pitched is proved by the time taken to get the runs and by the fact that in W. G.'s huge score only thirty-one strokes were for more than two. The birth of his second son took place on the second day and was celebrated by champagne all round."

In direct continuation can be given the contribution of Arthur Shaw, who writes :

" Immediately after making his record 400 not out against XXII of Grimsby, Dr. W. G. Grace on July 13, 1876, brought the United South XI to play the United North team at Huddersfield. Grace won the toss from Ephraim Lockwood and naturally elected to bat first as the wicket was quite good. I well remember hearing him say, as he went out to open the innings with his cousin W. R. Gilbert, ' I am going out to bat for the fourth day in succession and have not yet lost my wicket.'

He did not remain long, however, for Allen Hill —then a really fine fast bowler—bowled him off his pads for 5 runs. On his return to the pavilion, looking rather crestfallen, he was greeted by an admirer of Hill's from Lascelles Hall in broad Yorkshire with : ' Tha knaws that nooan laaking agen a lot o' cockle'awkers to-day,' which being translated meant that Grace was not playing against a team of inexperienced cricketers like Grimsby fishermen.

I noticed W. G. did not quite relish the remarks, but a Yorkshire admirer of his quickly replied to the Lascelles Hall enthusiast by saying : ' Yo silly devil, dost ta expect a chap to mak a booot looad o' notches ivvery day,' which meant he could not reasonably expect even Grace to make a mammoth score every time he went in. It was common knowledge on the ground that day that a cricket enthusiast in the district had promised Allen Hill a watch if he got W. G. out under twenty runs, after making his record score on the previous day. Needless to say, Hill's performance met with a hearty cheer. Grace had three innings on that Fartown ground at Huddersfield during the three days, as a supplementary match was arranged to please the five thousand spectators on the Saturday afternoon. His three contributions in the aggregate only reached 16."

In one engagement for which Grace collected the side, a large marquee was erected for luncheon. It was a bitterly cold stormy day and hardly had the players sat down to their meal than an ominous crackling was heard in the big tent itself. G. F. Grace and Frank Townsend sprinted for the opening, as did nearly every one else, and were clear before the tent came down on the luncheon tables. When every one was amused at the absurd collapse, G. F.'s mirth being particularly audible, a discontented growl was heard from under the fallen tent : " I say, young 'un, I wish you would stop laughing and help get this beastly tent up again. I want to get on with my lunch." W. G. had sat unmoved.

Weather was by no means favourable in 1877 and Grace showed a marked drop in batting but a corresponding improvement in bowling. Diminished though his figures were in comparison with his own preceding ones, he was not only head of English averages with nearly 40 per innings, but his aggre-

gate of 1,474 was the largest, only Ephraim Lockwood also obtaining over a thousand runs that summer (1,105, average 25). He began the season with his solitary duck, at Cambridge, and in forty visits to the wicket failed to reach double figures on eleven other occasions. Except when Henry Phillips stumped him at Brighton and once at Clifton, he was caught or bowled every time he was dismissed, and in no other summer proportionately could fast bowlers so frequently claim his dismissal.

One feat with the ball commands attention. At Cheltenham, for Gloucestershire *v.* Notts, he bowled 76 overs 36 maidens, for 89 runs and 17 wickets, the last seven being obtained without a run, three in one over. "No greater exploit was recorded. Against a county eleven such a result might have been regarded as impossible." He had placed both G. F. Grace and W. R. Gilbert at long-leg. Bat after bat fell into the trap, only to be scolded by their captain Richard Daft. "He was wiser, quieter and mercilessly chaffed when he hit the second ball bowled to him to the same place." [F. S. Ashley-Cooper refers to this game in his reminiscences to be found in Chapter XVIII.] "That week was certainly a lucky one for W. G.'s bowling, as at Clifton, on the following day against Yorkshire, he took the last eight Yorkshire wickets in ten overs, and the last six batsmen for only the same number of runs," besides hitting 71 out of 103 while in. Thus writes Incog. in the *Red Lillywhite*, but the printed score shows slight variation. On the same ground, a fortnight later, he captured 5 Surrey wickets for only 26 runs. His splendid bowling analysis for the county was 81 wickets for only 9 runs apiece. This contributed largely to a season of unparalleled success in the annals of Gloucestershire, for the Western county was champion for the second year in succession. From 1870 to 1877, the side (purely amateur until the welcome advent of Midwinter the giant Australian

in the current season) had played 51 matches, of which 33 had been won and only 7 lost.

Eleven years had elapsed since a county had played England, but Gloucestershire did so and won by 5 wickets. The national side was not altogether representative, but in this demonstration of how one family could build up a county side it was no mean feat to defeat an eleven composed of A. P. Lucas, J. M. Cotterill, F. Penn, J. Furley with Jupp, E. Lockwood, Arthur Shrewsbury, Pooley, Emmett, Barratt and W. Mycroft. W. G. Grace, as he was rather prone to do, put in his opponents first, took 7 wickets before hitting five fours in his 31, besides helping to bring off a wonderful catch, Jupp returning a ball so hard to him that it bounded off his arm to Fairbanks at mid-wicket, who held it at the third attempt.

Against the North, in the Whit-Monday game at Lord's, W. G. bowled through both innings, in the second getting 8 wickets for 36 runs. The Southerners needed 92 on a dreadful wicket, but he hit with such splendid courage, forcing Mycroft and Morley to the tune of 58 out of 77 while in, that they scrambled a bare victory by 3 wickets. At Prince's between the same sides, he contributed the largest innings of the year, 261, one which " was a very fine one both for defence and hitting." He actually hit his first two hundred runs in four hours out of a total of 390 for one wicket. Not content with this he took 11 wickets for 139 runs, getting Richard Daft each time. At the Oval he began with a desperately punishing 54 out of 76, being the first man out. The match was a keen one, South winning by a single wicket, the last man Fillery coming in and snicking a lucky four.

Grace bowled unchanged with W. S. Patterson through the second effort of the Players at the Oval, claiming 5 for 67, Alfred Lyttelton being particularly dexterous in snatching catches wide of the

wicket. At Lord's, his 41 was a good innings and the highest, leading the way to the wonderful effort of G. F. Grace and W. S. Patterson who made the 46 required when associated for the last wicket. For Gloucestershire and Yorkshire *v.* England—odd combinations of counties were tried for the sake of variety in those days—in unpropitious weather, W. G. in getting 52 out of the first 93 hit a ball for six into Dark's garden. Next day, on his twenty-ninth birthday, he obtained 110 out of 200 while in compiled in his very best style. At one period he scored 33, whilst Ulyett—a great hitter—made one, and he sent a ball on to the top of the pavilion.

Yet another combination was tried at Canterbury when W. G. Grace and A. W. Ridley played for Kent as "given men"—to use the old-time phrase—against England. Arriving late, W. G. did not go in first, but obtained 50 out of 96 and 58 out of 111. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Kent, after only one run divided the sides at the close of an innings apiece, he settled the result by taking 6 wickets for 19 and making 49 not out out of the 74 required, the runs being hit off for the loss of a wicket under the hour.

It is worth noting that about this period began the recurrent rumour of his imminent retirement. As this may be regarded as closing the pre-Australian portion of English cricket, his superb averages in the thirteen seasons he had thus far participated in first-class cricket may be summarized. (Naturally the figures given are the revised ones of F. S. Ashley-Cooper, whose research and minuteness are only equalled by his unimpeachable accuracy.)

Innings	Not	Runs	Average
377	36	18,374	53·88
Balls	**Runs**	**Wickets**	**Average**
40,952	16,041	1,142	14·04

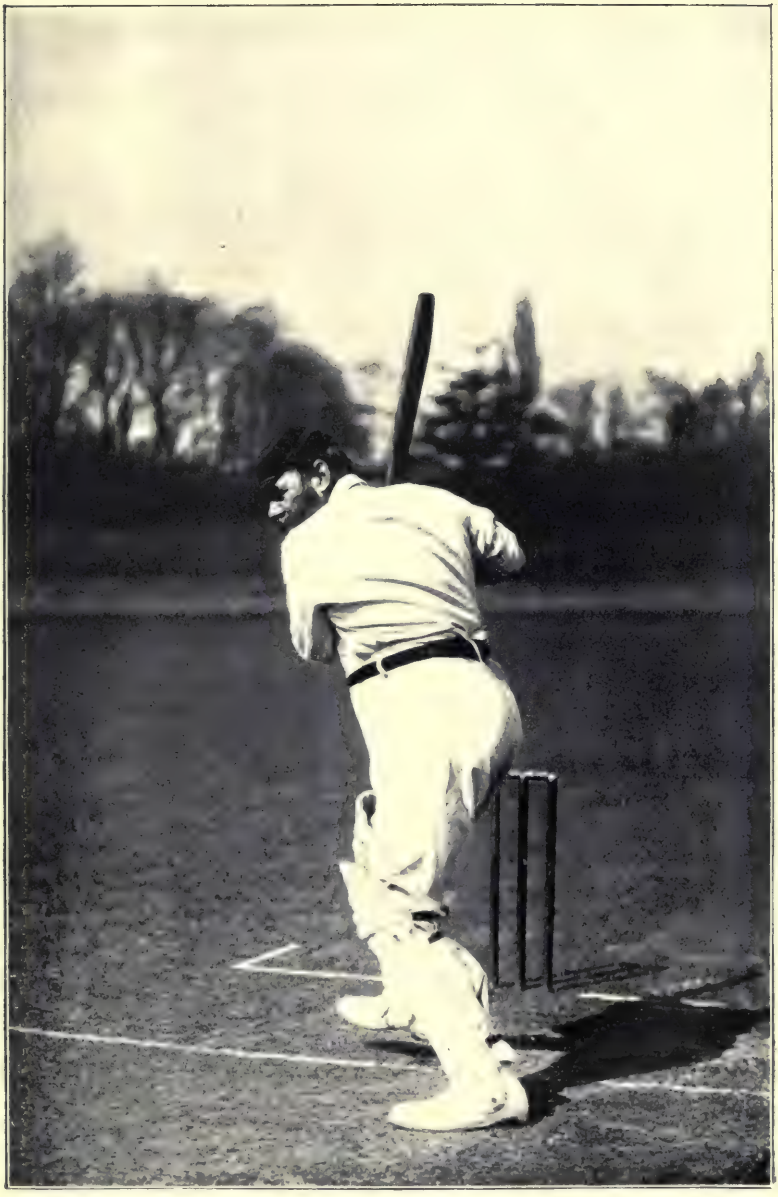
An unbounded field for speculation is opened by considering what these figures would have been could the champion have been playing under modern conditions.

CHAPTER XI

The New Era

With Reminiscences by Canon Edward Lyttelton and F. R. Spofforth

W. G. GRACE was less affected by the revolution that the Australians effected in English cricket than any other player of note who continued in first-class matches for a dozen seasons afterwards. His batting was in no degree modified by the innumerable subtle changes that crept into the game. All variations in attack continued to be subdued by his masterful ability just as those in the preceding decade had been. His own bowling in the eighties was on the same lines as it had been ever since he had changed his method in the early seventies. As a captain he did not exhibit the same modification of the placing of his field to suit the exigencies of batsmen as others did after Gregory and Murdoch set them the example. He always placed his men with great care for his own deliveries. Otherwise, for the most part, he left it to the bowler, and if the latter gave no hint Grace allowed the side to take up conventional positions. True the placing of his field in the nineties varied from that of the seventies, but this was due to his insensibly following custom, not to his being in the van of innovation. For instance, the partial abolition of point to him would have seemed extraordinary, though he was not stereotyped. He had no prejudices, he listened



W. G. GRACE.

The beginning of his square cut

(From an action-photograph by G. W. Beldam.)

to discussions of innovations, but, for the most part, he was content with things as they were and did not consider that the game needed tampering with.

Three times in 1878 he was pitted against the Australians. The match of matches of course was the extraordinary one in which the Colonials beat a fine side of M.C.C. and Ground in a single day by 9 wickets. The ground was all in favour of the bowlers, but to dismiss an eleven composed of W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, C. Booth, A. W. Ridley, A. J. Webbe, G. F. Vernon with Wild, Flowers, G. G. Hearne, Shaw and Morley for 33 and 19 remains one of the curiosities of cricket. F. R. Spofforth took 6 wickets for 4 runs and 4 wickets for 16; H. F. Boyle captured 3 for 14 and 6 for 3. W. G. Grace's share in the match was to hit the first ball to leg for four, but to be caught at short-leg by Midwinter off the next; whilst in the second innings he was bowled neck and crop by Spofforth. *Punch* in a capital parody stated that

> "The Australians came down like a wolf on a fold,
> The Marylebone cracks for a trifle were bowled,
> Our Grace, before dinner, was very soon done,
> And Grace, after dinner, did not get a run."

The playing space was ridiculously curtailed and the arrangements for spectators hopelessly inadequate when the Gentlemen met our visitors at Prince's and beat them easily by an innings and one run, due to the complete failure of their batting. Though A. G. Steel had the main share of success with the ball, to W. G. was due no little of the credit of the victory, for his 6 wickets only cost 52, and with W. R. Gilbert he opened the batting, playing the now redoubted attack with confidence, making top-score, 25, out of the first 43 before he was bowled by Boyle.

It has been stated that the Australians were particularly anxious to defeat the county of the Graces,

and the encounter proved a strenuous one, ending in a Colonial success by 10 wickets, "the first defeat ever sustained by Gloucestershire on a home ground." In no other first-class match in England was F. R. Spofforth credited with the highest innings on either side, but he punished the bowling of W. G. with severity, obtaining 44, besides taking 7 wickets for 49 and 5 for 41. The persistency with which Grace bowled aroused considerable criticism and *Lillywhite* contained this stricture in the review of Gloucestershire: "Our cricketers should take two examples from the Australians—first, change your bowlers when they don't get wickets; secondly, don't let a bowler be captain." There had previously been considerable friction between the Graces and the Australians, due to the former claiming Midwinter for a county match at the Oval when he was turning out for the Colonials on another metropolitan ground: E. M. and W. G. Grace actually went down in a four-wheeler and brought back the giant from St. John's Wood. He took no part in the match between his fellow-colonials and his own county side.

Continuing his recollections of Grace, F. R. Spofforth writes:

"The next time I met him was in that famous one-day match at Lord's. The curious thing was that though the Club's first total was only 33, yet there was a change, because I was put on in place of Allan because he was bowling so badly, though he got Grace's wicket. We knew nothing of the English climate then and fielded shivering in silk shirts, not one of the team having a sweater.

The figures Sir Home Gordon has shown me of what Grace did in matches against me, 37 innings, 1,042 runs, 28·16 average, considerably less than his general average, bears out my theory that I never had any particular difficulty in getting him out. I clean bowled him seven times. A. C. M.

Croome says that W. G. told him that on any wicket he never knew when I should bowl him. This may have been due in part to my artfulness. I always had a silly mid-on for him and that invariably worried him. I used to put my fingers round the ball in odd ways when bowling to W. G., just because I knew he watched my hand so closely. Once he hit a single off what was merely a long hop, and when he came to my end he asked, 'What were you trying to do with that ball?' I had not been trying anything except to lull him into inattention, but I replied: 'You are the luckiest bat in the world; it's just my bad luck that I did not get on a big break from the off and send you back.' The very next ball he had from me, he was ready for me to try that big break. I knew he would be, I was sure his great leg would come in front to allow him to reach the ball. So I sent a perfectly straight one dead at the leg-stump, which hit him hard on the pad. 'How's that?' 'Out,' said Luke Greenwood, and as W. G. walked back, grumbling and growling, he added: 'I can't help it; no, not if you was the Prince of Wales hisself.'

My theory is that most people did not bowl so well to Grace as they did to other batsmen. They were a bit afraid of what he would do to their balls and so their balls had a little less devil. I am sure this was the case not only with professionals, but with a good many amateurs; never in my case. Of course I was not against him when he scored that grand 152 in the first test match at the Oval. I had broken the top of my metacarpal and had been for a six weeks' holiday in Jersey, but came back and saw the wonderful game. I bowled him in the first innings of the 1882 match when we Australians won by 7 runs. He played an excellent 32 himself when England was set 85 to win, and it was after that defeat that Horan records he saw him looking a bit downcast for the only time. W. G. said to him:

'Well, well. I left six men to get thirty odd runs and they could not get them.'

Only once did I play on the same side as W. G. Even in the Smokers and Non-Smokers in 1884 I was opposed to him. Part of that time we were feeding George Bonnor just to enjoy his glorious hitting. I was more pleased to be punished by him in that friendly game than at getting lots of wickets. He, by the way, was an occasional cigarette smoker, but compiled an amazing 124 out of 156 while in for the Nons. Though W. G. only made 10 when George Palmer caught and bowled him, he took 5 wickets for 29 runs and clean bowled Percy McDonnell each time.

I think Grace had more qualities as a good captain than are sometimes granted. His great merit was that he never offended the bowler. A bowler does not possess the disposition of a batsman. The latter stays at the wicket just as long as he can. A bowler may suffer from a sense of injury through being taken off before he considers he had a fair show. Directly he fears he will not get that, he bowls for maiden overs, and that is not bowling. Bowling is an offensive attack to get wickets, not a defensive effort to keep down runs. Grace always allowed his bowlers their fair fling, and this is what I have not heard put to his credit. To the end he remained a captain according to the earlier traditions. That is to say he set his field pretty much on the lines of olden days, not modifying for individual idiosyncrasies of batsmen—as modern English captains first learnt to do from Gregory and Murdoch, who were both uncommonly good to their bowlers. Grace modified the fieldsmen on the leg-side for his own bowling, but that was personal, a bowler's artifice, not one of captaincy. But of all, as captain, he never allowed his own enthusiasm or that of his side to flag. My crowning memory of him is of his unceasing keenness."

1878 witnessed the earliest diminution in the amount of cricket played by W. G. Grace. His first-class engagements were as numerous as ever, but his form was affected alike by a wet cold season and by his medical studies, which forced him to sever his connection with the United South. "It was evident from the first that he had not his usual mastery of the bowling, his sight apparently not being as good as usual, and those sharp hits on the ground, rebounding over point's head on a hard ground, did not help him as usual." Though Ulyett, who alone besides Grace scored 1,000 runs, beat him in aggregate (1,314 as compared with 1,151), W. G. was easily the best all-round man in England, for he obtained 152 wickets in addition to his score. It may be of interest to add that A. G. Steel averaged 22 with the bat, but his 164 wickets cost the amazing number of only 9 runs each.

Grace had but one century in 1878, 116 for Gloucestershire *v.* Notts which, on a dead wicket, took him five and a half hours to compile assisted by several lives. Playing for Tom Emmett's benefit at Sheffield, in a game wherein the rest of his county eleven did practically nothing, W. G. batted with admirable judgment for 62 and 35. It was always locally asserted that Old Trafford was not a favourable ground to the champion, but on Gloucestershire's first appearance, he was a long way the best run-getter on the side with 32 and an invaluable 58 not out, which saved the match when A. G. Steel was mowing down wickets. Alec Watson has related that twenty thousand spectators were attracted by the announcement of the advent of the champion.

Grace has himself narrated how Jupp and Southerton tried to get him in a fix when the ball bounded into an opening of his shirt, whilst he was running in Gloucestershire *v.* Surrey match at Clifton. Frank Townsend and he had run three when the ball lodged there, and after three more had been run, the two

Surrey professionals collared the batsman. "We don't know how many runs you mean to run, sir; but you might give us the ball." "No, thank you; take it out for yourself, Jupp," replied W. G., laughing, "you don't get me out that way." Jupp, by the way, he regarded as the safest catch in the long field that he ever saw.

His finest exhibition, as so often happened, was when the chief demand was made on his skill, namely at Lord's batting against the Players. So well did he open against Alfred Shaw, Emmett, Barlow, Midwinter, Ulyett and Morley that in an hour and fifty minutes before luncheon he had scored 78 not out, which he increased to 90 out of 151 when Shaw caught him remarkably well, left-handed. "It is only truth to record that for correct timing and safe placing the ball, clean hitting and first-class defence this innings was one of the best he ever played." Ten fours and seven threes were the chief strokes. The left-handed catch at point with which he dislodged Richard Daft was remarkable, for it was one of the rare occasions when the impetus of the ball forced his strong frame to swing round. No fieldsman was ever firmer on his feet than W. G.

Nor had he "lost form" at the Oval, where it was his personal prowess that mainly accounted for the defeat of the professionals by 55 runs. He went in first and was last man out in a total of 76, of which his share was 40, without anything like a chance. In the second innings he fairly mastered the attack, his 63 being by far the largest contribution in the match. He was given out for obstruction and on returning to the pavilion remarked: "I don't fear the bowlers, but I do fear the umpires." Five wickets fell to his share and he cleverly caught and bowled Arthur Shrewsbury, who alone offered prolonged resistance.

The Whit-Monday match at Lord's was his other notable occasion. Before eleven thousand people,

he batted freely for 45, including two tremendous smites into the crowd "bringing out roars of delighted cheers." Next day, he scored very fast in his 77, a feature of which was two grand drives to the trees off successive balls from Morley. Thus he made 122 out of 174 for the South, his bowling accounted for 9 wickets and his "wonderfully active and efficient fielding saved an incalculable number of runs." This was one of the occasions when he went to the crowd and entreated them to give a little more fielding space, laughing with and chaffing them in delightful fashion, shaking hands with any who wanted to and getting his own way, whilst growing more liked every time he came into personal contact with the throng.

The rainfall of 1879 has remained proverbial among cricketers ever since, and Grace was unable to play at all in May owing to the demands of his medical studies. He laid the foundation of his professional knowledge at Bristol Medical School, subsequently studied at St. Bartholomew's and Westminster hospitals and in November obtained his L.R.C.P. at Edinburgh as well as the M.R.C.S. of England. All the same, he recovered his old position at the head of the batting averages, whilst with 105 wickets for 13 runs apiece he stood third in the bowling, only surpassed in aggregate by Shaw and Morley, though A. G. Steel's 93 wickets averaged a run less.

His earliest appearance was on Whit-Monday for Alfred Shaw's match at Lord's, and nothing in his whole career was more generous and chivalrous than his action in relation to this rightly popular professional. For when the weather proved so disastrous to the *beneficiare*, Grace wrote to the Committee of M.C.C. saying he should be pleased if they would sanction the proceeds of his own complimentary match being added (less the expenses) as a subscription to the lists of Shaw. There is no parallel in

cricket to this and it is one which must remain a permanent monument to the credit of the kindly champion. As a matter of fact the elements proved even more perverse and the slow bowler reaped little advantage.

It is a cricket axiom that hardly ever does a man do himself justice in his own match and W. G. proved no exception, for Morley bowled him for the unenviable cypher and he was subsequently caught for a single figure ; but some excellent bowling, 6 for 32—all victims to his wiliness, for not one of his balls hit the stump—enabled his side to win by 7 wickets. The elevens chosen for this testimonial game for W. G. were as follows : Over Thirty : W. G. Grace, E. M. Grace, F. Townsend with Richard Daft, Selby, Oscroft, Emmett, Wild, Alfred Shaw, Pooley and Morley ; Under Thirty : Ivo Bligh (subsequently Lord Darnley), Alfred Lyttelton, Vernon Royle, Frank Penn, G. F. Grace with Barlow, Bates, Barnes, G. G. Hearne and Morley. Though both elevens were excellent, the names of several prominent amateurs were conspicuously missing.

In front of the pavilion a presentation was made to W. G. Grace of a sum of £1,458 and a marble clock suitably inscribed, as well as two bronze ornaments. Lord Fitzhardinge, who made the presentation, said the original idea had been to purchase a practice for Mr. Grace, but that he had talked the matter over with the Duke of Beaufort and they thought Mr. Grace was old enough and strong enough to choose a practice for himself.

W. G. began by saying he was not a speech-maker, but he thanked them all for the manner in which they had got up the testimonial. It had far exceeded his expectations, and whenever he looked at the clock he should remember the occasion on which it was presented to him.

Lord Charles Russell, in a humorous speech, said he had seen greater bowlers than Mr. Grace, but he

would say with a clear conscience that he had never seen a better field and he had never seen any one to approach him as a bat. He was never able to tell whether he was playing a winning or a losing game. He had never seen the slightest lukewarmness or inertness in him. If they wanted to see Mr. Grace play cricket, he would ask them to look at him playing one ball. They all knew the miserably tame effect of the ball hitting the bat instead of the bat hitting the ball. In playing a ball, Mr. Grace put every muscle into it from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ; and just as he played one ball, so he played cricket. He was heart and soul in it. Never did a bell ring for cricketers to go into the field, but Mr. Grace was in first, and that was a great matter in cricket playing. The Marylebone Club held its ground for the practice and promotion of good sound cricket, and it was for that reason they had such great delight in taking part in this testimonial to Mr. Grace, who was in every respect of the word a thorough cricketer.

Alfred Shaw, in his narrative of his own career, wrote :

" Many and many a duel I have had with ' the Doctor.' It was no uncommon thing for me to bowl at him in matches six days a week. Though his wicket was so difficult to secure, it was always a treat to bowl to him. He had not only a wonderful eye, but a masterly knowledge of what to do with every variety of ball and how to do it. Bowl him a ball on the off stump and he would play it to the off ; place him one on the leg stump and he would play it to the on. If either was a foot short or a foot too far up, he would score off it. Then, again, the ball which rose hastily on the off-side and needed cutting, he would put down between the slips."

In conversation, Alfred Shaw once observed that the great secret of W. G.'s success as a bowler was

that he sent down more balls on the blind spot of a batsman than any one else ever did. On another occasion he said: "I would sooner bowl to G. F. while he makes a hundred than to W. G. while he makes fifty. I can see all the wickets when G. F. is in, but when W. G. is in, what with his big bat, his big pads and his big body, I never see half the wickets from the first to the last ball of the over. I know they are somewhere behind him and have to guess at them."

On a very dead wicket, Grace played a masterly innings of 123 for his county against Surrey, though he had three lives. It was the only feature of a dull game in which, by further capturing 9 wickets, he had the main share in a success by 10 wickets. His 102 at Trent Bridge on a pitch ruined by rain was not one of his best, still its actual value may be indicated by the facts that the next highest effort was 26 and the total only reached 197. At Lord's *v.* Middlesex he took 6 wickets for only 16 runs. In home matches in August he displayed wonderful form. Against Middlesex, when 1,063 runs were scored for only 27 wickets on a really hard pitch, he and W. R. Gilbert put on 161 for the first wicket, his share being 85, whilst his masterly 81 not out saved his side later on in notable fashion. He gave Lancashire practically a one-man show, taking 7 wickets for 37 and making 75 not out out of 123. It was not his fault that Notts were victors in the first inter-county match Gloucestershire ever lost on a home ground, for he was top-scorer in each innings with 27 and 33, besides taking 6 wickets for 37 runs. Arthur Shrewsbury and Barnes on fourth hands, however, batted with implacable dexterity. Against Surrey at Cirencester Grace's bowling was again the salient feature, 8 for 81 and 7 for 35, the latter remarkable in his case because he clean bowled six of the visitors. The solitary match against Somersetshire has always been reckoned as first-class, though it was not. It proved

an easy walk-over for the county of the Graces and W. G. scored 113. Oddly enough the redoubtable Oxonian fast bowler A. H. Evans only claimed the wicket of G. F. Grace.

Living up to his repute for always doing something in a benefit match, W. G., in that of James Southerton, with 21 and 41 alone made the least headway against Bates and Morley, who were quite irresistible. Previously, for the Gentlemen at the Oval, he had been compelled to play in unwontedly defensive fashion, Alfred Shaw sending down nineteen consecutive overs for only two runs; but he made his 26 out of 34 whilst in. At Lord's what W. G. himself termed a surprisingly clever catch by Oscroft left-handed settled him at the outset. Grace subsequently said his happiest moments that summer were when in Alfred Shaw's ruined benefit match he sent two consecutive balls from that bowler, who always gave him most cause for attention, the one into Dark's garden for six and the other on to the top of the tavern for the same amount.

Canon Edward Lyttelton, the retired head-master of Eton, who was himself a fine bat and magnificent field as well as captain of the famous Cambridge eleven of 1878, writes:

"I omit all restatement of what has been already well said, but wish to rescue from oblivion certain technical points in which his batting was either quite distinctive, or at least wonderful from its excellence on familiar lines.

It is quite true that he was strangely lacking in attractiveness of style, but I should dispute what has been said that the effort in each stroke was obvious. The style was unattractive, not because it was laborious, but because the movements were ungainly. The immense shoulders were put into the stroke more obviously than the wrists, and this took away all grace from the movement, but the power was aston-

ishing because of the perfection of the timing and the leg work. For instance, in the digging stroke past point for a good-length ball six inches off the off stump, what was noticed was the awkward heave of the shoulders as he bent right over the ball, and the curious prod with the elbows; but the force with which the ball went was astonishing, till one noticed that the movement of the upper part of the body was perfectly combined with a stamp of the right foot. I saw him in 1878 make this stroke so mightily that, though Barlow's horny left hand was enough in the way to deflect the ball 45°, it went off the palm right away to the ropes for four. I think Tom Emmett was the bowler.

He never reached his arms right forward for the forward stroke, but seemed to contain himself in order to make sure that the ball was not turning on the ground before he played. But once, in 1875, he met his decease at the hand of that astute artist Alfred Shaw. The ball pitched at a perfect length on the off stump, shot down the hill and took the leg stump, just missing the bat which was advancing, but not far enough. I think this was because the break was more than could be expected from the nature of the ground. But the next innings Shaw prudently cried off for some injury, fancied or real, in the foot, and the unfortunate Players had a dusty time of it. It was then that I observed his unique play of the shooter. Morley of Nottingham was just at his best as a fast bowler, but the most witless cricketer to be found anywhere. He slammed in the balls at exactly the same pace and length over after over, being that kind of bowler who was so punished by W. G. that he may be said to have become insignificant in first-class cricket for several years. The mechanical fast bowler, in short, had to exercise his craft furtively on grounds remote from the Leviathan's presence.

Now 1875 was the last year in which shooters were

common at Lord's, and any one who knows the pace at which Morley's balls used to shoot on the leg stump, and the profound satisfaction that it gave to stop one of them solidly, something after the manner of that superb craftsman R. A. H. Mitchell, will understand the unspeakable mastery of the ball which was revealed by W. G.'s performance. He scored 152 in that innings, but it was only by degrees that we detected what he was doing with the shooter. He brought down the bat with a curious dig, at such an angle that it not only went forcibly towards mid-on, but he positively placed it on each side of the field as he chose. Of course, if Morley had changed his pace instead of bowling like a machine, or if the wicket had been of the kicking sort, this could not have been done. It was the most titanic display of batting that ever I have seen.

Another feature of his play was that he was never out of form ; of course, his scoring differed in amount, but as far as I could see there was no stretch of time when his eye appeared to be off. For instance, in 1879—a nightmare year of heavy rain—a huge crowd gathered in awful weather on Whit-Monday, and W. G. went in for a few minutes to see what could be done in the way of play. Alfred Shaw was bowling, and, though there had been no good cricket for many days before, he knew he could trust W. G. to respond without fail to any venture for a big hit ; so, in order to give the crowd something to cheer at, he dropped him three half-volleys on his legs (from the pavilion end), which were all despatched with perfect ease to the tavern. In that terrible year other batsmen might have done it, but no one but W. G. could have been relied upon to do it. Akin to this was the fact that in his prime he would travel on a night journey from Canterbury to Clifton (as I am pretty sure he did in August, 1876) and play a colossal innings on arrival, not only showing no symptoms of fatigue, but quite unconscious that there was any-

thing remarkable in what he did. This was characteristic of the man. No one ever had a more unanalytic brain. Once when there was a discussion as to how a certain difficult ball should be played, one of those present asked him his opinion, and he said with the utmost simplicity, ' I should say you ought to put the bat against the ball ' (pronounced like the name of the Swiss town Bâle).

His power of eye was well shown in an innings in 1879 against Bates of Yorkshire, who was breaking back on a sticky wicket most formidably. W. G. detected the moment the ball left Bates's hand where it was going to pitch, and if it were an awkward length he would lurch a foot or so from his ground so as easily to reach the pitch, and suppress the ball before it had time to turn. In fact, it looked as though he might have run out and hit it on the half-volley ; but I fancy that his great weight made that difficult for him, or possibly he might have done so at a later stage in the innings.

Many cricketers will think that it was to be deplored that he forsook the old-fashioned leg hit for the sliding stroke. There was something, to my mind, unsportsmanlike about this, though no doubt he reduced it to such a certainty that it added to his average ; but if Mitchell or W. Oscroft or George Parr had adopted these cautious tactics, instead of hitting to leg as they did, the world would have been the poorer for all time.

Howitt of Middlesex, the fast left-hand bowler, used to sling the ball in straight at the batsman's person, rather short, trusting to it bounding high, and getting the batsman caught at short-leg. In his later days he used to relate gleefully how W. G. was on one occasion uneasy at these balls, and was observed by Howitt to look round at short-leg just before the ball was bowled, and then place a slightly uppish stroke two or three feet on one side of him. Old Tom Hearne was short-leg, and Howitt made a

plot with him that after W. G. had prospected, Hearne should move two feet to the right at a certain ball in the next over. The plot came off to perfection, and the ball was landed in Tom's hands, the bourne in which it very seldom failed to find a resting-place, and the great man had to go."

CHAPTER XII

Tests and Triumphs

With Reminiscences by A. P. Lucas, J. Shuter, S. H. Pardon and C. W. Burls

W. G. GRACE played in the first great test match in England in 1880 and, as was only appropriate, the champion achieved the grand national success on the victorious side. But this was at the very close of the season and other games must claim precedence. Again he took a comparatively small part in important cricket, only sixteen matches, and though his batting average was 39, his bowling proved more expensive on harder grounds, namely 17, so he did not quite reach either his thousand runs or his hundred wickets.

Not seen in the field until June, the bulk of his work was effected for his county. "In the last three matches he played the following wonderful series of innings—67, 31 not out, 89, 57 not out and 106, or 350 runs for three times out. His hitting against time to win the returns with Surrey and Yorkshire was magnificent."

Batting at Lord's *v.* Middlesex, he showed all his old skill for 69, though the innings was marked by alternate sallies of hard hitting and of dogged defence. In a rain-ruined encounter with Notts at Trent Bridge, after getting 5 wickets for 40 runs, he played exceeding well for 36. But it was in the home fixtures that he proved redoubtable. If he made

comparatively few runs against Middlesex, it was his excellent bowling in the second innings that laid the real foundation for a 5 wickets victory. Against Lancashire, he changed his order of going in so as to keep himself until next day, but when 5 wickets were gone for 50, was forced to bat within a few minutes of time. Next morning he played with superb distinction for 106, compiled in less than three hours, no one else in the innings or in the rest of the match getting 50. It was a rare good contribution against the bowling of Appleby, Nash, Watson and Barlow. The tale of the sensational victory over Surrey is told later in this chapter. Against Yorkshire W. G. "seized another opportunity of showing how he could score against time. Less than an hour and a half was left in which to make 84, but so fast did he score that, despite the time elapsing through four wickets falling, the runs were obtained with a quarter of an hour to spare, his share being 57 out of 77 from the bat. It would be impossible to speak too highly of his batting in this match ; it was equal to anything he had previously done."

It was the victory of the Australians over Gloucestershire, due mainly to wretched fielding by the home side, for which W. G. took 11 wickets for 134 runs, that intensified the desire for a test match. Finally it was arranged for the somewhat late date of September 6 at the Oval, and W. G. Grace was one of those who cordially worked to get over many difficulties. The England side was admirably selected, and there was appropriateness in including all three Graces in that first historic encounter. The rest of the team was composed of Lord Harris, Frank Penn, A. P. Lucas, A. G. Steel, Alfred Lyttelton with Barnes, Shaw and Morley. How strange that but two should survive only six and thirty years later. The Australians were badly handicapped, an injury to his hand depriving them of the help of Spofforth. Fifty thousand spectators witnessed a contest worthy

of the occasion played on so good a pitch that it was sarcastically called "a bread and butter wicket." England opened its innings with E. M. and W. G. Grace to the attack of H. F. Boyle and G. E. Palmer, and right well the brothers played, putting up 91 before the elder was sent back, thus giving the mother country a splendid start. W. G. seldom played a more masterly innings. Anxiety to do himself justice made him over-cautious at the start, but once set to his work, he hit in the matchless style of his best days. The changes in the Australian bowling were of very poor quality and he punished them pretty severely. Towards the close he played more forward than was customary with him until beaten by a good delivery from Palmer, having made 152. How the Australians followed on 271 runs behind and forced England to scramble rather crudely for 57 furnished one of the grandest feats in cricket lore. The superlatively fine innings of W. L. Murdoch will always remain one of the heroic performances of the game, and he not only eclipsed Grace's score by a run, but was also undefeated. One of the episodes was the way in which W. G. heartily shook him by the hand in the field in token of congratulation, thus cementing a friendship which years afterwards was to ripen into one of intimacy.

A. G. Steel told the co-editor who is writing this chapter how he heard some of the Australians discussing whether Murdoch was a finer bat than Grace. Alec Bannerman, however, settled the question point-blank: "W. G. has forgotten more about batting than Billy ever knew." It was A. G. Steel too who at a test match said: "Other men keep their right foot pretty steady, but W. G. never moves it during the actual stroke, and that is what I have always envied most in him."

Lord Harris avails himself of the present opportunity to make a valuable statement as to the first test match:

" The lateness of the date was due to the fact that the Australians had come without invitation and there was still some feeling amongst English cricketers in consequence of an unfortunate incident at Sydney during the tour of the English eleven in 1878–79, of which I was captain. The excellence of their play, however, obliterated by degrees these feelings, but not till late in the season. The late C. W. Alcock, besides being very keen about the game, always had an eye for the main chance, i.e. Oval gate money, and appeared one day in August at Canterbury when Kent was playing there in order to implore me to waive my objections, ' help to get together a team ' and captain it. To this, after much talk, I consented, and I had to bring a lot of pressure to bear on several prominent amateurs to return from Scotland in order to play. They did so, but were in nothing like full practice. The Lord Mayor subsequently entertained both teams at the Mansion House, when I took the opportunity to bury the hatchet as regards the Sydney incident."

Earlier in that prolonged cricket season, Grace had contributed top score, 49, for the Gentlemen at Lord's ; " probably the most patient innings he had ever played." It took him two hours and forty minutes to compile without a mistake. " His defence to Morley's shooters on a half-dried wicket was magnificent." Over Thirty *v.* Under Thirty produced a thrilling conclusion, the veterans losing by only 3 runs. W. G. had done yeoman service for them. He began the match by taking the first four wickets—those of Barnes, Midwinter, C. T. Studd and Bates—which he followed with one of his very fine exhibitions of rapid run-getting, scoring 51 out of 73, and when 142 was needed to win, played with attractive freedom for 49 out of 68. At Canterbury, for the Gentlemen of England *v.* Gentlemen of Kent, in the first innings he claimed 7 wickets for 10 runs

each, and it was only the splendid aggressiveness of Lord Harris which made his analysis even half so costly.

Within a fortnight of the English victory at the Oval, where he had brought off such a sensational catch as has had few parallels, poor G. F. Grace was dead and W. G. stood by the grave of his favourite brother. The bereavement was felt by every sportsman in England. As Fred Gale truly wrote, nobody "ever heard a living creature say a word against him. He was an universal favourite."

One of W. G.'s comrades not only in the first test match but on many other important occasions, himself a master of polished defence, A. P. Lucas, writes :

"I sincerely trust that others may be more helpful than I can be, for though I much enjoyed the many matches in which I took part with W. G., they present very few incidents that I am able to recall at this distance of time. Off the field at least, that is to say, away from cricket, I never saw anything of him. It was always a delight to me to watch him play because he made all bowling look so delightfully easy. Personally, in my experience, I only once saw a bowler tuck him up, and that was Edmund Peate on a peculiar wicket.

I remember in the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's in 1883, a new Yorkshire colt Harrison had been so destructive that he was selected for the professionals. We won the toss, and as W. G. and I were walking in to commence the innings, he said to me, 'What about this new fellow Harrison? I have not come across him.' 'He is pretty fast,' I answered. 'Well, let me have a look at him,' was the answer, and having found out that he was going to bowl up-hill from the nursery end, W. G. elected to bat at the pavilion wicket. I never in all my life saw any one ever crumple up a bowler as he did poor Harrison. I

never received a single ball from him so long as my great colleague was in. He simply laid in wait for him, punished and snicked him, and I have always believed that that small score of 26 (Peate made him play on) broke Harrison's heart so far as bowling was concerned.

Years before, in my first Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval in 1876, when Andrew Greenwood came in to bat, W. G., who was bowling, said to Lord Harris, who was on the leg side, ' Come in five yards.' He bowled the Yorkshireman three straight balls and then one to leg which came plump into the fieldsman's hands. In the second innings he went on when Greenwood had made 9, carefully put Webbe in the same spot and that safe field captured him easily first ball. That impressed me. Greenwood told me that in the only previous match at the Oval he had appeared for the Players exactly the same thing happened to him.

Personally, when I batted against Grace, I never hit him to square leg, but always hooked his leg ball carefully and did not fall into his trap. He loved bowling, and I remember it was asserted that he once kept himself unchanged whilst two hundred runs were scored at Lord's, but I cannot recall what the match was.

In a test match, the one which we lost in 1882 at the Oval by 7 runs, Murdoch played a ball to leg, for which Alfred Lyttelton ran and W. G. from point went up to the wicket. S. P. Jones completed the first run and thinking the ball was dead, went out of his ground to pat the wicket. Grace whipped the bail off and Thoms gave Jones out. He was furious and so were several of his side, but one of the Australians later on admitted he would have done the same thing if he had been where Grace was. ' The Old Buffer,' Fred Gale, shrewdly remarked that ' Jones ought to thank the champion for having taught him something.'

In those days, Esher cricket was great fun, and there was always a keen match at Chislehurst against West Kent, very strong in those days with Penns and Stokes by the batch. Once we were in the tent dressing, when Charlie Clarke put in his head and said to Alfred Penn : ' Hullo, can you bowl out W. G. to-day ? ' Thinking the champion was miles away, Penn retorted, laughing : ' Oh, I can always do that.' ' Indeed,' came the comment from W. G. himself ; ' well, you'll have to try this morning,' and before lunch he had made the best part of ninety, mostly scored off this particular victim.

I think my own first match with W. G. was Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South when I was only eighteen. I remember his getting eleven wickets for about as many runs each and James Lillywhite bowling him for duck. When he had done so, he observed : ' That ought to win us the match.' But it did not, for we amateurs won with an innings and over a hundred runs to spare. Just because he did not come off in batting, Grace made up for it with the ball—quite characteristic."

So far as figures went, the batting of W. G. was almost on all-fours in 1881 with his run-getting in the preceding season—the average was a run less, the aggregate 34 smaller ; but he only took 57 wickets for 18 runs each. This year in the batting honours he was outstripped by A. N. Hornby, and it was with the Lancastrian captain that he actually put up 55 runs in half an hour against the Players at the Oval, hitting as brilliantly as his reckless partner, the bowlers punished at this terrific pace being Peate, Hill, Bates, Ulyett and Barlow. With Emmett and Midwinter also taking a turn with the ball, W. G. in less than two hours and a half scored precisely 100 in his best form, a fast low ball from Allen Hill taking his off-stump. In the second innings of the Players after Ulyett and Midwinter had put up the century

without loss, W. G. proved pertinaciously destructive, claiming 7 for 61. Peate, at this period, was showing he was a slow left-handed bowler of transcendent ability and one of the recollections of the co-editor writing this chapter is of the way Grace drove him. To no other slow bowler did he seem to play quite so hard, terrific driving for Over Thirty *v.* Under Thirty—for Farrands' benefit—being a case in point. He always spoke of Peate as one of the most tricky bowlers he ever faced, and it seemed as though in revenge he put the bat more vigorously than usual against his balls. However, the Yorkshireman bowled him for the Players at Lord's: his score of 29 may seem modest, but it was the highest on the victorious side, and only Bates, who hit well, exceeded it in a capital contest on a difficult wicket.

Apart from the foregoing, W. G. Grace's appearances in 1881 were confined to those for his county. With Midwinter and Woof to bowl, less demands were made on him with the ball, but he headed the Gloucestershire batting with an average of 40. His greatest days were at Trent Bridge. Notts, handicapped by a dispute with the leading professionals, played practically a substitute side, including, however, two important new bowlers, Attewell and Walter Wright, and Grace took full measure of the attack. His first effort of 51 ought to have terminated early had a chance been accepted, but his 182 was without fault after a bad miss in the slips when he had made 3. He did not go in until the telegraph showed 82 and left at 440, somewhat disconsolately on an adverse decision for obstruction. This was the highest score ever yet made in a county match on the ground and included seventeen fours. At Lord's he played an excellent 64, though his first 12 were contributed whilst E. M. made 47, hitting five fours off Clarke with astounding vigour. This was followed by W. G.'s most successful turn with the ball in the season, namely 7 Middlesex wickets for 30

runs, which proved the main factor in a Western success by 6 wickets.

Turning to the home matches, all played during August, in the return with Middlesex—selected for the benefit of Pullin, who had umpired for Gloucestershire since the formation of the county club—W. G. Grace batted brilliantly for 80 out of 102 while in, which included a huge drive for six. His contribution ended by his running himself out, to his own great vexation, almost the solitary occasion that he recollected doing so, though twice the victim that summer of being called for a run too short for his increasing weight. Against Surrey, he scored 34 whilst E. M. was getting 10, a proportion he gleefully talked about at luncheon, and his bowling gave Gloucestershire a single innings victory (3 for 7 and 5 for 58). In extra matches with Somersetshire, as usual, he was in lively mood. Taking advantage of A. H. Evans arriving late at Bath, he hit with almost reckless nonchalance for 80. In the return at Cheltenham, he took 4 wickets for only 15 runs and with E. M. actually put up 50 in the first twenty minutes.

Playing with W. G. for many years, that admirable cricketer and captain J. Shuter has reminiscences covering a wide space of time which may here be interpolated. He writes :

"One of my earliest introductions to Surrey county cricket coincided with my first meeting with W. G. Grace, and very memorable it was for one of us at any rate. The occasion in question was Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire, on the Clifton College Ground in 1877, the home county winning easily by 10 wickets. W. G. did not make a large score, but that was not from any fault of my own as I missed him badly once. This was only one of five similar lapses on my part which made the match somewhat memorable for me [J. Shuter was a magnificent field with an

exceptionally sure pair of hands—*Editors*], and Pooley, noticing my uneasiness of mind, came to me and said: 'Never mind, sir, they *will* follow you about.' W. G. himself sympathized with me, as he always did with a young cricketer, and I think I may say that my friendship with him commenced with this match and ended only with his death.

During all the years of my association with him—and in the very large majority of matches we were of course in opposition—I cannot recall anything in the way of unpleasantness. That he was keen, extraordinarily keen, and knew every point of the game goes without saying. Yet he was always fair and ready to take a sporting view of any knotty point which arose. He was ever a most chivalrous opponent. One instance in particular I can recall which not only militated against him during the match, but incidentally was the cause of bringing to the fore a cricketer who was afterwards to make a great name for himself. The match was Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire at Cheltenham in August, 1889. I was suffering from lumbago and it was doubtful if I was capable of playing, so W. G. at once suggested that I should, having lost the toss, go out to field and if I found it impossible to continue, I might have some one else to take my place. I found cricket quite out of the question and therefore wired for Brockwell, the player above referred to. He not only made 3 and 27, but in the second innings of Gloucestershire took 5 wickets for 24 runs, thus materially helping in Surrey's victory.

Two other incidents on the same ground come into my mind. The first was in connection with the wicket and might have led to trouble but for W. G.'s tact. On arrival at the ground on the second day, it was found that the wicket on which Surrey had to bat was very wet at one end, although no rain had fallen overnight, and it was accounted for by the water on the wicket for the next match having run

down the slope. After a slight protest and discussion, the matter was allowed to drop, and I was glad that no ill result followed when Surrey batted. The second episode was in August, 1880, when my brother L. A., who was then playing for Surrey, accepted a bet from G. F. Grace of 100 to 1 (i.e. £5 to 1s.) that the match would not be completed on that day. It was then lunch-time : Surrey still having a full innings to play. W. G. laughed at G. F., saying that it never was such odds at a cricket match, but as the bet had been laid and taken, W. G. proceeded—as he well knew how—to make things hum, and by taking seven Surrey wickets enabled Gloucestershire to win that evening by 10 wickets. Fifty-two runs were required in forty-five minutes, and these W. G. and Gilbert knocked off with twenty minutes to spare. As they went in to bat, E. M., wrathful at not going in first, growled : ' There go the slowest pair of batsmen in England.' My brother was duly paid his bet by G. F. only a few days before the latter's death and he has the cheque in his scrap-book as a memento of the episode."

Suspending the literary innings of J. Shuter for one paragraph, the recollections of S. H. Pardon of the same sensational finish must be interpolated :

" No thought of defeat troubled the Surrey batsmen at luncheon on the last day. Walter Read, for one, was entirely free from apprehension. He had made 93 on the first day and was supremely confident. Before Surrey's second innings began, Henry Grace—never a great cricketer himself, but a first-rate judge—took W. G. and Midwinter into the refreshment tent and gave each of them a pint of champagne. He had a theory that when bowlers were called upon for a sudden effort with no time to lose, champagne was a matchless stimulant. On this fateful afternoon his theory did not play him false.

Disasters for Surrey came thick and fast. I can see Dick Humphrey now, gazing with amazement at W. G., who caught and bowled him more than halfway up the pitch. When half the wickets had fallen, Henry Grace renewed the strength of his bowlers with another cheering drink, and, with Midwinter going off just before the close of the innings, W. G. claimed seven wickets. E. M. had reason to regret his hasty growl at the ability of his brother and cousin to hit off runs against time, and, when it was all over, old Mrs. Grace wanted to have something to say to Walter Read about his lunch-time confidence —but that is another story."

Now J. Shuter can be allowed to continue, as follows :

" There was one point particularly in the game in which W. G. Grace excelled and which to my mind has never been made enough of, namely his extraordinary fielding to his own bowling. In this he had few equals and certainly no superiors. His slow bowling was very tempting to those batsmen who were quick on their feet and prone to jump in to drive, but nothing was too hard for him to stop and no catch too difficult. Personally I often suffered at his hands in this respect.

I had many pleasant experiences when playing on the same side with the Old Man, my happiest being when the Gentlemen of England opposed the Australians at the end of May, 1888. Up to this point Turner and Ferris had been carrying everything before them with the result that this match was looked forward to with much interest. After getting rid of the Australians for 179, we made 490, W. G. and I putting up 158 for the first wicket. We ran neck and neck until I played on for 71, after which W. G. took his score to 165, and a great innings it was. Owing to the third day of the match being Derby Day, the play was limited to two and the game in

consequence drawn. Later on in the same season, W. G. and I batted first for England *v.* Australia at the Oval, when Turner sent us both back for 1 and 28 respectively. England won easily by an innings.

The match M.C.C. *v.* Australia at Lord's in 1890 furnishes another pleasant memory. M.C.C. required 111 to win in 85 minutes and obtained them with seven wickets to spare and a quarter of an hour. W. G. asked me to go in first with him, and by scoring 32 in the first quarter of an hour—of which his share was 29—we gave the side a good start and helped the result. The means taken to obtain this was always a source of gratification to W. G. and he never failed to recall the incident on any suitable occasion.

Another episode occurs to me as showing his keenness for the proprieties of the game. The match was Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire in the early eighties, when C. E. Horner was in his prime as a bowler. He was batting and having injured himself, Diver came out to run for him. The former was not particularly quick between the wickets, whereas the latter was remarkably smart in this respect, with the result that many short runs were stolen. This rather exasperated W. G., who called out: 'Charlie, this ain't right. If it continues, I shall have to ask Diver to put on some pads.' When, later on, Diver on his own initiative came out wearing pads, W. G. was much upset and assured Horner that his remarks were not seriously meant.

Of late years, W. G. played a lot of local cricket in the Eltham and Blackheath neighbourhood, and his presence was always a sure draw. Of course with his increasing years and heavy weight, he became very slow between the wickets, but his batting was as sound as ever. It was a great delight to him to have an occasional turn with the ball, and only a few seasons ago against a Philadelphian team, at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, I saw him take seven

wickets in double quick time at a very small cost, completely mystifying his opponents just as he was wont to do in his prime. He was a great favourite with the local spectators and the regrets when his wicket fell were as pronounced as ever. The last occasion on which I met him was at a shooting party in the autumn of 1914, and needless to say his keenness with the gun was no whit behind his keenness for bat and ball. He was in great form all day and lunch time was an opportunity for talking over old days and recounting past incidents.

I must add one anecdote as showing the great interest his appearance excited even amongst those not expected to have any special reverence for the G.O.M. of cricket. I was at a local golf club when Braid and Vardon were playing an exhibition match and W. G. was among the spectators. A friend of mine, who is better known in the astronomical world, was also present, and at the end of the day I asked him how he had enjoyed the golf. His reply rather staggered me, being altogether unprepared for such views from a man of his attainments : ' Oh, the golf was good enough, but what I enjoyed most was watching W. G. Grace. I had often heard of him and read of his doings when I was a boy, but until to-day I had never seen him. I can truthfully say it has been a great treat, and I am not at all astonished at the reverence in which he is held by the cricket-loving public.' It was a notable and unasked-for tribute to a great personality, and it has always been indelibly impressed on my memory."

1882, favoured by good weather, proved a momentous one in cricket and a year of run-getting. For W. G. Grace it was not, however, so successful as usual; for instance, it was the first in which he did not score a century, but the reason—unknown to the public—was that he had been much pulled down by an attack of mumps. Although he was not credited

with a thousand runs, he captured a hundred and one wickets. On no less than three occasions he was dismissed without scoring and in twelve other in tances for a single figure, so the croakers began ansther wholly premature pronouncement that he was virtually on the shelf.

This was the season when the finest of all the Australian touring teams came to this country and W. G. was frequently engaged against them. The earliest occasion was for the Orleans Club at Twickenham, when 28 out of his 34 was made in fours, Palmer and Garrett being the redoubtable bowlers. The Coolonals also were puzzled by his deliveries which accounted for McDonnell, S. P. Jones, Garrett, Palmer and Boyle at a cost of only 27 runs. The Gentlemen at the Oval were wretchedly weak in bowling, and against an Australian total of 334, Grace, put on far too late, claimed 4 wickets for 45. The amateur exhibition with the bat was for the most part deplorable, but he redeemed it by two beautiful efforts for 61 and 32 "characteristic of his best days."

The M.C.C. and Ground side was virtually an England eleven, and W. G. began with a perfectly admirable 46, the way in which he placed Spofforth, despite the vigilant captaincy of Murdoch, being beyond praise. But "the Demon" had his revenge by spread-eagling his stumps. At Clifton, in his 77 he "played in a form worthy of his great repute," and once more it seemed as if the puzzling deliveries of Palmer were particularly to his taste. But Percy McDonnell laid on to his bowling with exceptional severity, and then Horan amassed his largest score on the tour. The return on the same ground was played on a wet wicket. W. G. bowled almost through the match, getting the bulk of the wickets, 8 for 93 and 4 (out of six captured) for 59 ; but Massie hit him at a terrific pace and so did Bonnor, who sent one straight drive off him out of the ground for six.

Several allusions have been made in reminiscences embodied in this volume to the disastrous test match at the Oval when England was defeated by 7 runs. The game was one over which veterans still wax warm in disputation. The part played by W. G. Grace was at least the most excellent on the home side, for when 85 was wanted to win he batted brilliantly for 32, top score and worth many an ordinary century, so that when he left, caught by Bannerman off Boyle, only 34 runs were needed with 7 wickets to fall. The rest is history. But it ought not to be forgotten that at the start Grace caught Bannerman splendidly at point, left hand, low down, off Peate, when the stonewaller had been in sixty-five minutes for 9 runs, that he took Blackham off a skier and that his hands also accounted for Horan and Giffen as well as for the running out of S. P. Jones about which there was such a fuss. Had all the side accomplished as much as W. G., the Australians might not have achieved their wonderful victory.

Doing little noteworthy in Gentlemen *v.* Players, or in the Whit-Monday match, it was in county cricket that W. G. achieved most, though a serious decline could be discerned in the fortunes of Gloucestershire. At the Oval he showed excellent form for 55 and against Yorkshire an admirable 56 out of 103 from the bat was a courageous effort to pull off a victory, but the remarkable way in which Lord Hawke handled the bowling at his command enabled the Northerners to win by 29 runs.

In home engagements, his 86 *v.* Lancashire was the second highest and perhaps the finest display W. G. Grace gave that season. Against Yorkshire the two brothers put up 73 for the first wicket within the hour, an excellent start which led up to a single innings' victory. A capital 55 against Notts was the highest score in a drawn match. But it was in the final engagement with Surrey that he once more

showed his best form in every department. Apart from W. W. Read and Maurice Read, the visitors could only make 32 and W. G. had 7 for only 44. Then, in the freest fashion, he punished the attack to all parts of the field, getting 88 very rapidly. Again when Gloucestershire were set 132 to win, he played with commanding power for 51, which was vitally conducive to the success by 6 wickets. In the only game with Somersetshire, he settled the result before luncheon on the first day by taking 8 wickets for 31 runs, only W. H. Fowler being able to hit him, that big slogger making 39 out of 61 from the bat.

That once excellent bat and superb field at point T. S. Pearson-Gregory relates a characteristic incident. "I should like to mention one thing which W. G. did that shows his good feeling towards cricket. I could not see when the ball left his hand when I was batting against him and told him so. He said: 'You are coming down to Clifton to play against us, and if you will come on the evening before I will bowl to you for half an hour.' I asked: 'Do you really mean it?' He replied: 'Yes,' was as good as his word, and I may add I had no difficulty in batting against him afterwards. Very few cricketers, bowlers especially, would have done that. No one ever heard him say a word against any cricketer, and, if he had faults, they were due to his keenness for the game and for his side."

In a thoughtful criticism the editor of that cricketers' Bible *Wisden*—W. G.'s own set were well thumbed by him in the winter, being almost the only books he paid much attention to—S. H. Pardon writes:

"It was my good fortune in my young days on the cricket press to attend many Gloucestershire matches at Clifton and Cheltenham. Though the play could not possibly have been more strict, there was some-

W. G. GRACE.

The finish of his pull-drive

(From an action photograph by G. W. Beldam.)

thing of the atmosphere of club cricket about the whole business. The press tent at each ground was a special meeting place, newspaper work in those far-off times being done in a leisurely way—one did not, as in later days, have to telegraph the score every half hour. W. G. used to come into the tent at times and so I came to know him better than in London.

Nothing like the Gloucestershire team of the middle seventies has ever been seen in the cricket field. The eleven seemed literally a family party. Roughly speaking, the players were of much the same social position and were united by strong ties of personal friendship. Until the introduction of Midwinter in 1877, the county side was all of one class. The spirit of boundless confidence that inspired that eleven was not to be wondered at. Gloucestershire began to play serious cricket in 1870, and not until Spofforth's bowling broke the charm in 1878 was a home match lost. Such a record over such a space of time can surely never have been approached. I think the fact of being on the same side with W. G. and his brothers made the other men play twenty per cent. above their ordinary form, but the standard of the club cricket in and around Bristol, from which they were recruited, must have been extremely high. Otherwise the county could not at the start of its existence have secured such an array of batsmen and fieldsmen.

I do not think the fact has ever been sufficiently insisted on that though W. G. did many great things against the Australians, he was past his best before he met them in this country. By reason of his great weight he was never quite the man he had been in his young days. The burden of the flesh was a sad handicap to him. I have always believed that but for the sensational success of the Australians, he would have gradually dropped out of first-class matches after taking his degree at Edinburgh. The challenge to English cricket revived his ambition.

There was something more to be done and, as things turned out, he enjoyed an Indian summer of unexampled brightness.

Ample and generous as were the tributes paid to W. G. in the newspapers all over the country after his death, something less than justice was done to his bowling. It seemed to be forgotten that it was for bowling rather than batting he was first selected for the Gentlemen, as can be proved by the score sheets. In the Oval match of 1865, he was eighth in the order of batting. This led to complaints, and so at Lord's, a week later, he was sent in first with E. M. Though his bowling in those far-off days was a good deal faster than later on, I should fancy that even then he had the break from leg that helped him so much when he became distinctively slow. In his early style he never bowled better than in 1867. He took 8 wickets for England *v.* Middlesex, 11 for the Gentlemen, and in Tom Lockyer's benefit match, he divided honours with Tom Emmett, then at his freshest and fastest. I never in later days saw him bowl so much in the old way as when the Gentlemen beat the first Australian team at Prince's in 1878. It was a nasty, soft wicket and he had to be economical of runs. Whether as a medium pace or slow bowler, W. G. possessed the sovereign merit of good length. He bowled no long-hops.

Personally he struck me as the most natural of men. Fame and popularity were never more lightly borne than by him. At a time when he would have been more readily recognized in Regent Street than any other Englishman, he was utterly free from pose or affectation of any kind. Whenever and wherever one saw him he was always the same. Seeing him play cricket first when I was a boy of ten, I could never regard him from any point of view except from that of the hero worshipper. Right through his career until his last innings at the Oval

was played, I could never lose the thrill of delight when he made a hundred or the feeling of keen disappointment when he failed."

C. W. Burls, the old Surrey amateur, complains that though he knew W. G. so well, nearly all the things he would have liked to relate have been told by others.

"What I can, however, add was the opinion expressed as far back as 1882 by W. L. Murdoch of W. G. Grace and note the date because it was before their subsequent close friendship had developed from mere acquaintance. Said the grandest of all Australian bats—and Murdoch never had a superior, not even Trumper—'What do I think of W. G.? Why, that I have never seen his like and never shall. I tell you my opinion, which is that W. G. should never be put underground. When he dies, his body ought to be embalmed and permanently exhibited in the British Museum as "the colossal cricketer of all time."'

That was in answer to a question from me. Here is the reply to another question, one that I put to Grace himself: Had he ever been nervous? He said, 'Yes, once, when I was a medical student. My boss surgeon at Bart's, who hardly knew a bat from a ball, told me he would particularly like to see me play, So I said, "On Thursday if I win the toss at the Oval. I shall go in first," and he replied that he'd be there. Well, I won the toss and he had turned up to see me make runs. It was the first time since a boy I had played before a master, and having to do so absurdly bothered me. I felt altogether queer, went in shaking like a leaf and was out for some five or six. He never came to watch me again and I was jolly glad.'

He and E. M. could quarrel on occasion. I was once batting for Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire. W. G. was bowling and E. M. at point came creeping in

until he looked as if he could make a grab at my bat. Well, I just turned a ball and he was literally right on to me : ' How's that for obstructing the field ? ' he sang out. ' Obstruction be blowed,' bellowed W. G. ; ' why did you not catch the ball instead of trying to bamboozle the umpire ? '

I am not sure whether this was the match in which some of us declared when we were batting that the ground was unfit for play, to which W. G. retorted : ' I don't care what you say. If any of your men are more than two minutes coming in, I shall claim the game.' That was the occasion when nearly all the Gloucestershire eleven was fielding in mackintoshes.

W. G. was extremely fond of a bit of shooting and also of a quiet practical joke. He combined both once at Scarborough. On the evening of one August 31, he expatiated to the late Lord Londesborough how fond he was of going out with a gun. So that kindest of hosts said : ' Perhaps you and one or two more would like to get up early and have a go at the birds ? ' George Vernon, Candy and I all promised to keep him company. There was a ball that night and no one went to bed until half-past four. At seven a.m. W. G. was ready, having had a soda and brandy with a raw herring for his breakfast, but George Vernon was absent from parade. We drove four miles, began to shoot, drove four more, shot again and drove yet another four back to the ground and were on the field sharp at noon. Our bag was seventy brace, twenty rabbits, and a pheasant which got up as young ones sometimes do in a covey and I brought it down before I noticed. Mind you, W. G. had done the largest share, and when our host congratulated him, he replied : ' I hope to get more runs to-day than I have birds,' but I forget if he did.

What I do not forget is the sequel. At lunch I was next J. L. Toole and suddenly behind me I found a policeman holding a pheasant, and the fellow began : ' Sorry to trouble you, sir, but it's a grave

case.' 'As long as it is not a high one,' ejaculated Toole in his usual way. But the constable was not to be put off and I felt no end of a fool. However, eventually Lord Londesborough induced him to go away, and as he departed, W. G. emitted a truly Titanic guffaw. He had bribed the man to pretend to want to run me in. And, as usual, the cream of Grace's few practical jokes lay in the fact that no victim was ever able to get even with him."

CHAPTER XIII

Mature Proficiency

With Reminiscences by the late Lord Alverstone, C. T. Studd, P. J. de Paravicini and Barlow

W. G. GRACE in 1883 had reached his thirty-fifth year and his nineteenth season in first-class cricket. Practically, save for half a dozen exceptions, he was now playing with men many of whom had been running about as children when he was already representing the Gentlemen. Yet in a couple of seasons more he was destined to attain his second zenith and to amaze the later Victorian public as much as he had delighted their fathers in his own youth. 1883 saw him holding his own with the best; now and again seeing in print that his "days of phenomenal scoring were over." On such remarks he never commented: but he had in his bag prowess as great as he had ever displayed, his increasing lack of agility being counterbalanced by the marked improvement in the wickets. Patience under prematurely adverse criticism was a characteristic of his which did not receive adequate contemporaneous appreciation.

Still it is only true to state that he was more of a veteran in 1883 than in many subsequent seasons. "Though not quite so reliable as a few years ago, he still has no superior." His aggregate of 1,352 fell short only of those of W. W. Read and Ulyett, his

average only less than those of the Surrey "crack" and C. T. Studd. Five professionals—Barlow, Harrison, Flowers, Barratt and Peate—with C. T. Studd captured 100 wickets. Grace claimed 94, but at a vastly increased cost, 22 runs being his average—the worst he ever had with the ball until 1889. In the field the ground began to seem a long way from his hands.

This year, for the first time since 1878, he played first-class cricket throughout May; indeed in the opening match at Lord's, for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Sussex, his bowling—5 for 51 and 6 for 38—gave the Club an easy victory by 9 wickets. In North *v.* South, "the most noteworthy bit of cricket was the magnificent catch by Dr. Grace which disposed of Wild." Of that catch a critic remarks: "The ball was driven back hard, but he sprang up and took it most brilliantly with his left hand. Nothing in the day's cricket provoked louder cheering." He himself was sixth out at 96, having made 64, an innings of a splendid character, including a drive off Bates on to the top of the enclosure. On the same ground for his county against the metropolitan one, he did heroic work, 5 for 64 and 7 for 92 with 89, finely played until he grew careless after making 80, and 35: all-round play rather disappointingly on the losing side. A professional engagement kept him from representing the Gentlemen at the Oval for the first time since 1867: the game terminated in a tie. In Pooley's benefit, though Barlow twice dismissed him for a single figure, he claimed 4 wickets for but 26 runs. He also began his association with Lord Sheffield by taking a weak scratch side to Sheffield Park. There was no fault to be found with the sound freedom of both his own contributions, 81 and 51.

The rest of his doings were concerned with Gloucestershire. Only a victory over Lancashire rewarded the efforts of a side lacking in efficacious bowling and weakened by the return of Midwinter to Australia. That victory was due, mainly, to W. G.

Grace getting his first century for a couple of seasons. His stand with the left-hander J. Cranston yielded 126 and he was batting for three hours for 112, marred only by a chance just prior to his dismissal. Playing for the most part consistently, perhaps his other most important achievement was an exceptionally cautious 36, after Middlesex had scored 537, leading up to an invaluable 85 compiled with conspicuous care and judgment which materially helped to save the game, the last pair, Fairbanks and Page, keeping their wickets intact for the final ten minutes.

Few professionals, alike as player and umpire, over a long series of seasons watched W. G. Grace more critically than that arch-stonewaller, fine field at point and clever bowler Barlow, who writes :

" W. G. was the King of cricket and the champion of champions and we shall never see his like on the field again. I have played with him and against him and seen him play some remarkable innings, especially on bad sticky wickets when the ball was breaking about. I place poor Arthur Shrewsbury and Dr. W. G. well before all others on this kind of wicket. They always played at the ball and not at the pitch, as many batsmen do, and they never played forward unless they could get well to the ball before the break got on. For timing and placing the ball between the men in the field, I have never seen any player like Dr. W. G. Grace. He made fewer mishits than any other batsman I ever saw.

In his prime he was a very fine and difficult bowler to play and was a good head bowler, always having a beautiful length. To the onlooker his bowling appeared simple, but he had the batsman in the flight as the striker was often in two minds. Of course his great height helped him very much.

No bowler ever seemed very difficult to the cham-

pion and Alfred Shaw probably caused him most anxiety. At the same time, I have captured the champion's wicket nearly as often and quite as cheaply as any bowler he met, twenty times in all and thirteen of these clean bowled, whilst five times I caught him at point. In the first three matches I ever played against him, I took his wicket three times in five overs. For the Players *v.* Gentlemen at the Oval in 1884, I accomplished the hat trick, my victims being W. G. Grace, W. W. Read and J. Shuter. I remember in 1887, our old captain Mr. Hornby telling Dr. W. G., that he had brought his master. 'Yes, I know who you mean, but I'll watch him this match.' It came off all right for Lancashire, because I bowled him again for 23. Between 1865 and 1896, Alfred Shaw bowled Dr. W. G. twenty times, I, as above, thirteen, Morley eleven, Allen Hill and Emmett ten times each, Peate nine and Southerton eight.

In the early eighties, when Tom Emmett was bowling to Dr. W. G. the champion in one over hit him for four fours off good-length balls. Tom came over to me at mid-off (it was Players *v.* Gentlemen) and said : 'Dickie, I wish that long-shanks was out. He's a regular devil : the better I place 'em the better he paces 'em.'

At times Dr. W. G. had a partiality for remaining at the wicket after being given out. Pooley, the old Surrey wicket-keeper, being umpire at the bowler's end, gave him out, l.b.w. Not being satisfied Dr. W. G. ran to the umpire, saying : 'Which leg did it hit, Pooley, which leg did it hit ? ' Pooley replied : 'Never mind which leg it hit ; I've given you out and out you've got to go.'

Another case was in Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Bristol, at which I was umpiring. Mr. F. S. Jackson was bowling to Dr. W. G. and appealed for l.b.w. and to me it appeared a very clear thing, so up went my hand. Dr. W. G. however remained at the wicket

and called out, 'Barlow, I played the ball.' I replied, 'Yes, I know that, Doctor, but it was after it hit your leg.' Of course he had to depart.

To show what the attractiveness of Dr. Grace was, the first time Gloucestershire played Lancashire at Manchester, there was a record gate, over twenty thousand on the Saturday, and the people swarmed over the ground, so that the game had to be stopped. They were eventually cleared off and play resumed: of course they had not come to see any one but 'W. G.'

In the late eighties when the English team should have played the Australians at Old Trafford, the weather was very bad and no play possible on any of the three days. Dr. W. G. made the remark: 'If there's any fielding to be done here, the light-weights will have to do it. A heavy man like me would be in danger of getting stuck.'

The champion on one occasion played in a day's match at Bedminster near his home. Overnight his brother E. M. and he walked over to see what sort of a pitch they would have to play on. Dr. W. G. said it looked anything but good, so they thought they would give it a little more rolling. However, the roller was out of order and they could not move it, so the two Graces agreed to be on the ground early next morning and give the pitch a few hours' trampling with their big feet, for as they were both heavy-weights they thought this would have some effect. As the ground was on the soft side, the few hours' trampling made the pitch play fairly well. We had a good laugh over this I might add.

Once, during Lancashire *v.* Gloucestershire at Old Trafford, the champion was seen in conversation with Johnny Briggs between the wickets. Some one was heard to ask, 'Who is the big man?' And on receiving the answer: 'That's Grace,' then put the question, 'And is the other Grace's baby?' Briggs, for some time after, was referred to by this amusing

cognomen. Grace stood six feet two and a half inches and was bulky in proportion, while Briggs' height was only five feet four."

Of all the anecdotes about W. G. Grace, this at one time was the best known and therefore it is suitable it should be given in this volume by Briggs' yet more famous colleague. One curiosity is that in the multitudinous communications so generously forwarded for the present issue, no one else contributed the anecdote. Probably because each thought it too familiar, it incurred the danger of not being recorded for future generations.

1884 was a big year for W. G. Grace in batting achievements, yet his figures were practically identical with those of the preceding summer. This was due to the fact that, apart from superb displays in the greatest encounters, twenty of his double-figure contributions were under 35, nor did he begin at the top of his form, for his first seven visits to the wicket only yielded seventy runs.

The Australians enjoyed one of their most successful tours, but they came in contact with some fine run-getting from W. G. Grace. Their dark-horse was a slow bowler hitherto unseen in England, W. H. Cooper, and for the first three matches he did not take the field, being reserved for the encounter with M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's. Everybody was eager to see what he would do, but never will the present writer forget how W. G. pulverized him. Before luncheon the bowling of the new-comer was virtually finished with and in the whole tour he only took 7 wickets for 46 runs each, a failure always ascribed to the powerful manner in which Grace made light of his efforts. The champion's 101 out of 199 while in was splendidly forceful, and again he showed a marked preference for the bowling of Palmer, who, however, claimed his wicket for obstruction. Grace followed this up by being the most successful bowler in the match,

obtaining 7 wickets for 79 and obviously puzzling our visitors.

For the Gentlemen of England against the Australians, Grace's batting, following Stanley Christopherson's effective bowling, gave the amateurs an equality on first hands which they could not preserve. W. G. was in rare vein. He had made 46 out of 85 on the first day and was altogether responsible for a model 107 out of 222 while he was in. In the second innings he began with a free 30 towards the 188 the Gentlemen could not make. A feature of the game was the way in which Midwinter, rather a slow bat as a rule, laid on to the deliveries of his former captain.

The first test match at Manchester was spoilt by rain, but Grace showed marked skill and judgment in his 31, the highest contribution in England's second innings. Heavy run-getting caused the encounter at Clifton between Gloucestershire and the Australians to be drawn. Winning the toss, for some reason W. G. did not go in until the score was 84 for two wickets, after which he carried out his bat for 116, his third century against our visitors. "It was quite worthy of his best days," and in the second effort he was again not out with 27 to his credit. In their final match at the Oval against the South, the Australians, with only a total of 163, won by an innings. No one except W. G. Grace could look at Spofforth, Boyle and Palmer, but in each innings he was top scorer with 24 and 26, thus making 50 whilst the other ten in their two efforts only aggregated 95. The Australians professed themselves immensely impressed by the batting he had shown them in their remarkable tour.

An amusing incident happened at Sheffield Park at the opening of the Colonial tour. W. G. called for a gauge to test the bat of Percy McDonnell, which was found a trifle too wide. It was then suggested that the champion's bats should be tested, and there

was much laughter when the very first one could not pass muster.

In Gentlemen *v.* Players, he was once more prominent, games in which he invariably relished his own success. The Gentlemen began batting after six on the first evening—stumps in those days were drawn at seven except in matches with the Australians, who insisted on an earlier adjournment in order to ensure more cricket on the third day, a gate money point of view—and W. G. was bowled by Barlow for 21 out of 38. In a splendidly contested game, the amateurs were set 204 on a wicket not wearing well, but a partnership of 137 between W. G. and A. G. Steel ensured their success. Flowers bowled Grace at 179 for an 89 composed in his very best form, which elicited particularly appreciative applause at its close. At the Oval, he did not go in until fourth wicket down, but though not out 35, he was frequently in difficulties and missed badly. He showed cricket of a very different colour on second hands, scoring 48 with remarkable freedom while A. P. Lucas made 8, Barnes, Barlow, Briggs, Ulyett and Peate being all put on in rapid succession, and when Ulyett sent him back with a wonderful running catch in the long field, his vigorously hit 66 included no less than eleven fours and was by far the largest innings in either effort of the eleven.

Gloucestershire again had a disastrous season, a solitary success over Lancashire having to be set against nine defeats, but W. G. Grace easily headed the batting averages. Suffering from a bad hand, nevertheless his 56 not out *v.* Sussex at Gloucester was pronounced masterly. In making 66 *v.* Surrey, his partnership with J. H. Brain yielded 118. But his best county effort was at Lord's *v.* Middlesex when he put the other side in and lost the match. He was missed at long-on when he had made 44, and when his score reached 62 he strained the muscles of the calf of his right leg, so that his brother had to

run for him, but this in no measure lowered the standard of his play and his 94 was admirable. He was bowled by a lob from I. D. Walker, who obtained ten Gloucestershire wickets with those apparently innocuous deliveries.

In the early eighties the Studds were almost as notable as the Graces in the seventies and there is much interest in the following observations by C. T. Studd :

" Every one who bowled against W. G. knew that he had not to bowl a good ball every time, but to bowl his best ball or look silly. Grace was a great man to have on your side, such a full-blooded optimist. No batsman was ever so well set but W. G. thought he could get him out. There were times when it seemed hopeless to think of removing a batsman or prevent his fierce hitting : those times never came to W. G. Old W. G.'s bowling looked very potty stuff from the pavilion, but he was a much better bowler than he was generally supposed to be. He was always so cocksure he could get you out that you had to strengthen your own opinion that he wouldn't or couldn't or else be sort of hypnotized and diddled out. I don't fancy many people saw him miss a catch, but then a ball could hardly miss his pair of hands and looked a pea in a top-hat when it got inside.

Decidedly he was not a bit of poetry, but was real John Bull prose, with a style of his own, which nobody ever came near without making himself look a fool. It was in a Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's, the wicket was tricky and wet, Fred Morley was at his best and ' making her talk Chinese,'—one ball would come bump shoulder high and the very next shoot. Old W. G. played a whole over of Fred's shooters and when the umpire called ' over,' the whole pavilion rose and cheered, as though he had scored a century. W. G.'s prose made Fred's poetry

look piffle, but those four balls might have meant four wickets had Grace not been there and at that end. By the way, his eye was about the finest you ever saw. It was worth going a long journey just to look into it, or I should say them. I shall always preserve a very great and lasting admiration for the Old Man."

A noble revival marked the cricket of W. G. Grace in 1885, his best year since 1877. Once again he was credited with both a thousand runs and a hundred wickets. Though in batting behind Shrewsbury and W. W. Read, yet to an aggregate of 1,688 with an average of 43 could be added 117 wickets for 18 runs apiece, so that in his twenty-first season he was still the best all-round cricketer in England. Four centuries he compiled, including one over two hundred—his first for eight seasons. Oddly enough he failed to score four times and had nine single-figure contributions, but all the rest proved admirable. The tribute in *Lillywhite* read : "For twenty-one years Mr. Grace has stood alone as the best all-round cricketer, and even now there is no one to rank as his superior. It is eminently satisfactory to all who know his unbounded enthusiasm for the game, of which he has been such a magnificent exponent, to find that he is still, after nearly a quarter of a century's hard work, the noblest Roman of them all."

He opened and closed his summer with games against Shaw's Australian team. At Sheffield Park he "made some superb hits" off Peel, Bates and Flowers in his 39 not out. At Harrogate, in a drawn game where everybody else seemed dully defensive, he gave a fine display of brilliant hitting, scoring 51 out of the first 53, making two splendid drives out of the ground for six as well as six fours. His judgment in not giving Peate a turn with the ball until 127 was scored was the more criticized as the Yorkshireman then took 6 wickets for 17 runs.

As so often happened, W. G. showed some of his

best at Lord's. The Whitsuntide match was for the benefit of Morley's family, and in a rain-spoilt match Grace made 28 in half an hour and then took 5 wickets for 25, followed by 4 for 48, though A. N. Hornby and Lord Hawke hit some spanking boundaries off his deliveries. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Notts, he accomplished one of the greatest successes attached to his name. True his 63 was slow and marred by several chances, but he actually claimed 16 wickets for 60 runs (7 for 40 and 9 for 20) against the powerful batting of the Midlanders, and he bowled right through both innings. For Gloucestershire *v.* Middlesex he compiled 69 in his best style, then took 4 wickets for 49, and when 178 was needed to win on a really difficult pitch—a big task at Lord's—he scored 54 out of 102 in resolute fashion, eventually the runs being knocked off for the loss of only two wickets. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Lancashire he was twice given out l.b.w. in the same match, the bowlers being Briggs and Watson. For the benefit match of the latter, W. G. made the highest score, 69, for the South, in one over getting ten, and showing better form than usual at Old Trafford.

His batting for Gloucestershire was the great feature of that county's improved season—seven defeats were nearly balanced by six successes and one favourable draw. Surrey was twice beaten and each time W. G. had a hand in the success. At the Oval he knocked the bowling of Lohmann, Beaumont, C. E. Horner and W. E. Roller all over the field, his 55 being particularly free and his 4 wickets for 29 just turned the match, a close one gained by 2 wickets. In the return, on a pitch that in the course of his innings underwent all sorts of variations owing to weather, he did not make even a bad stroke in 104 out of 179 when he was caught at point, having been at the wicket two hours and fifty minutes. Finally, in twenty-five minutes he and J. H. Brain knocked off the necessary 38.

A Pencil Sketch, hitherto unpublished, by T. Walter Wilson, R.I.

The original is in the Pavilion at Lords.

Allusion will be noticed in the recollections of P. J. de Paravicini to the fact that Grace was up all night with a maternity case midway in his grand score of 221 not out *v.* Middlesex, after which he bowled 63 overs for 11 wickets. He had begun with nnwonted care, taking two hours and three-quarters to score 63 ; he then hit with power and brilliancy, completely mastering the bowling. Despite a few mistakes it was a grand performance, occupying six hours and twenty minutes, and he carried his bat through an innings of 348 ; therefore he was responsible for more than three-fifths of the aggregate. At Bradford, his noble 132, made in well under four hours, with only one hard chance to slip, terminated in his being thrown out by Lee. Again at Old Trafford he did well, alone able to withstand Watson and A. G. Steel, getting an excellent 50 and patient 39, no one else on the side obtaining 20. In the return he scored with the utmost freedom for 49, out of a total that only amounted to 117.

Full reminiscences of Grace at Scarborough will be found from other pens in future pages, but allusion cannot here be omitted to his grand form. Against I Zingari for Gentlemen of England, in a lively match, he hit so hard as to get 26 out of 30 whilst C. I. Thornton was his partner, and eventually pulled a ball from A. G. Steel into his wicket for a capital 68. A third Gentlemen *v.* Players resulted in a single innings victory for the amateurs, and, in particularly merry vein, W. G. contributed 174 out of 247 while in. Frequent interruptions from rain and the treacherous state of the wicket throughout " rendered this performance one of the finest ever credited to a batsman, and the enthusiastic reception accorded to him on his retirement was therefore thoroughly merited. His hits comprised twenty-five fours, and only two chances were blemishes in his magnificent innings." A minor incident was that during the annual match between Orleans Club and J. W. Hobbs'

Club at Norbury Park, Grace came out to umpire during the last few minutes of the match and was received with a round of applause.

Few perhaps of those contributing to this memorial record of the great player have felt the loss of the fine old sportsman so personally as P. J. de Paravicini. That keen cricketer writes:

"We were tremendous friends—pals if I may use the word—to the very end. One of the things that have made me proudest in my life was a letter (it is before me now as I write) from W. G. in 1881 asking me to play for Gloucestershire. Imagine my delight as a boy at Eton to think my cricket had attracted the attention of the great Grace. Why, I have never forgotten the thrill that ran through me, even though it was written under a misapprehension, for I had no other qualification for the Western county than that an uncle of mine resided within it.

To the best of my recollections the first time I ever played against W. G. was when I went on the western tour of Middlesex in 1883. It was at Clifton and the match was remarkable for I. D. Walker and Alfred Lyttelton making 324 for our second wicket; after lunch they put on 226 in an hour and three-quarters. I had a fine taste of W. G.'s ability, for when his side followed on, he showed wonderful judgment and skill, batting over three hours for 85, trying to save the game. It was a near thing, for the last man, H. V. Page, joined Fairbanks when only ten minutes remained for play, but they kept their wickets intact.

In those western matches year by year, I have some lovable memories of W. G. He was really a very generous opponent. Once I caught out Frank Townsend and it happened to be the means of our winning the match. Yet nobody congratulated me more on holding that ball than did the Old Man. I thought it so awfully nice of him. On another

occasion Joe Hadow, in catching him out deep rather forward square leg, fell and severely cut his head against the edge of an iron stand. Nobody could have been more kind than W. G. was in looking after him.

A memorable match I was against him was at Clifton in 1885, when he carried his bat right through the innings against us for 221. He had been at the wicket all the first day for 163 and sat up right through the night with a confinement. He went on with his innings as fit as possible next day, showing more masterly freedom on that second morning. Nor was he content with that, for he took 11 out of our 20 wickets for under 11 runs apiece. This was the occasion when report has it that on our inquiring about the confinement, he said: 'It was fairly successful. The child died and the mother died, *but I saved the father.*'

The first time I ever played on the same side with him was when I appeared for the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's in 1884. Some one, I forget who, had failed and I was asked in the pavilion to fill the vacancy. My own share was rather exciting. The Players had made 290, and when Hugh Rotherham, our last man, joined me we were eleven behind. However, we managed to head them by 6 runs and eventually won by six wickets. This was mainly due to 89 made by W. G. in his very best form, his stand with 'Nab' Steel producing 137 runs. Imagine how good the bowling was when to that very free pair, after lunch, Peate bowled 7 overs for 1 run and Flowers 6 overs for 3 runs.

Scarborough Festival being holiday cricket saw W. G. at his cheeriest. I never knew any one stand chaff better and his hearty laugh used to sound like a trumpet in the chorus of mirth, whilst he had a knack of saying odd things which became additionally funny from his way of putting them.

Interviewed in *Cricket* years ago I told a story

of Grace at Scarborough, and there can be no harm in my requoting it now. 'We always had a most delightful time there, thanks in great measure to Lord Londesborough, who entertained us in the most hospitable manner. On one occasion at a dance given by Lady Londesborough, W. G. scored off me very considerably: he was always splendid company. At this dance we were rather short of ladies. W. G. had been dancing all through the night, for he was never short of partners—the ladies would always dance with him rather than with us young fellows. At last, however, it happened that he was deserted for the moment. He came up to me (I had a partner) and in a most mysterious manner said: "I say, Para, just come and look at those stars shining out there." Thinking that something special must be on in the way of stars I went to have a look at them, and on turning round found that W. G. had gone off with my girl.

Grace was so like a boy. At fifty he really might have been a boy. When he danced, it looked just like a great big bear careering round, and he footed it with the best. One always smiled when looking at him, a kindly smile, because one had the feeling that he was a genuine friend and gave you the impression that he really liked being in your company.

There was no one like the Graces in their particular line of cricket. I remember W. G. telling me that once when Stoddart was batting—and he was the hardest puncher of his time—E. M. Grace caught him out at point and handed the ball to J. A. Bush at the wicket *without shifting his feet.* This sounds too marvellous to be true, and yet I do not know. The temerity of E. M. at point often lapsed into sheer audacity. In my time W. G. was always a bit slow in the field, but if a ball came near his hand, it invariably stuck in that mighty paw.

As a bowler I only batted to him when he was a veteran. He had excellent command over the ball

and was full of tricks, fond of pitching the ball up a little more or of sending one in a trifle faster. He never objected to being hit, rather liked it ; ' Never mind, we'll have him directly,' he would say, and if he did obtain wickets by that leg ball it must have been at a pretty costly rate if one could get at the analysis of his leg balls only. He was a bowler whom a batsman only needed to keep his head to. I always wanted to have a go, to hit freely—the most miserable hour I ever spent in a cricket match was once at Trent Bridge when I had to keep up my wicket for an hour and managed to do it, but how bored I was —and a hitting bat was often trapped by the Old Man. What I would like to emphasize is that W. G. never grew slack. The longer the day in the field, the more he would bowl. He was there to play cricket, and if he could not bat he was content to bowl, and he never worried if he was punished.

About his batting, what struck me most was that the biggest hit never seemed the slightest effort. He did not appear to put out any greater strength for a huge drive than for a mere block. It was that the ball simply appeared to go, not he to make a bigger exertion to get it away. Now I have never noticed that in any other batsman. Also he did not have the fluky strokes and slicy cuts common to others ; all his strokes were played firmly and as he meant they should be played, except perhaps to very insidious slows on a particularly dead wicket. As for playing for his average, I am perfectly convinced that the idea never entered his head. He could not have adapted his fine cricket to the exigencies and restrictions necessitated by taking thought for his figures : nor would he have liked such type of play. Cricket to him was play, literally play—play to win, if you like—but averagemongering was not to his taste.

I wrote just now that W. G. was like a great boy. I would add that he always liked the company of young people. His was a cheery soul. Certainly,

in his later years with Gloucestershire, he gathered some weird sides for the metropolitan visits of the county team. That was not his fault. But the young fellows were on their best behaviour and stood in much awe of him, which the rest of us did not, for we were 'hail fellow, gladly met indeed' when we saw his burly form.

I may add that Sir Home Gordon has worked out the statistics of W. G. Grace in the nineteen first-class matches in which I played either with or against him. His batting average for 26 completed innings amounted to 44 with an aggregate of 1,147, which included 221 not out, 101 and 127 not out, while he took 51 wickets for 1,239 runs, averaging 24. So I have tangible reasons for my personal appreciation of his wonderful cricket, apart from the many delightful hours spent in watching his prowess in other contests."

Once again in 1886 W. G. Grace, to the delight of the public, gave his grandest innings against the Australians. He had actually the highest aggregate of the year, 1,846, though beaten in average by Shrewsbury and W. W. Read, who alike took part in fewer matches, whilst he was also one of the five bowlers who took over a hundred wickets, the others being Barlow, Emmett, Lohmann and Wootton who, between all four, could not collectively score as many runs as came from his bat.

At the Oval, he made the largest score, 170, ever credited to an English cricketer in a test match in this country up to the war, appropriate enough for the world's champion and compiled, be it remembered, after he had entered his thirty-ninth year. The Australians had shown poor form in their two previous test matches that season and England played exactly the same side which had been victorious at Lord's. Grace's contribution was the more notable because he made the enormous proportion of 170 out

of 216 whilst he was in. His innings was not so faultless as usual, for H. J. H. Scott ought to have caught him easily at short slip when he had made 6, and Giffen, Bruce and McIlwraith gave him lives before he reached three figures. Scotton, who at one time did not score for an hour, with 34, patiently stayed with him until a record of 170 for the first wicket was amassed, one not surpassed until Hobbs and Rhodes in the Colonies gave their amazing combined performances. The enthusiasm aroused by Grace's achievement can be imagined.

Intrinsically his 148 for Gentlemen of England on the same ground was an even more punishing display, as he went in first and was fourth out, giving only one chance of stumping which he himself always denied. "Old cricketers who have watched him season after season were loud in praise of the vigour and power of his cutting and of the mastery he showed over all the bowling," which consisted of Giffen, Bruce, Garrett, S. P. Jones, E. Evans and J. W. Trumble. His third century against the Colonials was for his county. On this occasion he had bowled with rare effectiveness against them, sending down 50 overs for 67 runs and 7 wickets, five of which were clean bowled. This he followed up with a brilliant 110 made in three hours and a half, George Giffen being more belaboured than on almost any other occasion on any tour in this country, where his prowess with the ball was so marked.

At Scarborough, W. G. Grace and Scotton put on 156 against the Australians when the champion was caught at the wicket for a very finely played 92. Well on in September, in J. A. Murdoch's testimonial match, once again he meted out a superb 74 in two hours, including ten fours, without a chance, a singularly exhilarating overture to a capital game. Small wonder the Australians went back wondering how much cricket there still could be in the veteran.

There was no better known figure on cricket-grounds than " the Surrey poet " Craig, a rhymist with a delightful power of repartee. He formed the delight of the crowd and was a most civil, decent man. An average specimen of his verse was a portion of his poem on Grace's score of 170, alluded to above :

Why it was but yesterday our champion stood
  Before his wicket like a mighty rock.
Your grand defence, sir, was acknowledged good :
  The " Demon " bowled : you never felt the shock.
You drove him grandly here, you cut him there ;
In fact, you seemed to put him anywhere.

There's not a man would seek to take your place ;
  And we have men of whom we're justly proud.
We know there's but one William Gilbert Grace ;
  None own it more so than the Surrey crowd.
Your well-earned fame has spread both near and far,
You're loved for what you've been and what you are.

And still you're like some bright and ardent youth ;
  Active and buoyant—peerless in your play.
We must acknowledge, if we own the truth,
  That you are still our champion in the fray.
We proudly add to many a brilliant score
A hundred and seventy notches more.

The Parsees, who toured that summer, had particularly desired that W. G. Grace should play against them at Lord's. They were treated to a taste of his quality, for he hit up 65 in amazing quick time, obviously relishing their underhand bowling, and then enjoyed a harvest of wickets, capturing 7 for 18 (the total being only 23) and 4 for 26. On this occasion, some of the spectators, pitying the incompetence of our Indian visitors, shouted to him to take himself off. This was, of course, merely a trifling engagement. Hardly with more seriousness did he himself treat his visit to Oxford, though his success was even greater. He would relate how " no end of a

dinner" was given to him on the night before, and that the small hours grew numerous before he at last went to bed. But he scored a lively 104, with a six and fifteen fours, and then proceeded to take all the 10 University wickets for 49 runs in the second innings of the undergraduates, the only time he ever achieved this in an eleven-a-side first-class match.

For Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's, with an eleven weak in bowling, Grace had to bear the brunt of the attack. At the Oval for the last time in this match the brothers opened the batting together, E. M. being nearly forty-five, and put on 67 in an hour and a quarter. The champion's 65 was a really meritorious effort, and it gave him a great deal of trouble as he was two hours and three-quarters at the wicket, Peate, Lohmann, Ulyett, Barnes and Flowers being the bowlers. In the second innings, he saved the match with 50 not out, altogether free from fault.

That Gloucestershire could only show three successes as against six defeats was due to a great falling off in Grace's batting, which was nothing like so good for the county as in big cricket. At Brighton, for the benefit of H. Phillips the diminutive wicket-keeper, he scored 51 out of 77, and 57, having kept himself back until the third day. At Moreton-in-the-Marsh against Notts, he bowled very well (4 for 23), and showed admirable form for 92 not out, obtaining very scant support except from A. C. M. Croome. At Trent Bridge, in a draw when 13 wickets realized 664, his 84 was not one of his best, though the highest contribution to the Westerner's total. In a solitary fixture with Derbyshire, the only one tried for many years, the opponents were so at sea with his bowling that his 6 wickets, four clean bowled, only cost 34 runs. This was the earliest match in which Davidson established a reputation as a bowler, one which Grace himself always endorsed.

Directly this Memorial Biography was planned, application for a contribution was made to the late

Lord Alverstone. Considering that the following reply was written at a time when his illness had lasted for years and only a few weeks before his death, it must have cost him a great effort to compose at such length with his own pen what may be regarded as the final proof of his devotion to cricket and of his unfailing geniality towards all concerned with the game.

"If I had been in my usual health, I should certainly have tried to write something important for your book, but it is out of the question in my present condition. I have therefore jotted down certain incidents in the life of W. G. Grace known to myself and very few others. I do not propose to discuss Grace's extraordinary powers or to criticize any part of his play. I can only join in the chorus of admiration for his splendid career in the cricket field. I will, however, relate the following episodes.

In the early sixties, Dr. E. M. Grace burst like a meteor on the cricket horizon by taking all the wickets and scoring over a hundred runs in a match in the South of England. That summer I spent the Long Vacation at Cambridge. I remember it very well, because it was the only season I got into the coveted column in *Bell's Life*, for the minimum of eighty runs playing for the scholars of Trinity against my college. My dear friend P. M. Thornton and I were both playing cricket at Cambridge and he or I happened to mention Dr. E. M. Grace's wonderful performance to Dan Hayward, father of Tom Hayward, and head of the celebrated trio, Hayward, Carpenter and Tarrant, then playing for Cambridgeshire. Whereupon Hayward said to Thornton: 'There is a younger brother of that E. M. Grace who is the finest boy cricketer I have ever seen.' This was the first time I heard W. G.'s name. From 1865 to the close of his career, I saw him constantly.

I have no intention of referring to any of the inci-

dents in his wonderful career, but I will mention that he told me twice between 1875 and 1890 that Alfred Shaw of Nottingham was the only bowler who gave him any trouble and if he was careful he need not get out to any other. Also that A. G. Steel, when a boy at Marlborough, was the best schoolboy cricketer he had ever seen. Charles Alcock, the Secretary of the Oval, was a great friend of W. G.'s, and, in consequence, my close connection with Surrey brought me into contact with him. When in 1903 I was nominated President of M.C.C., W. G. treated me with great kindness and tendered me valuable advice.

An incident which created a great impression on me was this. Bertie Lucas, one of the sons of C. J. Lucas of Warnham Court, was a very fine bat. He died, alas! too young. His father was an intimate friend of mine and we often met at Lord's. One day when Bertie Lucas and W. G. were playing in the same match at Lord's, they both made good scores. When W. G. had put on his jacket he came along to us in the pavilion and said: ' Mr. Lucas, I have just been playing with the second best bat in England.' Lucas' face beamed with satisfaction and I was very much struck with the truth and tact of the observation. If W. G. had said ' the best bat in England ' it would have been a mere compliment, but in saying what he believed to be true, that poor Bertie Lucas was second only to himself, he showed a rare appreciation in expressing a fact which won his father's heart.

Another fact recalls his wonderful judgment. Owing to my constant employment at the Bar, I was able to see very few Australian matches, but I did happen to be at one at the Oval which was won by England by a very narrow margin, I think about 10 runs. The weather was terrible and England were all out in their last innings leaving Australia between 55 and 60 to get. I was, of course, very miserable, for by lunch-time Australia had lost only 2 or 3 wickets

for about 20 runs and seemed certain of victory. Grace came in to lunch and before play recommenced he sat talking to me. I was regretting the bad luck England had had, and how they must inevitably lose. Grace turned to me and said : ' There's not the slightest chance of the Australians making the runs.' I replied : ' What do you mean ? Why, they have only 30 or 40 to make and 6 or 7 wickets to go down.' Grace said ; ' Well, you will see ; there is no chance of their making them.' It turned out exactly as he had predicted and England won by 10 or 11 runs. I do not recollect the actual figures, but my memory can be tested by those acquainted with England and Australian scores. [The Editors have not identified the match to which Lord Alverstone refers.]

I will not trouble you further, but if you think these incidents worth a place in your book, they are entirely at your disposal."

CHAPTER XIV

A Wonderful Revival

With Reminiscences by H. V. Page and C. I. Thornton

JUBILEE year, in its prolonged spell of glorious weather, produced a series of incomparable run-getting wickets, and on them W. G. Grace in his fortieth year proceeded to amaze even those accustomed to the high standard of his cricket. Two batsmen stood transcendently before the public, Arthur Shrewsbury and the champion, who, in addition to scoring two thousand runs for the first time in eleven seasons, also captured ninety-seven wickets. In forty-six innings, eight of which were unfinished, there were six centuries including a double century, eight other innings over fifty, eleven more over thirty, only once did he not open his account and only seven were single-figure contributions. He was three times given out for obstruction, twice stumped and thirteen times bowled, the other thirty times being caught.

He started well and had no bad spell at any period of the season. Against Sussex for M.C.C. and Ground, his second match, he went in first and carried out his bat for 81 whilst his colleagues only made 37, six failing to score, though he never seemed in difficulties. Then he took 7 wickets for 53, after which he indulged in a square-leg hit right over the tennis court. It was the year of the centenary of M.C.C., and when the Club played England, owing

to shortage of bowling on the home side, the national one won by an innings and 117 runs. W. G.'s best contribution to the game was his second score of 45. It may be of interest to give the sides : M.C.C. and Ground : W. G. Grace, A. N. Hornby, A. J. Webbe, J. G. Walker and Lord Hawke with Barnes, W. Gunn, G. G. Hearne, Flowers, Rawlin and Sherwin. England : A. E. Stoddart, W. W. Read with Shrewsbury, Barlow, M. Read, Bates, Ulyett, Hall, Briggs, Lohmann and Pilling. Shrewsbury and A. E. Stoddart put up 266 for the first wicket and respectively compiled 152 and 151.

At the centenary banquet held in the tennis court, W. G. replied on behalf of medicine to the toast, proposed by Lord Lewisham, of " The great army of cricketers." A wholly delightful match followed between Eleven Gentlemen of M.C.C. and Eighteen Veterans of the Club Over Forty. W. G. was not yet qualified to join the Old Brigade, and to everybody's amusement was bowled by one of the very mildest of E. Rutter's slows just when he was getting set. His bowling was not treated with any great degree of respect by many who had been his victims in earlier days. By special request he was photographed with both teams. He subsequently enjoyed himself against Cambridge, who were weak that year. Of the six wickets he took, four were on appeals for l.b.w. On the third day M.C.C. required 178 to win, and W. G. made 116 out of these in two hours and fifty minutes, being not out. He hit in grand style all round the wicket, lifted one on to the roof of the pavilion and forced runs at a great pace.

It was Grace's opinion that the Players had never been stronger than in 1887 and seldom have the Gentlemen been so weak. In both matches the amateurs were defeated, by exactly the same eleven, with an innings to spare. In three out of the four efforts with the bat Grace contributed the highest score, his contributions being 24, 49, 15 and 35,

hitting out brilliantly when he realized conditions were hopeless. He also captured more of the Players' wickets than did any one else. Two other good performances at headquarters were provided by the champion. For M.C.C. against Lancashire he hit very courageously for 73, after getting his opponents quite bewildered by his bowling, his 6 for 45 consisting of four clean bowled and two l.b.w. As so often happened, he was in his best form for Gloucestershire *v* Middlesex. The wicket bumped, but he opened his shoulders in noble fashion, making 113 out of 193, no one on the side except A. Newnham, who stayed with him for 84 runs, showing even elementary resistance. When there was no chance of a definite result, he brought off a remarkable piece of bowling, claiming Sir Timothy O'Brien, A. E. Stoddart and A. J. Webbe, the trio only making a single between them.

Gloucestershire that summer so far as success went was Grace everything and the rest practically nothing. At Blackheath, after bowling to the excellent tune of 7 for 55, he was batting during 140 minutes for a stonewalling 36 not out. A measure of luck assisted his 51 and 47 at Brighton, but his 58 *v.* Surrey was quite magnificent and followed an utilitarian if inordinately prolonged spell of bowling—77 overs. Against Yorkshire he contributed a faultless 92, followed by 183 not out, which unexpectedly saved his side from defeat and occupied five hours and a half, without blemish, including twenty-one fours, on the hottest day of the year. In the return at Dewsbury, he showed splendid cricket for 97, terminated by a catch at the wicket, his faultless effort including a partnership of 149 with J. H. Brain. At the Oval, when J. Shuter changed his order with only 70 runs to get, W. G. captured 4 important wickets for but 29 runs: each time he had been dismissed by pulling a ball into his wicket.

When there was no chance of saving even a single

innings defeat at the hands of Notts, W. G. Grace carried his bat right through the second effort, on a kicking wicket, for a perfect 113, only one other batsman exceeding a dozen. In the minor game with Somersetshire he hit hard and well for 92. Against Middlesex, who won by a single wicket, he had scored with particular skill for 63 out of 97, heavily punishing E. A. Nepean, the first time he met his slow bowling. The first visit ever paid by Kent to Clifton was rendered memorable by W. G.'s double century. As he himself observed, he only made it by the skin of his teeth, his figures being 101 and 103 not out, when stumps were drawn. In that last quarter of an hour he needed 18, but managed to score cleverly and his final four to square-leg was off the last ball but one of the match. Practically without a fault, he gave two superb displays, being only five hours and a quarter batting for his 204. The feat performed with such frequency in the twentieth century had up to then been only achieved by W. Lambert (in 1817) and W. G. Grace himself (in 1868). There was a lot of fine hitting at Scarborough in the cheery game between Gentlemen of England and I Zingari, and W. G. set a good example with 73, he, C. I. Thornton and A. E. Stoddart putting up 300 in two hours and a half.

After the conclusion of M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Yorkshire, a football match under Association rules was played between the teams. W. G. went half-back. Heavy though he was, he succeeded in getting past Tom Emmett and Lord Hawke, but in his attempt to score he was caught by Preston, just as he had been in the cricket match. Later in some rough and tumble play, he again did well, and, immediately after the teams had crossed over without scoring, he got a corner and placed the ball right to the centre. After M.C.C. had obtained two goals, Rugby rules were played during the last ten minutes, and Grace obtained a try.

1888 was the year when Turner and Ferris created an extraordinary sensation by their marvellous bowling for the Australians. It was a wet season in which batting averages sharply suffered. Grace with an aggregate of 1,886 was by far the largest run-getter, only being beaten in average by W. W. Read. The latter and Abel were the only batsmen besides Grace who obtained over a thousand aggregate. The champion's bowling had only one superior among English amateurs, namely S. M. J. Woods, and he took six more wickets than that aggressively-fine Anglo-Australian cricketer. What was unusual with W. G. was his complete failure in the month of July when eleven visits to the wicket only produced 115 runs. For the second time in his first-class experience he had two consecutive ducks-eggs, *v.* Middlesex and Surrey in the West. Practically all the rest was of his very best.

Dealing first with his efforts against the Australians ; in the opening game at Norbury Park he dismissed Bannerman, S. P. Jones, G. H. S. Trott, Blackham and Lyons for 51. Next came that remarkable exhibition for the Gentlemen of England at Lord's when he and J. Shuter by run-getting of the most brilliant description ran neck and neck until the Surrey captain was dismissed for 71, a partnership which from the aspect of sheer delight has never been surpassed. It amounted to 158. Grace carried his own score up to 165, occupying three hours and forty minutes over a display that must rank among his best and which was quite remarkable. On no other occasion were Turner and Ferris so ruthlessly handled. When W. G. made his appearance at Birmingham for an England XI, he met with a great reception and the crowd carried him round the ground. Once again when England was beaten in a test match, Grace was top-scorer. The Australians on an awful wicket at Lord's set the home side 124, and he began as freely as if it were Saturday afternoon cricket,

making 24 really well out of 34 while in, but the whole eleven was out for 62. For his county he claimed 4 wickets for 27 and in the absence of Turner, played in immaculate fashion for 51. In the return his 92, with only one chance in the deep field, was a notably sound exhibition, the only score exceeding fifty on either side. The third test match was at Manchester and his 38 was the highest and most attractive contribution in the whole match. He was out to a wonderful right-handed catch on the boundary by Bonnor. In this game W. G. was captain of England and led a victorious side remarkably well, four of his own catches dismissing McDonnell, Bannerman, Bonnor and Edwards,—one a magnificent left-handed one—going a long way to help the single innings success which gave the Mother Country the rubber. Finally, at Hastings, where he was to become a recognized institution, W. G.'s capital 53 out of 66 whilst in elicited rapturous tributes from the crowd. That year he had the highest average in representative matches and the highest aggregate in all encounters with the Australians.

His average for Gloucestershire was also the best recorded for any county in 1888, and he tied with Woof for the highest number of wickets. All else was overshadowed by his wonderful double century against Yorkshire, the third and last of his career. In the first innings he scored 50 out of 75, 100 out of 147 and 148 out of 221, being sixth out, having batted absolutely without the semblance of a mistake for three hours and a half. In the second innings he surpassed this big score by making 153 out of 253 in only three hours; except for a very difficult chance at the wicket when 12 there was not a blemish in this wonderful and singularly alert effort.

At Brighton, in a huge scoring match, W. G. went in first and at the close of the first day was not out 188. He was finally dismissed, through hitting his wicket in playing at a lob from Walter Humphreys,

for 215, the largest score in a county match that summer. "It was remarkable for the power and freedom of its all-round hitting and for the unerring judgment and masterful ease with which all kinds of bowling was met." It may here be mentioned that Grace himself several times emphasized the fact that the majority of his greatest scores were compiled in drawn matches or in defeats, though of course there were exceptions.

Against Kent on a tricky deceptive wicket at Blackheath, W. G. made 64 out of 114 and 33 out of 77, whilst his 5 wickets cost only 23 runs. For M.C.C. and Ground at Lord's he worked very hard against Sussex, claiming 5 for 38 and scoring 73, "an innings quite worthy of his reputation." Twice meeting Oxford, he afforded the undergraduates excellent demonstrations of batting, contributing 95 and 29, 25 and 39. For South *v.* North his 44 was made in great style off Attewell, Barnes, Peel, Barlow and Flowers.

One of the keenest help-mates of the master in county matches was that useful all-round Old Cliftonian, H. V. Page, who writes:

"Naturally my recollections of W. G. Grace are chiefly associated with Gloucestershire cricket, but not entirely so. For instance, I took particular interest in obtaining his views about the old fast bowlers. Tarrant and Jackson were the two he counted greatest. He spoke of the spin and life in Jackson's ball as something marvellous. The older bowlers in their day were always so fresh, he would say: the rough wickets encouraged them, innings were shorter and matches more rare, so they did not grow worn and stale before August. W. G. had a great admiration for Allen Hill. Mold hurt more than any bowler he ever knew, I have heard him say. And why? Because he threw. 'Mold breaks them inches on the plumbest wicket,' for the same reason.

I am quoting contemporaneous views given by W. G., before Jem Phillips' no-balling crusade.

Between Spofforth and Turner, he discriminated in an interesting comparison : ' Spofforth could make a ball break on a bowler's wicket as much as he liked ; he could bend it a foot and a half or two inches ; *and he knew* how much he was putting on. Turner's fault was that he persisted in bending them a lot ball after ball and could not produce the tiny break at will. No bowler could control his break better than Spofforth : he could put on just what he wanted. The best ball I take it does not break more than from three to five inches.'

I suppose many contributors will have laid stress on Grace's capacity for taking pains. I remember an instance. About 1885, he had a spell of bad luck : on our Northern tour he had had a double failure against Lancashire and Yorkshire. We ran to Notts on the Tuesday evening and had a net up at Trent Bridge next day. ' A quarter of an hour apiece batting ' was the order. W. G. had fifty minutes before lunch and forty after, simply playing himself into form—and he had his reward on the Thursday. Any one else I ever met would have been content with one ordinary spell. I *never* knew him fail to go out and have his knock at the nets or against the club rails in the morning ; and how he rated any youngster who failed to do the same.

Never, if he could help it, did he put a colt out in the country in his first few matches, certainly never in the first unless he particularly wanted to go. So wise. The youngster, as the crack of his club, would be quite unused to the deep. ' Go cover-point,' was the usual instruction. W. G. soon learnt if he was a worker, a judge of a run and of men, by his fielding there ; and then he would tell him to *make* himself an out-field by practice, if it was likely he would be wanted there.

People used to talk about W. G. for shouting at his

fielders. The only men who came in for this were (i) those who came at a ball slowly when the batsmen were racing for two; (ii) those who made a brilliant dash for show with one hand when nothing could come of success and failure meant a run; (iii) above all, men who wandered in the field, who could not or would not keep their place; (iv) slackers, of course, but those he dropped unless they were really good players. I can hear him say: 'The last three or four players are not going to win many matches, but what a lot they can lose by dropping Shrewsbury or Walter Read. Why, they lose in one match as many as they make in a month.'

W. G. never would field short-slip, strangely enough, even with a fine short-leg to do the fetching. I have heard him say he had never liked it and grew to dislike it. Of course, E. M. kept him out of point for Gloucestershire. Some people are now talking of W. G. as one of the greatest points; as a matter of fact, he was never within streets of E. M. there and he knew it. Just very good, but not a genius and wizard like E. M. in the place.

Some one else is sure to have told in detail how he was up with a maternity case all night; went in to bat at twelve, was not out at six; 163 not out (many more next day, I am not near books of reference). The point in my alluding to it is that I possess the bat! I gave him a new one for it, which broke next morning at the nets. He wanted his old one back and I only saved it by taking it down to the station then and there and sending it home.

There was a beautifully comic end to his 318 not out innings *v.* Yorkshire at Cheltenham. It was after lunch on the second day; nowadays he would have declared at 9 wickets down for whatever was on the score board. 'Frizzie' Bush came in when W. G. was 280 odd. W. G. at once tried to run him out, but 'Frizzie' was not taking any, and left W. G. to flounder about by himself, saying: 'No, no, if the

wicket is good enough for you to bat for a day and a half, I am going to have a bit myself, unless of course you get out and spoil it all. I can stay in if *you* can.' Now to the younger generation I may be permitted to state that as a bat the jolly fine old wicket-keeper was usually a negligible and willingly diverting quantity. Tom Emmett plaintively said 'Get out' and sat down in the middle of the wicket. Runs came and W. G. reached 300, whereupon he again promptly tried to run Bush out, equally unsuccessfully, amid shouts of delight from the rest of his own side looking on. [Bush finally scored 32, before being bowled by George Ulyett.]

It was the hardest thing to get W. G. to talk about his old doings. He *never* bucked. You never heard him allude to any of his old achievements, much less to any recent ones. But he liked telling a story over again which took his fancy. There was one he never wearied of telling Warwickshire folk. In their last season or two as a second-class county, Jimmy Cranston, whose last innings for Gloucestershire was a century *v.* Lancashire, went to live in Warwickshire. W. G. let the authorities know the fact, but after the necessary interval, they did not think him good enough. Some five years elapsed and he qualified again for us, played magnificently and was picked for England. W. G. relished that tale.

The dear old man could be obstinate on occasions. Once was when we were playing the Australians at Bristol. We had to bat after a long day for something less than an hour. 'You boys go in, I am going to wait for the morning,' said W. G. Wicket after wicket fell, but nothing would induce him to bat, until he had to sally forth, at six-twenty-four p.m., number ten, with Board to follow.

People often wondered why Painter never had a turn with the ball. He had one great week as a bowler against Middlesex and Kent—at Gravesend

in the match when the Old Man was in the field every ball. [20 wickets for 148 runs, average 7·40, was the professional's achievement in the two games.] That most decidedly was not his true form, but he was a very useful bowler all through his career. I am sure not giving him more opportunity all came from a gang of his friends (off the hills) keeping up a concerted cry of 'Painter, Painter,' during the Cheltenham Week. The Bristol crowd took it up as a joke and so in order to teach them manners and give them a lesson, Painter never got a bowl from year to year.

The placing by W. G. of the field on the on-side for his own bowling shows vividly how play has changed. He bowled to pitch one inch inside the leg-stump with a gentle inward turn. And yet he had no short (square) leg! One real mid-on and a man (always one of the very best) eight or nine yards behind the bowler's wicket, just clear of his own arm. Still people rarely worked the single to square short-leg in W. G.'s prime and not even in my earlier days (1883–1888). On the other hand what had been the place of honour and for hard drives became a sinecure where you picked up trickles and pushes. What fun Frank Townsend had there in his youthful days, and what calm and rest in his veteran years! George Ulyett, A. N. Hornby, W. J. Ford, G. B. Studd, Alfred Lyttelton, Bates, A. G. Steel; I can see them all going in to drive W. G. straight; and what noble c. and b.'s he made. That was when he was a bowler. And then think of how their successors came to play his little lobs of his later days. Push, pat, fudge one to leg.

I can call to mind an interesting instance of his wiliness. We were playing Notts at Clifton on a real sticky wicket (rain must have held us up). W. G. made a rare good sixty or thereabouts, and we gave them something like a hundred and sixty. We all thought we had them beaten. The time was about four on the second day, stumps to be drawn

at six. W. G. whispered to me: 'It's our job to make them think it is as difficult still as it has been, but it is not, and if they (Arthur Shrewsbury, Scotton, William Gunn and Co.) can potter about a bit to-night, it will be a decent wicket to-morrow and they will win easy.' In came Arthur Shrewsbury and William Scotton. W. G. walks on to the wicket, puts down his prodigious thumb and says: 'Now, Woofie, it is made for you.' He went silly third-man (as we called it then), E. M. planted himself some five yards off the bat at point, Croome stood very close in at silly point. Shrewsbury, great bat as he was,—*the* best on a sticky wicket—was flummuxed. Where was he to plant the ball with six hands grabbing? Three times he danced out and hit a lofty two to the outfield, and then he was stumped with yards to spare. The next men each in turn received the benefit of the thumb business; we kept them full of it and disposed of eight of them that night. The wicket was white, dry and easy next morning, but we won, simply and solely through bustling them. Fancy bustling that crowd, with Barnes, Flowers and Dixon to follow the trio I have already mentioned!

In conclusion, let me give a notable instance of cricket generosity on the part of W. G. Our two home grounds for Gloucestershire matches, in the days up to about 1890, were Clifton College and Cheltenham College, the latter with a slight slope just like Lord's, the former like Canterbury—ideal grounds for a slow left-hander like Woof and just right for W. G. himself. Invariably the Old Man gave up his end to Woof, and what is more I never heard him grouse about it."

Two legislative innovations affected 1889, the introduction of the closure and the increase of five balls to the over. It was another wet year, but Grace in his more expensive bowling, which only

yielded 44 instead of 93 wickets, showed the effects of increasing years and weight. Again he enjoyed the distinction of the highest aggregate of the year, 1,396, with the same average, 32, having only Gunn, Shrewsbury, Leslie Wilson, Barnes and M. Read ahead in averages, Gunn, Barnes, K. J. Key and Abel being besides himself the only other scorers of a thousand runs. Grace's batting yielded two duck's-eggs, twelve efforts under double figures, twenty-one innings under fifty, seven under a hundred and three centuries. With two not outs, he was once l.b.w. (to Peel), ten times bowled and caught on every other occasion, six times at the wicket.

Again for Gloucestershire in the metropolis, W. G. was in a prolific vein ; *v.* Middlesex he played rather more patiently than his wont for 101, but showing "all his old mastery and judgment in placing." O. G. Radcliffe helped him to put up 105 for the first wicket. Opposed to Surrey, apart from himself only J. Cranston could play Beaumont and Lohmann, but W. G. in conjunction with the left-hander was so punishing that 126 was added in one hundred minutes, his own score being 94. After the first declaration ever made, he contributed 34 out of the first 51, only to see his side dismissed for 92.

Not for many years had Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval resulted in so good a match between such excellent sides, and Grace enjoyed the distinction of having the highest aggregate for the amateurs. At the start the wicket was overwatered, and it therefore took him two hours and twenty minutes to score a comparatively dull 49. Though again slow in compiling his 67, the burden of a losing game was then on his shoulders : excellently he acquitted himself. The manner in which he and Abel at Manchester wiped off the deficit of the South, respectively being credited with 48 and 55, formed the brightest feature in the successful benefit for Pilling, that Blackham of English wicket-keepers. At Scar-

borough W. G. played a chanceless 58 against I Zingari and then gave a superb display for 154 for South *v.* North. He and Abel put on 226 for the first wicket, under decidedly tricky conditions when their side followed on in a minority of 163. Grace was out at 278, caught by Lord Hawke at short-leg, for a superb 154, having preserved a curiously even rate of scoring all through the four hours and a half, during which he was credited with sixteen fours, with only three possible uppish strokes. Never before had Gentlemen *v.* Players been begun so late in a season as September 16, at Hastings, but a thrilling struggle ended in the success of the former by a wicket. Grace's own innings was soon terminated by a magnificent catch left-hand uplifted to the extremity of his reach on the boundary by William Gunn, who was six feet three in height.

In the return with Middlesex, W. G. obtained his second century of the season. So cautiously did he start that he only scored five singles in the first half hour, but after that runs came at a good pace, and when the last wicket fell, he had carried his bat right through for 127, "an innings in every way worthy of him." His best effort, however, was his 84 *v.* Sussex on the new county ground, Ashley Down, Bristol. The wicket was so treacherous that there were no other score over 40 in the match and only three over 18, yet Grace played grandly, without a vestige of a mishit, never showing a sign of difficulty and tackling all the bowling with ease, after himself taking 5 wickets for 32 runs. He was also the match-winning factor against Warwickshire at Birmingham, for with J. Cranston he put up 101 for the second wicket, his own contribution being a fine 64, and then with Woof he dismissed the home side for 52, his six wickets only costing 23 runs. At Brighton, after getting a beautiful 70, Bean clean bowled him for the uncoveted blob. In each match with Yorkshire he just reached the half century. Against

Lancashire, when his eleven collapsed pitiably before Briggs, he carried his bat for 37 out of 87, never once being perturbed. Perhaps what he most enjoyed that summer was trapping Shrewsbury, W. Gunn and Flowers very cheaply in a few overs. He certainly related this with gusto. The Gentlemen of Philadelphia experienced an interesting tour, but twice met W. G. and found that he claimed 16 wickets for 13 runs apiece, whilst scoring 26, 46 and 39 not out against their somewhat weak attack.

One charming trait of W. G.'s kindness must be fresh in the memory of many. He was playing for Gentlemen of M.C.C. *v.* Royal Artillery. Bombadier Barton, who afterwards played for both Kent and Hampshire, made his reputation in this match by batting particularly well, scoring 91 out of 167 and 102 out of 173. When he had 99 to his credit, W. G. said to him : " I'll give you a full pitch to leg." This he proceeded to do and followed it up with a whole over of leg-balls, not one of which, from sheer anxiety, Barton could touch. Indeed off one of them he was probably l.b.w., but Grace did not appeal. Eventually he scraped a single and was happy.

Appropriately, on the lighter side, come the second portion of the reminiscences of C. I. Thornton, who writes :

" Only once in my life have I been in with a batsman who wanted only a few to get two thousand runs in a season. This occurred at Scarborough in 1887 and, of course, the big totalizer was W. G. Not that he ever worried about his average, or aggregate either ; he was far too good a cricketer for that. The game was Gentlemen of England *v.* I Zingari, and not often have I seen W. G. hit so hard. We went in together. I have done a fair amount of gentle tapping in my time and this century was one of the liveliest I have perpetrated, including three sixes just to set the bowling at ease

and seventeen fours. I was the earlier to go, the first wicket falling at 173, but W. G. soon followed, having a dozen fours in his vigorously free 73. Our first 74 runs were made in 35 minutes—not bad considering that I was thirty-seven and he thirty-nine, neither of us being what you may term feather-weights. J. A. Bush being absent, the Old Man put on the gloves and cleverly stumped Webbe off a slow from Evan Nepean. This was the only first-class match in which Prince Christian Victor took part; more's the pity, for he was a good bat (his 35 was a meritorious effort) and a capital stumper, overshadowed at Oxford by 'Punch' Philipson.

Allusion to a University recalls a case where a man who was unknown to some of my side was the cause of a curious remark by Grace. It was during one of the matches when I took my England team to Cambridge. Bernard Posno was playing for me and so was W. G., but as it happened Grace had never heard of Posno at the time. So when I asked him to go in first with Posno he looked quite bewildered and asked, in astonishment: 'Posno, Posno! What's that? Is it something to eat?'

He had a quaintly humorous way of putting things. One wet Sunday afternoon at Scarborough, Stoddart and Page had been warbling away. In a pause, from the corner, came W. G.'s stentorian bidding: 'Now, Stoddy, let's have another of those little *dittoes.*'

He played a capital joke on me once. Turner and Blackham between them had made me bag a brace. When we were all dining that night with Lord and Lady Londesborough a huge parcel was brought in to me at table. Smelling a joke, I kept putting off opening it until dessert and then I solemnly undid the package and found its contents were the huge pair of spectacles W. G. had borrowed from the optician's shop in the town. Nor was this the end, for when we all went on to the circus, the clown Whimsical

Walker came on as a parody of me, no pads and so forth, and after some patter pulled a couple of duck's eggs out of his pocket.

Timothy O'Brien, at another Festival, perpetrated a highly successful joke on Grace. W. G. had been bowling and Farrands had persisted in 'not out' to all his appeals for l.b.w., much to W. G.'s visible discomfiture. That night at dinner, he received a long letter apparently written by Farrands, stating how much he had been hurt by his honour being impugned through W. G. not appearing to agree with his decisions. There were yards of this, and in the kindliness of his heart W. G. was dreadfully perturbed at having annoyed an old pro. He alluded to the matter several times and in the smoking-room said he must at once write to him. It was only then he was undeceived. He took it in excellent part and admitted he had been fairly 'had.'

This recalls how W. G. was fielding square leg when Fred Roberts, who bowled fast left-handed, hit a batsman plumb on the pad. At the end of the over W. G. said: 'Fred, why did you not appeal for that l.b.w.?' 'Well, sir, the truth is I was waiting for you to.'

When the greatest of all the Australian teams came to the Orleans Club at my invitation, I gathered a fine side and another half hour might well have made us victors. Murdoch saved the game for them by carrying his bat through the second innings for a beautiful 107. I remember his cutting two successive fours off W. G.; but the champion, besides opening with a capital 34, had captured 5 wickets for 37 runs in their first effort. We had a delightful dinner, with Sir John Astley, the dear old Mate, in the chair, but in conjunction with Billy Murdoch I had to do the talking, so W. G. could enjoy his meal in content without having to get on his feet.

He never was any good at a speech, and at one of the last Hastings Festivals at a dinner given in the

club by the secretary, he brought out what was practically a facsimile of his speeches in Canada and the United States more than thirty years earlier : ' I have enjoyed myself, and if it were not for your excellent secretary there would be no cricket here and no nothing either.' And with that he sat down.

Newham told me that one night before a Sussex and Gloucestershire match W. G. was enlarging on the ease of playing the lobs of Walter Humphreys. He reverted to this several times, twice observing : ' Billy, the way to play him is to hit him out of the ground.' Therefore Newham thought that the Old Man was bothered beforehand at the prospect of playing the deliveries of the Cobbler ; so he began his attack next morning with him and Humphreys outed him at once.

There is no doubt that Percy McDonnell agreed with me in thinking that Alfred Shaw was the easiest bowler to hit. W. G. was of the reverse opinion, and it is a fact that no one else so often captured his wicket. Of course an orthodox and an unorthodox batsman—the latter I always rejoiced to be—see the same bowler from different aspects. Slows bothered Grace most ; they are of course the most attractive to slog at because they come to you more deliberately. On the other hand pace never presented the least difficulty to W. G., and I cannot recall a fast bowler he did not punish freely ; Fred Morley, for instance, being a prolific victim to his scoring propensities.

It always amused both of us the way in which younger members of opposing sides at Scarborough tried to get him out in the luncheon interval. On one occasion he was 59 not out at the interval and noted with glee how two or three of the other side plied him with ' pop.' As he walked back to the pitch with me he said : ' Those boys thought they'd get me out at the luncheon table, but they'll only make me open my shoulders,' and that afternoon he was good for a rare long score made very fast.

As most people will remember, he was rather careless about dress as a rule, but when poor young W. G. Grace junior obtained a place in the Cambridge eleven, his father appeared at the University match in an immaculate new grey frock-coat and resplendent tall hat. I was sitting with Stoddart on the big table in the pavilion when he joined us. At his first observation, Stoddart with immense gravity said: 'Pardon me, would you tell me whom I have the honour of addressing.' 'Ah, you old rogue,' retorted the Doctor in high glee, 'there will be one or two here that I shan't be knowing later on.'

As I observed, I treasure newspaper cuttings. Here is one from a London 'daily' about W. G. when he played for my side against the Australians at Norbury in 1888. 'Bright Phœbus Apollo (occasionally known as the sun) swung high in the bending blue, imparting a full flood of mellow warmth and shedding a stream of golden glory over the level green as W. G. Grace swung out of the tent with his bat under his arm, resembling nothing so much as an Assyrian monarch on the frieze of an ancient entablature. The champion was in excellent form and the decision of Farrands in giving him out l.b.w. to Turner was not at all appreciated by the great batsman.' It was in that match that, having driven Ferris high and straight to the boundary, I saw W. G. rise among the spectators and cleverly catch me, much to the amusement and applause of the spectators.

'The champion was in excellent form.' That will be our memory of Grace off and on the field. It is with that phrase I declare my present contributory innings closed, remembering the opinion of Southerton about him: 'He's a wonder, he is.' So he always was, so he will be in our recollection until we too are dismissed by the last bowler Death."

This year the portrait was painted for M.C.C. at

the cost of £300 by Archibald Stuart Wortley which forms the frontispiece to this volume. Private subscriptions for it were limited to a sovereign. When standing for this picture, W. G. took up his characteristic and delightful pose. The artist hesitated : " But, Dr. Grace, would you stand as easily if the game were in a tight place ? " he asked. " Certainly," was the reply, " because, after all, I should only be facing the next ball "—and that was thoroughly typical.

By Permission of Messrs. Swan & Morgan

W. G. GRACE.

The Portrait by the late Archibald Stuart Wortley the original of which is in the Pavilion at Lords.

CHAPTER XV

Prowess in Two Hemispheres

WITH REMINISCENCES BY C. C. CLARKE

W. G. GRACE was naturally to the fore in a season when the Australians were visiting England, and in 1890 he went to the wicket no less than fifty-five times, but for him with the bat it was not a good year—comparatively of course—though an improvement was noticeable in his bowling figures. "Certainly the application of the celestial watering-pot was very much overdone in 1890," and the champion's extraordinary vitality as well as the way he shaped at all sorts of bowling showed that any statistical falling-off was only accidental.

This was the first tour in which the Australian defeats exceeded the number of their successes: for whilst Turner and Ferris were deadly as in 1888 with the ball, the batsmen, apart from W. L. Murdoch and that arch-smiter J. J. Lyons, fell short owing to the wet wickets. W. G. Grace played against them as frequently as Lohmann and more often than any one else. He stood fifth in English batting, averaging 29, and second only to William Gunn in representative matches. So he had no cause for displeasure at his own achievements.

In the opening match at Sheffield Park, the two crack Colonial bowlers actually dismissed what was virtually an England eleven for 27, of which number W. G. made no less than 20. In a scratch side in

Wiltshire, he batted splendidly for 64 when no one else except O. G. Radcliffe could exceed 20, and for M.C.C. and Ground he showed audacious disrespect for the Australian bowling, as in company with J. Shuter he scored so fast that fifteen minutes yielded 32 runs, when it was a race against time. Several other creditable contributions led to the first test match at Lord's. If Turner caught him off his own bowling for nothing, Shrewsbury, W. W. Read and Gunn fared little better, for all four were out with only 20 on the board. Set 136 to win, W. G. virtually took the game into his own hands, because he hit magnificently for 75 not out, meeting all attacks with fierce freedom. It was a really great effort.

Again in the second test match, at the Oval, he was dismissed without scoring, being easily caught by Hugh Trumble at short slip off the very first ball. Indeed he ought to have been dismissed for the brace he never bagged in first-class cricket, for he cut the first ball straight into the usually safe hands of Harry Trott—a magnificent point—who fumbled and dropped it. However, his stay this time was not long. At Scarborough on the second day, he thought it advisable not to have the wicket rolled, and to this was attributed the defeat of Lord Londesborough's XI by 8 runs. In a startling match, he obtained top score in both innings with 14 and 19, besides catching out both Trott and Murdoch. At Hastings, for the South, when batting very finely for 84, his punishment of Charlton was something to remember.

Doing practically nothing for the Gentlemen, the rest of his efforts, handicapped at one period, however, by an injured knee, were on behalf of Gloucestershire. He played a remarkable innings of 109 against Kent, carrying his bat through an innings of 231 with only one possible chance to slip. A characteristic effort was directed against Yorkshire who, on first hands, led by 137, accentuated by the further

loss of E. M. Grace, W. W. F. Pullen and O. G. Radcliffe for 19. Then J. Cranston joining W. G., " the bowling was hit with power and freedom and, though numerous changes were tried, 50 runs were made in 45 minutes and 100 in 85. At one time 120 runs were scored in 65 minutes. [It should be remembered that J. Cranston was left-handed.] Grace, when wanting only two for his century, was given out l.b.w. He and Cranston had put on 188 runs in two hours and twenty minutes, and what rendered their performance almost phenomenal was the fact that neither gave any chance. Grace in his splendid 98 had fifteen fours, hitting at times with all the freedom of youth." Against Lancashire his superb 94 lasted nearly four hours. The brothers Grace put up 117 for the first wicket against Sussex, leading off to what resulted in a single innings victory. Again Lancashire bowling at Clifton was to his taste, for he scored 90 out of 176 while in, being only second out, Baker catching him cleverly in the deep field. This was his third ninety within a fortnight and nobody heard him grumble at none of them being centuries. He was also not out against Notts, obtaining 70 out of 123 whilst at the wicket. At Scarborough he claimed 4 I Zingari wickets for only 18 runs, abruptly terminating the match, his victims, all caught, being G. F. Vernon, H. J. Mordaunt, W. C. Hedley and C. C. Clarke.

The last-named, most cheery of humorists, writes :

" It is not for me to deal with the doughty deeds of W. G. Grace. Others who played with him or those who are critics must vaunt them. My share is only the modest one of paying testimony to the genuine kindliness of the dear old fellow. I was very fond of him and there was never the slightest jar on our intimacy and good feeling.

Only once did I have a small share in one of his

grandest feats, for I happened to be in with him at Canterbury when he was dismissed for that remarkable 344 for Marylebone *v.* Kent in 1876. His innings extended over two days. On the first evening he was not out for about 150 [133] and that was the most attractive contribution I ever saw either from him or any other cricketer. It did not matter where George Harris placed the field, whether point was forward or set back, nor how the men in the deep were set, with clean cuts and strong pushes he was sending ball after ball past them. As sometimes happened he was spurred to a big effort by the side having failed in the first innings. 'We'll make it warm for them this time,' he said to me as he was fastening his glove, and right well he kept his promise. On the first evening of his innings, he observed to me that something was wrong with his bat. So, after dinner, he and I tinkered up another, making the handle bigger by splicing an old white glove round it and so forth. He knocked that deputy bat about a good deal, and after I had rejoined him at the close of our effort, he remarked in his cheery way: 'I'll give it to you, Challie' (he always called me Challie), for one of your slogging innings,' the joke of which lay in the fact that I was a strictly defensive bat.

This was not his only gift to me. At Scarborough, off the field he was in the habit of wearing a very large white wideawake of a soft canvassy material with a remarkably broad M.C.C. ribbon round it. One day as we were going on the Esplanade he put on my straw hat with the I Z ribbon. 'It fits,' he said, 'we'll change,' and so we did for our morning walk. He chuckled at wearing the I Z colours for once. He never received an invitation to join that clubless subscriptionless fellowship and several times played for the Gentlemen of England against the vagrant side. It amused him therefore to don their colours: 'This is great,' he remarked with a laugh

at the notion of our changing headgear. I kept his for years, but somehow it has been lost.

All my best tales about him have been appropriated by other contributors and I bear no malice. But one personal anecdote showing his unbounded kindliness remains for me to relate. One wet day at Scarborough, we all went to the circus and after the performance, I perpetrated an impromptu additional one, running round the ring and jumping about. I came unexpectedly on a barrier and came a header nearly twenty feet, badly spraining my ankle. At that visit to Lord Londesborough, I was sleeping in the Lodge, which is a few yards off. W. G. took me back, dressed my ankle, dressed me and proceeded to carry me on his back into the house for dinner. There was a dance that night and he bore me to a capital seat. Then at supper-time up he came : ' Challie, I've such a nice girl to sit next you at supper,' and he had made up a party to which he conveyed me pick-a-back. He bore me to bed in the wee hours, took my clothes off, put a cradle in bed over my leg and was the very first individual next morning to pull up my blinds and see how I was. And all in the heartiest manner too, adding to his kindness by the way he conferred it.

W. G. was very fond of dancing. ' I am not a good hand at a waltz, but give me a polka,' he would say. And as a matter of fact at the Scarborough dances several extra polkas were generally in the programme for his special benefit. He really danced them awfully well and like many big men was very light on his feet. The prettiest girls used to beset him to be their partner, laughing and gleeful, for they all liked him and he responded gaily.

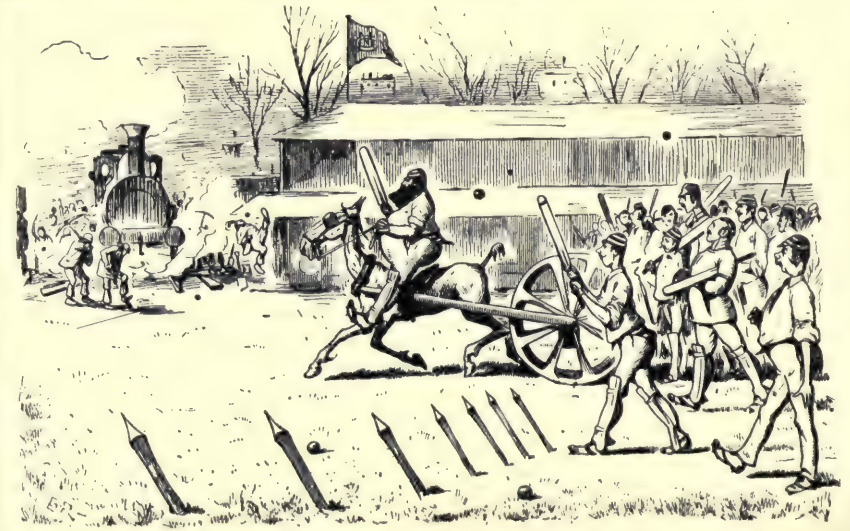
W. G. would go anywhere to play a match if he had a spare day. Several times a telegram on Friday evening brought him for my side on a Saturday. He would ask to keep wicket and could do it top-hole. He had a real talent for wearing the gloves, which was

not appreciated by the public. More than once I have seen a temporary wicket-keeper perform with real distinction—A. J. Webbe for instance—but W. G. was by far the best I ever came across.

Other cricketers will tell you of their own doings, but he never. It was quite remarkable. Another case of self-effacement at personal loss can be mentioned from my personal knowledge. On one occasion I was the intermediary asked to make him a substantial offer. It was at the time of his *Daily Telegraph* testimonial that an editor wished to get a brief article giving the champion's selection for a test, an amateur and a professional eleven. For those three sides, with a little ' padding ' as journalists call it, he was to receive twenty-five guineas. To my surprise, he positively refused. ' I might hurt the feelings of cricketers by individualizing,' was what he persisted with. In fact it seemed to me that he refused for fear of hurting some of those he did not include.

He never was a very good golfer, but I am a worse. When the Stock Exchange played the Cricketers, I was drawn against him. He beat me in the morning, I won in the afternoon. But thirty-six holes was not enough for him. With boyish zest he called out: ' Seven holes more for the championship, Challie,' and I won by a put. ' Five holes more for the championship,' came his breezy petition, and what a capital contest we had. In a bunker, he would say to his caddie : ' Bring me my cleever,' and out of his bag would be brought a dreadnought which was a cross between a pickaxe and a blacksmith's affair. All who played against the Old Man will recall this punitive weapon."

Reverting to cricket, 1891 proved singularly unsuccessful alike for W. G. Grace, whose average of 19 was the lowest by far he had ever had, and for Gloucestershire, which suffered the most disastrous



LORD'S IN DANGER. THE M. C. C. GO OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY.

["Sir EDWARD WATKIN proposes to construct a Railway passing through Lord's Cricket Ground."]

From "Punch" by Permission of Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.

season the Western county had ever known. W. G.'s cricket had been fairly successful until the beginning of July when he hurt his knee playing at Edinburgh. Unwisely he persisted with the game until compelled to lay up and, directly he was convalescent, had the misfortune to wrench his back at practice at Trent Bridge.

C. I. Thornton took a tremendously strong side to play the powerful Cambridge eleven for the benefit of Watts. W. G. Grace opened his account that summer with a sound 54, the highest score. For Rylott's benefit at Lord's, he played most brilliantly for 61 out of 87 which only took seventy minutes to score and comprised nine fours. It was by far his best effort in the summer, the attack he literally pulverized consisting of Attewell, Pougher, Peel, Barnes and Flowers. The London visit of his county yielded good personal results. At the Oval he took 11 Surrey wickets for less than 10 runs apiece and batted stubbornly for 37 when no one else could look at Lohmann. Despite tremendous punishment from Sir Timothy O'Brien, he bowled so persistently at Lord's that he claimed 7 wickets for 97 runs and scored a creditable 38. Not until well on in August did he again exceed 50, but his 54 *v.* Surrey then was a capital performance when no one else made 18 against Lohmann and Sharpe. On a rain-ruined pitch, in a sorely interrupted innings he showed profound caution for 72 not out in the return with Middlesex, but he was so slow that his effort occupied four hours and a half. Finally at Hastings for the South he proved successful each time with 54 and 36, two capital efforts, whilst for the Gentlemen he had once more the honour of making top score, rather a barren honour on this occasion as the amateurs were dismissed for a miserably feeble 68, of which he accounted for 21.

That winter W. G. Grace revisited Australia as captain of Lord Sheffield's team. Except that Arthur

Shrewsbury and William Gunn declined to accept the terms offered, the side on contemporaneous form was representative, consisting of W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, G. MacGregor, H. Philipson, O. G. Radcliffe with Lohmann, Abel, M. Read, Sharpe, Attewell, Peel, Briggs and Bean, whilst Alfred Shaw acted most successfully as manager. In his book, the last-named states that " the tour cost £16,000, and as the receipts were about £14,000 Lord Sheffield was about £2,000 out of pocket. Everything was done on a princely scale from the fee of the captain downwards." W. G. Grace before starting had expressed the opinion that the team would return home undefeated. " Possibly," wrote Alfred Shaw, " had they been less confident of success this ambition would have been realized." After England had lost the first test match, " Felix "—the Tom Horan of the 1882 tour in this country—exactly hit the nail on the head when he said : " The Englishmen were in too great a hurry to get runs. Australia's batting was sounder if less showy." England lost the rubber of test matches, but of the eleven-a-side matches six were won and two lost.

Mr. Dave Scott (" The Almanac ") writes :

" There was an enormous crowd at Melbourne to meet Dr. W. G. Grace and the team when they arrived from Adelaide on November 25, 1891. Four-in-hand drags, decorated with Lord Sheffield's colours, drove them to the Association Rooms where Sir Robert Best warmly welcomed them, and, on rising to reply, the champion met with a tremendous reception which lasted a considerable time. In a subsequent speech he said that like Lyons, our own mighty smiter, he was a doer not a talker : that was his style. When the visitors were in the Town Hall, he was handed into the Mayor's chair, and proposed as Cricket Mayor for the year. He laughingly refused to be sworn, but added that he not only

would take his seat, but could comfortably fill it.

W. G. Grace received £3,000 for the trip and all expenses paid, the largest sum ever given to any cricketer, and he was worth it as an attraction in Australia. In fact cricket had become rather slow until his advent and he gave it a boom.

W. G., talking to H. F. Boyle, told him how he had admired him hugely as a field at short mid-on, but that it was very dangerous and he had always expected he would get badly hurt some day. Boyle replied : ' Well, your brother E. M. stood just as close at point on the other side.' ' Yes,' assented W. G., ' but he had more time to get out of the way than you had.' He told Boyle the best innings an Australian ever played in England was Percy McDonnell's 82 out of 86 against the North, ' so worrying, on a fearful wicket too.' Boyle in test matches thought W. G. Grace worth five representative cricketers, so thoroughly did he rise to the big occasion."

Wisden may be quoted : " Beyond everything else the tour was remarkable for the reappearance in Australia after an interval of eighteen years of Mr. W. G. Grace. When the most famous of all cricketers visited the Colonies in 1873, he was at the very height of his powers, and not a few of his admirers regarded it as rather a hazardous venture on his part to go out again at so late a period of his career. Events proved, however, that Mr. Grace's confidence in himself was not misplaced. Alike in the eleven-a-side matches and in all engagements he came out head of the batting averages. When we remember that he was in his forty-fourth year, and that his position as the finest batsman in the world had been established at a time when all the other members of the team were children, this feat must be pronounced nothing less than astonishing. It is true that in the matches against odds he was favoured with more

than his fair share of luck, but, so far as we could gather from the detailed reports in the Australian papers, he was not more fortunate in the first-class fixtures than his colleagues. His only big score was 159 not out in the first match against Victoria, but he played most consistently all through the tour and rarely failed to make runs."

A large scrapbook, filled with Australian press-cuttings of the tour, furnishes vivid glimpses of Grace at the Antipodes. "W. G. finds his adipose tissue a decided burden in such a climate," was an early remark. He led off by putting South Australia in, having himself won the toss ; and a victory with an innings to spare was his reward. He cleverly caught out "the Grace of Australia," George Giffen. Later : "cheer after cheer from spectators and players greeted the erstwhile champion as he walked to the wickets. When he arrived, Grace was very much on the big side, but hard practice in a heavy sweater on warm days has got rid of a pound or two of superfluous flesh. After playing cautiously at half a dozen balls, he fancied himself a young man again and essayed to lift a ball over the chains. Instead, he only skied it and Reedman, running at least thirty yards, put out his left hand—a pretty big one —and clutching the ball as it came straight down, made the most wonderful catch ever seen on the ground."

At Melbourne Grace compiled his most prolific contribution on the tour, 159 not out, carrying his bat through the innings of 284. He played in his finest masterly style, apparently treating all the bowling with ease and energy. His sole chance was a sharp one to the aboriginal Morris when he had only 14 to his credit. There were ten boundary hits and the wicket was not playing anything like perfect. His own score exceeded either of the Victorian totals and no one else made as many as 40 for either side.

At Sydney, matters did not commence happily,

for Moses, the home captain, so strongly objected to Cotter being the English umpire that an hour was wasted in the wrangle with Grace before Alfred Shaw eventually was substituted. On going in to bat, W. G. astonished the public by turning round and smacking one of the fastest of Turner's deliveries to leg for four and repeating the same treatment to Callaway, who was as rapid, but this was too spirited to last and Turner soon caught him. In the matches against odds,—three followed—Grace surprised his opponents by insisting on playing twelve Englishmen and that they should all field. Against Boural he hit finely for 46, top score, and enjoyed his first bowling spell against Camden. Opposed to XVI of Melbourne, he was half an hour at the wicket for 4, but at Ballarat scored freely for 62.

Tremendous interest was excited by the first test match, which, after a struggle of the keenest nature, was won by Australia by 54 runs. Grace gave a good example to his men, making 50, a capital display, and when set 213 to win, with Stoddart knocking up 60 before they were parted. He was also responsible for catching Lyons and Bannerman, whose imperturbable stonewalling was the factor that really turned the game, as he took the sting out of the attack. Against XVI of South Melbourne, W. G. ran into double figures off the three first balls he received, as they were despatched for three, four and five respectively, and he played an excellent 69. "He is in great buckle now," was a quaint contemporaneous phrase. But against XX Melbourne Juniors, he came near spectacles, being bowled for one and badly running himself out before he had scored.

Never did the Australians play a finer uphill game than when they won the second test match by 72 runs. But that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling used to write, and the subject of our theme chiefly came into note by bringing off five catches at

point, Lyons in both innings, Moses, Bannerman and Callaway being his victims. He helped Abel to put up 50 for the first wicket, but obviously bothered by a "silly point," who walked nearly up to the bat, was bowled directly after this manœuvre was tried. On fourth hands, he was much blamed for going in himself with only fifty minutes before the close of play on the fourth day. "He soon realized the wicket was too bad for steady play and sent one back to Giffen like a shot out of a gun, but the crack failed to hold the ball and a long-drawn dismayed 'oh' was extracted from the crowd. But when he snicked the next ball into the wicket-keeper's [Blackham's] hands, there was a never-to-be-forgotten yell. Such a scene was never seen on any ground before. The air was thick with hats and for five minutes the cheering lasted."

After some up-country matches, came the return with New South Wales, and Grace at once showed his calibre by practically monopolizing the run-getting at the start, making 45 out of 52 without a chance in splendid fashion. Again there was nasty friction about the umpiring. An appeal for a catch at the wicket off Grace's bowling was disallowed, and when he remonstrated with the umpire, the latter declined to proceed after the conclusion of the innings. After a vexatious delay the famous Charles Bannerman was substituted. There was a good deal of subsequent correspondence and discussion. A holiday tour in Tasmania preceded the return with Victoria, won decisively by the English, W. G. Grace heading the score sheet with 44 in a dull game.

Finally in the third test match, one of tremendous scoring, the visitors atoned for having lost the rubber by a victory with an innings and 230 runs to spare. Grace was in until after the century was hoisted, being yorked by R. M'Leod for 58. At the start he was much troubled by Giffen, but after lunch hit him for two fours off successive balls. It was a

faultless contribution, the third largest in an aggregate of 499, and bigger than any Australian individual innings in the game. On the morning of the third day, " the umpires gave it as their fiat that the wicket was unfit for play. This decision exceedingly annoyed Grace, who talked wildly of abandoning the match altogether. This, of course, was out of the question." He had previously expressed his strong disapproval of what is now the rule, namely the covering of the wicket. Later, when rain was falling, he wanted to come in, but the umpires would not consent. On the fourth day, the last of the campaign, Grace, being told that Briggs and Attewell were tie for the largest number of wickets, put them both on and Briggs was the first to congratulate his rival on bowling Blackham.

From a review of the tour may be cited : " The central figure throughout has been W. G. Grace. A wretched stroke in the first match gave emphasis to the idea which members of the team, as well as people in Australia, had, that he would be a failure with the bat. In the very next game, however, the veteran carried out his bat for 159. After that the tour was for him one unbroken series of successes, match after match he scored and kept his place easily at the head of the averages. He had great luck, for seldom did he make over twenty without being let off by the field two or three times. However, he got the runs on the slate, especially in the eleven-a-side matches in which he has remarkably fine figures [44 average, 448 aggregate]. The fast grounds suited his cutting, and that stroke must have given him at least a third of his runs, while he made a large number of catches at point."

Among descriptions of Grace, countless though the number of such perpetrations be, few can surpass this Australian one : " He has got no older than when he was here half a generation ago, but he is a tremendous lot fatter. He is a very big, powerful

man, with a bristly black beard nearly to his waist, somewhat slanting eyes, great muscular arms and huge hands. And, Great Scott—such feet! He could get £2 a week and his 'tucker' merely to walk about in the grasshopper districts to kill off the pest. He bats as well as ever, his eye being as true and his arm as strong as in the days of old; but when it comes to bowling, he is a bit off. He rolls up to the crease with a lumbering action like a Clydesdale colt, and delivers the ball with a cunning spin that wants watching, but he is not dangerous to careful batsmen. When fielding, he stands point, where he does not have to run, and any ball within possible reach is sure to find a resting-place in one of his vast carpet-bag-like hands."

Had Lord Sheffield fulfilled his intention of taking another team out to the Antipodes in the following winter, it is more than doubtful if W. G. Grace would have accepted any invitation to repeat his visit.

CHAPTER XVI

Three Sterling Seasons

With Reminiscences by A. C. M. Croome and C. J. Robinson

IT was appropriate that W. G. Grace's first re-appearance in England after his Australian trip should have been as leader of the team he had captained against the Rest of England and that the game should have been for the benefit of the manager of the tour. For the third time, unfortunately, the weather proved unpropitious to Alfred Shaw and the match at Trent Bridge resolved itself into a series of short spells between irritating showers. The voyagers had only been home a week and were absurdly out of form, with one solitary exception—the veteran Grace, who, hitting with all the vigour and brilliancy of his youth, scored 63 out of 80 in just over an hour. He gave an easy chance on the off-side when he had made 8, but this was his only error.

Emphasis must be laid on the fact that in this and succeeding seasons he was much handicapped by trouble with his knee, which not only affected his bowling, but prohibited short runs and at times obviously interfered with his batting. He bore the infliction without grumbling or the least semblance of fuss and never advanced it as an excuse for any momentary failure. The roughs with the smooth were all taken as part of the day's lot by the keen champion, but that ought to be recorded in his

favour, for has not one wit described the amateurs' dressing-room as the grumbling box *in excelsis* ?

At his earliest reappearance in London, for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Kent, he did little, though he had several good yarns to tell of his Colonial experiences, but against a very strong Cambridge side he played well for 36. With Stoddart opening the innings for the Gentlemen, he put up 91 for the first wicket, when he obstructed his wicket, Attewell being the bowler, having scored 41 in less than an hour and a quarter. Previously, whilst W. Gunn had been compiling a masterly 103, Grace enjoyed the satisfaction of being the only bowler who repeatedly had him in difficulties ; moreover, a palpable chance of stumping off one of his balls should have abruptly terminated the tall Notts man's stay when only 4 were credited to him. In mid-September at Hastings, with his knee particularly troublesome, he batted uncommonly well for 54 for the Gentlemen, making some powerful drives off Lohmann and Martin.

Otherwise his work was entirely on behalf of his county. He enjoyed quite a brilliant season, without any huge score, in nearly every match, batting with consistent skill and energy. It was thought that his Colonial experiences had increased his aggressiveness in comparison with the unusually tame cricket he had shown in 1891. During part of the season he gave up going in first, finding that, if dismissed cheaply, it affected the side unduly and not himself feeling confidence in his knee, which also caused him to be longer at the wicket for his scores. He was obdurate in not permitting young partners to induce him to take anything like a short run, and he often walked for a single what would have been a safe two had he been sound in limb.

On both occasions he helped himself freely from the Middlesex bowling. At Lord's he batted very finely

for 47 and 72 not out, whilst at Clifton, with the edge already off the attack, he added 145 in something less than four hours with that patient bat R. W. Rice, his share being an errorless 89. This was not his largest effort for the Westerners, as against Sussex at Gloucester he punished the metropolitan attack in masterly fashion for 99. At that score he played several overs without an offensive stroke. Then, hitting out, he skied the ball and was caught and bowled by Bean. When he came in he glanced at the board and finding he was 99, shouted to his brother E. M. : " Ted, why ever didn't you tell me ? I could have scored off any of those balls." " Aye, aye," laughed the coroner, " and if I had told you, you would have been the first to complain."

Against Yorkshire his scores were 53, 32 and 61, whilst his obdurate 43 not out cleverly saved his side from defeat at the hands of Notts, for he played out time under what had seemed decidedly adverse conditions. Though never noticed contemporaneously, it is a curious fact that his colleagues in Australia during the previous winter had a hand in his dismissal on no less than nineteen occasions during this summer, though they were of course not opposed to him in quite a number of the matches in which he took part.

The greater keenness of the old brigade was shown when Richard Daft, emerging from his retirement and playing as an amateur, came to represent Notts *v.* Gloucestershire at Clifton. On the second day rain fell in the interval, but the veteran captain turned out sharp. The Notts professionals showed no eagerness to resume play. W. G., under a large umbrella, walked over to their tent and threatened to report them to Lord's. Barnes replied they would turn out when the rain stopped. W. G. retorted that it was not raining. Barnes asked : " Why have your umbrella open then ? "

It was in a conversation during this match that

Richard Daft said W. G. Grace's style was more commanding than Parr's and his play of a safer kind than Cæsar's.

No more enthusiastic amateur ever played under W. G. than A. C. M. Croome, who has succeeded as completely as critic as at cricket. Therefore his impressions have particular value. Covering a wide space of time, he writes :

" It is, in all human probability, due to W. G. Grace that I survive to write my reminiscences of him, for he saved my life at Manchester in 1887. I ran into the railings in front of the Old Trafford pavilion while trying to save a boundary hit, and fell on to the spikes, one of which made a deep wound in my throat. They had to send out for a needle and thread to sew it up and for nearly half an hour W. G. held the edges of the wound together. It was of vital importance that the injured part should be kept absolutely still and his hand never shook all that time. I should have known it if there had been any twitching of finger and thumb, for I was conscious most of the time and the nerves of my neck and face were severely bruised. It would have been a remarkable feat of endurance under any circumstances, but the Old Man had been fielding out for over four hundred runs and had done his full share of bowling. I have two reasons for mentioning this incident. One is obvious ; the other is that it affords evidence of W. G.'s amazing stamina.

His keenness matched his stamina ; he was not really happy during the progress of a cricket match unless he was either batting, bowling or fielding. Therefore it seems to me that if he could start in again, as a young man, on modern wickets, knowing all that latter-day science has discovered about footwork and the other tricks of batsmanship, they would not get him out three times in a fortnight. When W. G. was at his best, I was too young to

analyse the exhibitions which I admired with feelings akin to worship. But I may quote the opinion of the late R. A. H. Mitchell, who knew the game from A to Z. He once told me that W. G. never shifted his feet like 'Ranji,' the apostle of the new style, and it is notorious that he never made great use of the back-stroke, which has been perfected since his time. Consequently the slow bowlers had something of a chance against him, and when he was in his prime the fast men were made unnaturally difficult by the wickets. Supposing then that he had passed his early youth in learning the back-stroke, with its variations in the shape of on-side slides and pushes, let him go in on what Lord Harris calls these bread and butter wickets, and an intervention of Providence would be required to shift him; for it would be practically impossible to tire him out either mentally or physically. Perhaps it is all for the best that he flourished when he did. Then he created first-class cricket as a national institution. Now he might make it monotonous by the very perfection of his own play.

I first saw W. G. at Cheltenham in 1876. The occasion was memorable to other cricketers besides myself, because he scored 318 not out against Yorkshire. Eight years later I made his acquaintance when I came to Bristol to play for the Colts against the county. The Australians were coming over that year and, before they arrived, had complained that English bats were of more than regulation width. Accordingly many players had had their bats gauged and, if necessary, reduced by planing.

W. G. won the toss against us and came in bearing a massive-looking weapon, with which he proceeded to construct a very perfect hundred. By the way, I remember that he pasted one of our change bowlers cruelly, and, after hitting him for several fours, looked at a piece of paper on which the qualifications of the various colts were set out. This particular

bowler was described as capable of breaking from the off or from leg at will, and W. G. showed the paper to his partner—Frank Townsend was in with him—saying: 'Franko, I rather like those bowlers who break both ways—to the boundary.'

But that is a digression. To return to W. G.'s tree of a bat. The edges of it had apparently been planed and the Old Man impressed upon us that, after all, the edge of the blade was superfluous: so far as he was concerned the Australians could have it, for all he cared, all he wanted was the middle. At lunch-time he was not out and left the ground to see a patient. While we were waiting for his return, Arthur Winterbotham, then in the Rugby eleven and entirely lacking in reverence for any one except his school captain, H. T. Arnall-Thompson, got hold of W. G.'s bat and a gauge. He found that the blade, even at its narrowest, would not begin to go through the gauge, and was proceeding to remedy the defect—or rather, excess—with a pocket-knife when Grace returned and strafed him. W. G. had merely taken a piece of glass and scraped from the edges of his bat the oil and dirt which had accumulated during the winter.

People who are convinced that W. G. took advantage of his position to bustle umpires and otherwise get the better of opponents will welcome this story as calculated to prove them right. But they cannot have known him intimately. I am convinced that he never did a mean trick in his life at cricket or any other game. In this instance he was bringing off one of the elaborate and trifling practical jokes in which he delighted. He was absolutely correct in saying that it mattered not one little bit whether his bat had much or little edge; and acting according to the spirit rather than the letter of the law, he saw no reason against introducing a bit of fun into a practice game. He was so plentifully endowed with high spirits that he could get amusement even out of a test

match. It is all nonsense to say that he habitually tried to bustle umpires. For one thing, the character and experience of the men who stand in first-class matches doom such attempts to failure. Did not a famous cricketer once bring a hamper of game to Hastings as a present for the umpires engaged for the Festival and fancy himself secure from adverse l.b.w. decisions only to find himself caught at the wicket blob, twice in the first match—and as he explained afterwards, in deep disgust: 'It was the merest touch.'

The Old Man used to grumble, of course, when he was, as he thought, wrongly given out l.b.w., but my recollection is that, on the occasions when I heard him at it, he was convinced that he had touched the ball. He also used to appeal for l.b.w. very often when he was bowling. That was natural because he aimed to pitch the ball half on the leg-stump, half on the batsman's pads, and, after delivering it, ran wide on the off-side to a place whence he could hardly see whether his aim had been exactly true. He, if any man, was justified in trusting the combination of his eye and hand. I remember seeing him, at Cheltenham, give a practical lesson to Fred Roberts, our fast left-hander, in the art of bowling yorkers. He said the ball ought to pitch somewhere near the batting crease; sent one down, and, when the ball came back to him, it had a large patch of whitening on it.

Finally, no one can regularly bustle English first-class umpires, and the bigger the man who tried, the more they would be likely to go against him in doubtful cases. Of course, Grace used to look very surprised when an appeal was made against him: the cricketer, like an accused person in a law-court, is not bound, or even allowed, to give himself away. But I have met dozens of better actors than he on the cricket-field. The cleverness of those who rub their elbows in simulated agony when caught

at slip off their fingers was foreign to his nature.

Not but what he delighted in ' spoofing ' a worthy opponent in a contest of wits. Once I happened to be standing in the middle of Clifton College Close admiring one of the best wickets ever seen, when W. G. and a rival of long standing came out to toss for choice of innings. Grace won and the other fellow said ' Damn ! ' ' I don't know so much about damn,' replied W. G., ' I'm not sure I shall not put you in. There's a little rise in the ground just there and your chucker might be nasty off it. However, I suppose we might as well bat.' Bat we did until the end of the day, W. G. getting into the nineties. The other side's fast bowler toiled most of the time from his wrong end and his bag was one wicket-keeper, who got several high-flyers from the little rise which was short of a length and well wide of the stumps. It is unlikely that W. G. expected a knowing old bird to walk into his trap, and certain he would not have set it for an unsophisticated young one, for instance the captain of an University team.

Of course there were occasions in minor cricket, notably at Thornbury, when W. G. entered into a contest of wits with some one who challenged him to it. There is the historic Bitton *v.* Thornbury match, in which it was understood that the teams should be strictly representative. Dr. Henry Grace, who selected the Bitton side, turned up with himself, one other Bitton man—Christian name Tom —and nine members of the Gloucestershire and Somersetshire teams, one of whom when asked to play for Bitton parodied a famous question of W. G.'s and asked : ' Bitton ! What's Bitton ? Something to eat ? ' The Thornbury committee, namely E. M. Grace, had taken similar but rather less thorough precautions, and, having won the toss, went in to bat with W. G. The latter had no more than broken his duck when he was magnificently caught at deep square-leg by ' Tom,' who took the ball with one

hand just as it was carrying the wall which bounds one side of the ground. 'Well caught, Tom,' shouted Uncle Henry. 'No, no,' said W. G., 'I shan't have that. That's four to me. No, it's six, for it was out of the ground when he stopped it.' There followed some minutes of excited argument, and when it seemed likely that Uncle Henry, being the eldest brother and also having the better case, would carry his point, W. G. bethought him of the umpire and appealed to him. 'Oliver,' he cried, 'how often have I told you that if he catches me after the ball has gone out of the ground, it's six to me?' Before any reply could be made, Uncle Henry was shaking his fist in the umpire's face and saying: 'Be a man, Oliver, and give him out.' Out W. G. had to go, having failed to punish Uncle Henry for bringing a Gentlemen of the West team with two or three professionals to represent Bitton. Surely, in this case, his attempt to get round the printed law may be justified by the canons of the higher morality?

W. G. always was guided by the spirit rather than by the letter. Was it not he who allowed the Surrey reserve wicket-keeper to take Stedman's place at the Oval when the latter was injured in the first few overs of the match? If he had not done so, his old friend Walter Read must have kept wicket, which would have been a double advantage for Gloucestershire, since he might have let some byes to start with and afterwards had to bat with sore hands. Another time, at the finish of a desperately keen match the other side wanted half a dozen runs when Roberts started to bowl the first ball of the last over. He had only taken a few steps of his run when the clock struck and he promptly stopped. 'No, no, Fred, I shan't have that. You finish the over,' came Grace's order. Fred Roberts was not called upon to bowl all the balls necessary for that task, because the first was missed and just went over the leg-bail, the second, also pitched the perfect

length under the circumstances—he and Woof bowled like angels that evening—went up mountains high and we were very pleased to see W. G. underneath it.

He was not going to stand out for his strict rights on one of the county grounds where the game is played pleasantly and where he and his men had met with generous hospitality on many occasions. That match took place at Canterbury and, after the first day's play, a dinner was given to celebrate the occasion : it was twenty-three years since W. G. had first appeared at Canterbury. After dinner, Lord Harris proposed the Old Man's health and said exactly what everybody wanted him to say. During the day, Leslie Wilson had put together a glorious hundred. I well remember starting from near the tree by the players' tent, where there is always a militia-man in full uniform, and trying with intermittent success to cut off his off-drives before they rattled up against the rails. W. G. was not out at the call of time, having 17 or 18 runs to his credit. When he rose to reply to the toast of the evening, he was, I think, rather overcome by Lord Harris' speech and the other tokens of affection which he had received. Anyway, he was unable to get off the eloquent, and thoroughly edited, oration which had been prepared during the previous fortnight or so. What he did say was something like this :

'I had got quite a nice speech ready for you, boys, but that Bishop there has put it clean out of my head. I think you'll have to have one of my Canadian speeches. I never saw much better batting than I saw to-day. But '—here came a dramatic pause and the laughter began to gather in the speaker's eyes—' I hope to see as good to-morrow.'

We adjourned immediately for W. G. and Lord Harris to have a pursuit race blindfolded in their stockinged feet round a billiard table. It was not a great success because silence on the part of the on-

lookers is required, if pursuer and pursued are to locate one another by the sense of hearing. A subsequent bout at tilting with the long rest between the same adversaries went better.

It is a question whether W. G.'s success in minor matters was due to his self-confidence or to his luck. Certainly things used to come off for him in an amazing way. George Bean used to tell a story of possum shooting in Australia which illustrates this. He went out with the Old Man and had not had a shot all the evening. Suddenly W. G. said : ' There's one, George, in that tree.' George could not see it and said so. ' Never mind,' was the reply, ' have a go at the tree.' George fired and down came the possum !

Again there was the occasion when he and George Beldam were playing a four-ball match at golf round the Mid-Surrey course. Going to the sixth hole, both played their seconds simultaneously and the balls collided as they were crossing the bunker. One fell straight into the hazard ; the other went on and lay dead at the hole-side. Beldam walked straight into the bunker and picked up the one lying there, knowing it must be his—and it was. People have a way of trying to adorn a good story and it is now said that after this incident occurred, members at the club-house knew about it immediately, so terrific was the noise of the shouting.

W. G. did not believe in playing games silently and naturally was in his element on the curling-rink. Even county cricket matches, when he and E. M. were both engaged, were conversational. A North-country colt, playing against us for the first time, asked if he was expected to bat in a parrot-house. If he had been an older man there might have been trouble, but W. G. let him down easily in consideration of his youth. All captains of cricket teams deal gently with their young players, provided that their mistakes are not due to slackness. I am not sure

that W. G. strained the quality of mercy more than others did, but he certainly had a peculiarly jolly way of saying the needed words of encouragement.

My first innings in county cricket was terminated early by James Robertson, who made one come down the hill at Lord's much too quick for me. 'Glad you had that one and not me,' was the phrase with which W. G. greeted me on my return to the pavilion. His words altered my whole outlook on life. Rightly or wrongly, I thought that if ever I was asked to play for the county again, I might find first-class bowling somewhat easier than at the moment I supposed it to be. But W. G. was much too wise a man not to temper mercy with justice. In that match I missed Stanley Scott in the first innings of Middlesex just after he had scored a hundred. It was as easy a catch as could be hit into the long field, and long field catches were easier then, before the new pavilion and the mound stand were built. That miss looked likely to lose the match. Middlesex made over three hundred, Scott 135 not out, in their first innings. We had some difficulty in saving the follow-on next morning : it had rained during the night. Then we sent back Middlesex cheaply and went in to get 180, which in the circumstances was considerably more than 150. In the end, W. G., Gilbert, Frank Townsend and Willie Pullen made the runs for the loss of two wickets in a couple of hours. But when it was all over, W. G. pointed the moral to me, using two of his favourite phrases : 'We never hadn't ought to have been put to it,' and 'If we had lost, you would have been out of the family circle for a bit.'

We once had W. G. himself out of the family circle. There were three of us playing for Gloucestershire, who could still throw—we never had less than six jerkers in our team. W. G. rounded on one of the three for not standing where he had been put at long-leg, when, as a matter of fact, he had his feet on the

mark which he had made to show him his place. By way of protest the three of us agreed to address the Old Man as 'Dr. Grace' for two days. But we could not keep it up. He went round the senior members of the team, plucking at his beard and asking what he had done to make these boys turn nasty. His distress was so genuine that we had to make it up and pretend that there had never been any vestige of a quarrel. W. G. was very popular throughout England, but we, who played with him more or less regularly, loved him."

Resuming the chronological narrative of the champion's prowess, 1893 showed an increase of average of 4 runs per innings and of over 500 runs in aggregate. This was all the more satisfactory, as at home he was now once more pitted against the pick of those he had met in Australia. The weather was phenomenally fine for the first half of the season and the muscles of the veteran seemed uncommonly flexible. "Even now he is the mainstay of English cricket when a real effort is required," was the observation of *Lillywhite*. Fourteen batsmen made over a thousand runs that season, but only A. E. Stoddart and William Gunn surpassed him in aggregate and he was seventh in the year's averages. Against the Australians he was fourth alike in representative and all matches, his figures against them being much higher than for the whole summer.

This tour of the Colonials was described frankly by Australian writers as a failure, despite the success of Graham, Sid Gregory and Lyons as bats and the fine work with the ball done at times by Turner, Hugh Trumble and George Giffen. Grace certainly set his mark on them. He led off in the very first match of their tour, scoring an excellent 63 for Lord Sheffield's XI, the highest innings in the match. He and Shrewsbury put up 101 for the first wicket and he gave an impression of particular alertness, borne out

during the rest of the summer. But who ever saw W. G. stale? Out of form at times of course. Slow on occasions as years increased. But stale or lethargic—never.

A week later he had nearly two whole days in the field whilst the Australians were scoring 503 off Gloucestershire and then, not wishing to bat with only an hour to play, kept himself back with dire results. A wet third day must have soothed his feelings. Travelling up to Lord's, to his confessed surprise he found his powerful M.C.C. and Ground side put in when Blackham won the toss. The Club total was 424, and after the visitors followed on, Lyons gave the sensational display that will never be forgotten by any one who witnessed it. When the home side went in to make 167, despite two interruptions by showers Grace and Stoddart made absurdly light of all the bowling, a performance the more remarkable because of the difficulty their successors experienced. As a Gentlemen's eleven could not be gathered, a return match was wisely substituted. W. G. was again at his best, making a beautiful 75 and, when his men were set 175, helped Stoddart to put up 120 for the first wicket in the most confident style. Blackham thought he played better on this occasion than almost any other.

He had but a weak South of England eleven, but led off with an excellent innings of 66 and enjoyed the satisfaction of a 10 wickets victory. Practically the England eleven gathered at Nottingham for Arthur Shrewsbury's benefit could have done battle in a representative encounter. Grace won the toss and with Stoddart put up 114 for the first wicket, both showing excellent form. Then, owing to an injured finger, he had to stand down from the test match at Lord's, the first he had ever missed in this country. He made up for this in the second test at the Oval—Maurice Read's benefit—going in first with Stoddart, the pair being unseparated at lunch-

time and only being parted with 151 on the board, compiled in only two hours and a quarter. "Though the ball sometimes rose very awkwardly, Grace played a really admirable innings of 68, in making which he displayed some of his highest skill." In the third test at Manchester, he had the misfortune to run Stoddart out and this exercised a prejudicial effect on his own batting, his 40 being a very laboured contribution terminated by his being bowled off his pads. With only two hours and a quarter in which to get 198, he and Stoddart made no attempt to obtain the runs, but were obdurately unenterprising, his own share being 45.

In both encounters he was of use for the Gentlemen against the Players. At the Oval, with a wholly irrepresentative side, after being missed at slip by Attewell before he scored, "his play was most masterly." He was first out for 57 out of 118 while in. In the next innings W. Lockwood and Mold were apparently unplayable. W. G. "was in constant difficulties to begin with and palpably missed by Alec Hearne when he had made 15. Afterwards the great cricketer was seen at his very best, giving the other members of his side some invaluable lessons in the method of playing fast bowling. He was a little over three hours getting 68—a high compliment to the quality of the bowling, and his defence was equal to anything he did during the season." At Lord's he put his legs before a straight ball from Attewell when he had compiled 32, and came in for sharp criticism as to his management of the bowling. Previously at headquarters he made his solitary century of the summer and his first in England since 1890, namely 128 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Kent : an exhibition of faultless cricket, which included seventeen fours.

For Gloucestershire as usual he was to the fore in the matches in London. Against Middlesex his 96 was a very fine display on a difficult wicket and he summarily finished off the game by dismissing the last

three opponents for a dozen runs. At the Oval he showed superlative skill in 61 not out in an hour and three-quarters, the rest of his side only accounting for 44 between them, his form against Richardson and W. Lockwood being quite wonderful. In the return with Middlesex he played a capital 68 and a free 75 against Sussex. Against Yorkshire, with J. J. Ferris and O. G. Radcliffe out for nothing, he and Painter put on 124 in sixty-five minutes for the third wicket, whilst at Huddersfield with 19 he was actually the only double-figure scorer in the innings of 74.

In this match he showed a thoroughly sportsmanlike spirit in the following incident. Peel, when batting, was so badly hurt by a delivery from Roberts that he was dancing about in considerable pain well outside his crease. One of the Gloucestershire men took advantage of this and was on the point of putting down his wicket when W. G. raised his hand and shouted " Stop " in stentorian tones.

Mention of Fred Roberts recalls that, at Liverpool, a Lancashire batsman returned one very hard to him. He made a good try, but instead the ball put his thumb out of joint. He walked up to W. G. who in a moment pulled the joint in and sent him back to the dressing-room. It was all done so quickly and without fuss that it gave the Liverpool spectator who furnishes the anecdote " the impression that Grace was regarded as something of a father as well as their captain by his men."

The great demands due to the many achievements of the subject of this volume have forced the editors drastically to exclude all but the barest reference to others save himself. An exception must, however, be briefly made in one instance if only to commemorate W. G. Grace's own deep affection for his offspring. In fact nothing was more charming than the paternal interest W. G. Grace took in his eldest son's cricket. W. G. Grace, junior, was in the Clifton eleven of 1891 and two following summers. In his last year he

claimed 51 wickets for 11 runs apiece and averaged 29 with the bat, but proved unsuccessful when tried for his county. Going up to Cambridge he scored 88 in the Freshmen's match, making top score. However, he received no University trial until Dr. W. G. Grace, coming to Cambridge with M.C.C., took his son in first with him. The young Cantab had the misfortune to be caught at the wicket without scoring and sustained a similar fate in the return match at Lord's, though in the second innings he obtained 54 off the weary and weak University bowling when the Club aggregate was 595 for 7 wickets. This was the match in which W. G. Grace, senior, scored 196, the largest score he ever made at Lord's and the tallest in first-class cricket in 1894.

Again in 1895, it was not until after his father had visited Cambridge—he was self-confessedly anxious that his son should obtain his " blue "—that W. G. Grace, junior, was given any opportunity. As a matter of fact he did better in the University match than in any other, for going in first he scored 40 and 28, making two excellent starts in conjunction with Frank Mitchell. Next year his best contribution was 68 not out when the University visited Nottingham for Sherwin's benefit, a fixture at which the attendance was miserably small in spite of the splendid services the fine, stalwart wicket-keeper had rendered to his county. Against Oxford, going in first, W. G. Grace, junior, had the misfortune " to bag the unenviable brace." In the same month, at Trent Bridge, he was credited with his largest score for Gloucestershire, 62 ; but his average of 17 that season was of course handicapped by his being dismissed without a run on seven occasions.

Prior to this, in 1894 in a minor fixture at Reigate for his father's side *v.* W. W. Read's XI, W. G. Grace, junior, had obtained 148 not out. In the testimonial match to G. F. Hearne, a revival of the old-time Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the

South, in a big scoring game he failed to make a run. Subsequent to his University career, his appearances in first-class cricket were but few, and his life figures are: batting, 80 innings 1,267 runs, 15·83 average; bowling, 1,520 runs 41 wickets, 37·07 average. For Pembroke *v.* Caius, Cambridge, in 1896 he assisted to put up 337 for first wicket and for London County *v.* Erratics 355 for first wicket. He took all ten wickets for London County *v.* Bromley. It was curious that his father's son should have been such a stiff cricketer, but his batting was singularly lacking in mobility though he could hit hard. Always playing in spectacles, his bowling was fastish, rather plain, without much work on the ball. After leaving Cambridge he became a Master at Oundle, and subsequently at the Royal Naval College, Osborne. He died at Cowes in 1905, from the results of an operation for appendicitis, in his thirty-first year.

J. A. H. Rogers in 1894 went in first with Green from Cheltenham for the Colts *v.* the County. Roberts sent down a bumpy ball which Green edged to Murch at first slip, who got it in his hand. As Green was walking away, Rogers nervously bade his partner appeal. Roberts at once rounded on Rogers with: "Wot's 'e got to appeal for? 'E's out right enough." W. G.'s voice rang out at once: "What d'ye mean, Fred? Mr. Rogers is quite right—how's that?" "Out, sir," said the umpire. "Now, Murch," resumed W. G., "how did you catch that?" "My fingers were on the ground, sir," was Murch's reply. "There you are, Fred," W. G. said, "Mr. Rogers was not far wrong." He then came and put his arm round the shoulders of the youngster—a favourite trick of his—and strolled up and down the wicket, saying: "You are quite right, Rogers, there are nine ways of getting out, and if there is any reasonable doubt whether you are out or not, always ask." That kind of thing endeared him to mere lads as may well be imagined.

This was the match in which, contrary to the usual practice in such games, the county took first innings and " amused themselves on the first day by hitting the weak bowling of the colts to all parts of the field. E. M. Grace and Ferris, who went in first, scored 173 for the first wicket, and the total was increased to 438. After this severe outing it was not surprising that the disheartened youngsters gave a poor display of batting."

W. G. Grace showed a falling off alike in aggregate and average in 1894 as compared with the preceding season, his respective figures being 1,293 and 29. He stood sixteenth in the averages, Brockwell, Abel and J. T. Brown exceeding him in the number of runs credited. Four times he failed to score, and on thirteen other occasions was out for a single-figure contribution, but against this must be set three centuries and five other efforts exceeding fifty. Once run out and twice l.b.w., he was bowled fourteen times and caught twenty-seven, only on four occasions at the wicket.

With his son at Cambridge, he twice captained M.C.C. and Ground against the University and on each occasion made a hundred. The Light Blues were wretchedly weak in bowling and he took advantage of it. At Cambridge his 139 without a mistake occupied him for four hours and a quarter, Chatterton helping him to add 256. Lord's witnessed an amazing return game : the aggregate record for the ground, 1,332 ; the highest total made there, 595 ; and the highest innings ever scored at St. John's Wood by W. G., 196. It was also the biggest individual score of the season, but one made without effort owing to his domination over the feeble attack. Just to show how much there was in him, he then took 4 wickets for 33 runs.

Of far greater importance was his notable work for the Gentlemen. At the Oval his 71 was a very admirable display which lasted two hours. He was

bowled by a fine ball from W. Lockwood, which broke back and took his middle and leg stumps. At Lord's the wicket was so wet that a start could not be made until one. Grace and Stoddart forced the hitting in such successful fashion that 56 was put up in forty minutes for the first wicket. Grace was out at 119, for a noble effort amounting to 56. "Not for a considerable time, indeed, had the great cricketer played a bolder game on a pitch affected by rain." At Hastings his superb batting yielded 131 in three hours and forty minutes, only two other scores in the innings exceeding 17. No fault whatever could be found with his play, which was marked throughout by consummate skill and power. One big drive off Alec Hearne pitched out of the ground and he hit fifteen fours. Early in his effort a ball from Mold glanced off his pads on to the wickets without removing the bails.

There had been so much friction in the Gloucestershire team in the previous year and even a spirit of mutiny prevailing, that W. G. Grace had written to the committee expressing his desire to give up the captaincy, but in the autumn had withdrawn his resignation. This season for the second time the county was at the bottom of the list and W. G. in no way maintained the standard of batting he had displayed in the matches just mentioned. An 88 *v.* Sussex in an hour and fifty minutes, showing remarkable accuracy in placing the ball, early in May at Brighton proved his best county effort, whilst a fine 61 at Trent Bridge redeemed an otherwise wretched display by the Westerners. On home wickets 49 *v.* Lancashire was his largest contribution. In extra matches, he played exceeding well on a soaking pitch for 52 against Warwickshire and gave the South Africans a good sample of his cricketing capacity, for after taking 9 wickets for 71, he scored 129 not out, going in fourth wicket down. Previously he had met the visitors, whose fixtures were not

reckoned as first-class, on behalf of M.C.C. and Ground when " for some inscrutable reason he put them in after winning the toss, losing the match by 11 runs." He himself was the most successful bowler, claiming 6 for 56 and 6 for 37, besides a first score of 47.

C. J. Robinson, who formerly played for Somersetshire, furnishes a string of reminiscences affording interesting side-lights on Grace's attractive disposition :

" Amid the avalanche of recollections sure to pour in, a few stories may appeal, if only to vary the narrative, and they come from personal experience of one who knew the Old Man ' at home ' as the schoolboys say. Indeed all my life I have been hearing of his doings and the following are a selection.

W. G. was always no end considerate to young cricketers, and I well remember being upon the Clifton College ground when Gloucestershire was playing Surrey about the middle eighties [1888 actually]. At that time Abel had worked his way more or less regularly into the very powerful side Surrey was building up. Hundreds did not come his way in those days as they did afterwards. [He had only made two in first-class cricket.] He had batted with plenty of confidence until he had gathered 90. Then he proceeded to scrape and potter about for an unconscionable period, when he finally reached 96. W. G. said : ' Bobbie, I'll give you one just to put you out of your misery.' True to his word, he lobbed him up a divine full-toss well on the leg-side. Abel unfortunately did not get fully hold of it and hit straight into the extra-safe hands of J. H. Brain. Said W. G : ' I'm sorry, Bobbie, but I could not have done more to help you get that century.'

In a Gloucestershire and Somersetshire match at Cheltenham, an interesting discussion arose as to the

various distances to which sundry individuals had thrown the cricket ball. On our side was a very fine thrower indeed, the Oxonian V. T. Hill. W. G.—well informed as usual—happened to know he fancied himself muchly in this department. Said he: 'Look here, Vernon, I'll bet you a sovereign you don't throw over a hundred yards three times following, with and against the wind; to toss for two throws with the wind.' The mighty left-handed hitter appeared to think this very soft business and promptly accepted the challenge. Moreover, he luckily won the toss. I was appointed stakeholder. Only a light breeze was blowing and that from the west, so the first throw was towards the chapel and a magnificent one it was too: we chained it: 119 yards 2 feet. I turned to W. G. and said: 'It's all up with your sovereign.' He was most emphatic in his reply: 'No, he won't throw a hundred the other way.' Hill, looking brimful of confidence and particularly pleased with what he had just done, proceeded to discharge throw number two. In due course it was chained, the result being 91 yards dead. W. G.'s shout of delight might have been heard half a mile away, it was such a stentorian bellow of triumph, and then, promptly, came the demand: 'Here, give me those two sovereigns.'

Few people realized that W. G. was one of the shrewdest observers though he said so little, and far more capable of looking ahead and taking a broad view than many who boasted they did, but he never said so. Here is a curious case in point. It was the morning of a county match on a home ground. The two regular bowlers Roberts and Murch—each good for a hundred overs if they had to be delivered—were both in readiness as a matter of course. Imagine the surprise of everybody to find that Grace left them both out. The result was that the opponents helped themselves to well over four hundred runs and the draw was inevitable after the first day.

I happened to meet W. G. soon afterwards and asked him how it was he had decided not to play the pair, as none of his other bowlers could be described as wicket collectors just then. 'Well,' he said, 'to tell you the truth, the wicket was too good and it didn't look like rain, so I thought us bad bowlers were just as likely to get them out as the decent ones. And besides,' he added in a burst of confidence, 'they were both getting a bit "uppish" and will be all the better for standing out of a match.' He was thinking of the prospects of Gloucestershire, not of the mere game of the hour.

In one of the matches between eleven Robinsons and Grace's XI, the respective totals were 147 and 185. That difference was accounted for by a trick. The doctor's eleven had batted first. Directly after they came out to field, a note was brought out to Dr. Henry Grace, the eldest brother, then getting 'a very stiff 'un.' After glancing at it, he asked to be excused and hoped to be back soon—something was murmured about a professional engagement—and in the meantime could he send out a substitute. Of course no objection was raised and out came Jack Board, then quite a youngster, who could sprint quite a bit in those days. The bowling was not of a high order, W. G.'s knee was troubling him, and there was a deal of attempting to find the boundary. Time passed and no one seemed to notice that the substitute was fielding in the deep at both ends. If ever a man saved fifty runs in an innings, Board did upon that afternoon, and it meant just the difference between victory and defeat for the Robinsons. At the close, from a quiet corner emerged Dr. Henry Grace, who said he had been comfortably watching all the time and warmly complimented Board upon his brilliant fielding. The secret of the note was out, and how W. G. roared with laughter at its result.

He seldom allowed a young cricketer to slip through his hands, who subsequently proved of value to any

other county. But in Nichols, born at Fishponds in Gloucestershire, he missed a professional who, if persevered with, would have been as much service to the county of the Graces as he was afterwards to Somersetshire during a considerable period. W. G. tried him originally upon several occasions—I think he played as an amateur—but he had no luck. The climax came against Surrey, on a real Oval wicket. W. W. Read carted Nichols unmercifully, and after that he was relegated to the long field of all places (he could only field at short-slip at any time). To make matters worse, everything seemed to come his way, including four catches, all of which he dropped. It was too much for W. G. who said : ' George, you shall never play for us again,' and he never did. Was not H. T. Hewett on fifty occasions at least grateful for that decision ?

We have all of us been a bit irritated in our time. There was one occasion when Grace was more than a little put out. The match was between Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. Vexatious stoppages of play on account of showers sometimes provoke spectators. They had no cause to grumble on one particular afternoon. A most unpleasant drizzle set in. We were batting and expected W. G. would suggest an adjournment. Not a bit ; he kept pounding away at the pavilion wicket for the best part of two hours. With a wet ball the bowlers were handicapped, but the game proceeded until nearly five when Grace said : ' I think we might as well stop for a bit '—cricket automatically ceasing for the day, Lionel Palairet having a hundred odd to his credit. Next morning our innings ended twenty-two minutes before the luncheon interval. The sun was shining with great power and the wicket was uncommonly nasty, just such a one as our captain—H. T. Hewett—revelled in seeing his opponents ' scraping upon.' The ground-man asked W. G. which roller he should put on. ' Never mind,'

was the reply, ' we are not going on before lunch.' Now our skipper overheard the remark and had no intention of missing a golden opportunity. But W. G. was a bit off colour that morning, so I was selected to break to him the fact that we wanted the usual ten minutes play according to rules, before the luncheon interval. W. G. was obdurate, said he would not proceed, and, upon being pressed, added: ' This is a poor return for our bowling to you nearly three hours in the rain yesterday afternoon.' I replied : ' I don't think that was any fault of ours.' He then told the man to put the light roller on, and we fielded for eight minutes. At luncheon, the telegraph board read 0-2-0 and W. G. was not garrulously amiable during the meal. We had won by an innings before night.

I happened to be on the county ground at Bristol after W. G. had returned from playing in 1896 in the opening match of the Australian tour for Lord Sheffield's XI, in which if I remember rightly he made 60 or 70 in each innings [actually 49 and 26]. He called me into the dressing-room and said : ' Look here what Ernest Jones did to me on a wicket that was real fiery and he was sending them down at a rare pace.' He had six or seven huge blue and black marks all round the region of his heart. I asked : ' How in the name of fortune could you stand such punishment ? ' ' Well,' he replied, ' he did rap me a bit sharp, but I don't mind even now how fast they bowl to me ; it's the slow ones I don't like, I can't get at them as I used to.' Remember this man was within two months of completing his forty-eighth year ! Never shall we meet his parallel in our time."

CHAPTER XVII

Most Marvellous of All

With Reminiscences by R. W. Rice, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower and P. F. Warner

NOTHING W. G. Grace ever did, nothing any other champion at any other game ever achieved, evoked such widespread and well-deserved enthusiasm as his batting in May, 1895, when he was in his forty-eighth year and so burly in figure. The marvellous cricket he showed thus early in that summer, at an age when men unborn at the time of his earliest supremacy were now at their zenith, presents such an unique and phenomenal source of perennial interest that the tale of achievement may be told at some length. In that one month he scored 1,016 runs as the result of nine completed innings, his average then being 112. He himself quietly remarked that he had made a thousand runs in a month before, but never at the beginning of a season.

In the middle of April, he had given a foretaste of his form by compiling 101 in three hours and forty minutes against XXII County Colts and then retiring. Though it did not look a very great feat the number of men in the field must be borne in mind. He himself invariably began practising in March, and net practices on the bleak county ground were often somewhat Arctic recreations. He would always insist on "you young 'uns" putting on sweaters directly they had finished batting and bowling.

Now and then he would break off the cricket for a few minutes and organize some races or other thoroughly warming pursuit.

As a contradiction to superstition it may be mentioned that his opening—and lowest—score in that memorable May was 13. This was for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Sussex. Next time he did not let off the county so lightly, for his second effort yielded 103. When his score was 14, he was missed by K. S. Ranjitsinhji—usually a splendid field—in the slips and, as he piled up his runs, the veteran kept turning and chaffing him about this. He only took an hour to make his first fifty, but his second came with far greater rapidity. His boundary hits were as strong as ever and his defence immaculate. What, however, pleased him far more was that he clean bowled the future Jam Sahib of Nawanagar with the very first ball he ever sent down to him. A. N. Hornby put him on when the Cantab had compiled a superb 150, on his initial appearance for the county.

Against Yorkshire, Grace's contributions were comparatively moderate, 18 and 25, but then commenced the succession of big efforts. It was further notable that this his hundredth century in first-class cricket—who will ever approach this again ?—should have been such a mammoth one as 288. The scene was Bristol and the match Gloucestershire *v.* Somersetshire. The visitors had scored 303—L. C. H. Palairet and Gerald Fowler getting 205 for the first wicket—and that evening W. G. played out time with 38 to his credit. Next day he was at the wicket (ninth out) until past five. " During all this while he met the attack with the utmost ease and confidence. Never did he appear in a difficulty and seldom indeed did the ball go from any part but the middle of his bat. For five hours and twenty minutes he was busy knocking the leather all over the field and he made his runs at the astonishing rate of over fifty an hour. More than this no chance

marred his great display, and the power he put behind his strokes may be seen when we say that his magnificent innings included thirty-eight fours and eleven threes. He had never previously made a hundred runs in an innings on the ground, and it was the third best he had ever made in eleven-a-side matches. It goes without saying that the wonderful batting feat of the champion created the greatest enthusiasm. Spectators flocked to the ground from town and suburbs when the news of his stand got abroad, and after he had passed his second hundred a 'magnum' was taken from the pavilion and drunk at the wickets. Quite a smart fall of snow fell and a piercing cold wind prevailed throughout the day." C. L. Townsend stayed with him for two hours and a half, adding 223 for third wicket and being unlucky to narrowly miss his century. He writes: "This was the one and only time I ever saw him flustered, namely when the last runs were needed for his hundredth hundred. Poor Sam Woods could hardly bowl the ball and the Doctor was nearly as bad."

For Gentlemen of England *v.* Cambridge University, Grace and Stoddart actually put up the first hundred under the hour, altogether scoring 130 for the first wicket, of which the champion's share was an aggressive 52. He subsequently captured half a dozen opponents.

Next came the county match in which Grace took the largest share possible, being in the field for every ball of a sensational game, and scoring 330 runs for once out. Apart from his marvellous prowess, if that can be detached from any aspect of the encounter, this was the earliest instance in first-class cricket in England of a side winning after having to face a first innings of over 400. It was fifteen years since Grace had been at Gravesend and he commenced by fielding out whilst Kent compiled 470, of which Alec Hearne made a splendid 155. To this

Gloucestershire replied with 443, out of which W. G. was accountable for 257, the only other scores over 20 being Painter's 40 and S. A. P. Kitcat's 52. Beyond one chance at the wicket when he had compiled 80, Grace never made a slip. It is, of course, very easy to repeat that "it was faultless, but realize what it meant for a man approaching forty-seven to bat for seven and a half hours against four such excellent bowlers as J. R. Mason, Alec Hearne, Walter Wright and Martin as well as useful changes, and persistently prevent the ball coming within reach of eleven men eager to catch him. His placing was the despair of the Kent captain—F. Marchant. As Walter Wright remarked: "There is only one thing the Doctor has yet to learn and that is to hit 'em up high." "Right up to the finish he retained his freshness and hit twenty-four fours. Nothing finer than this innings could be imagined."

At lunch-time on the third day only an innings apiece had been played, but then Kent collapsed before Roberts and Painter. So with an hour and a quarter in which to make 104 runs, W. G. Grace went in a second time and, by the grand cricket he showed, fairly pulled the match off from his own bat. Fifty was hoisted after thirty-five minutes play and, mainly by severe and well-timed punishing shots from Grace, the runs were made in an hour for the loss of but one wicket, his share being 73 not out. Needless to state, he was vociferously cheered on returning to the pavilion. It may be added that, judging from the correspondence evoked by the preparation of this biography, this master-achievement alike in skill and endurance seems more than any other single game to have been appreciated by his many admirers.

The revival of Surrey *v.* England for W. W. Read's testimonial match gave the spectators an opportunity of testifying their admiration for what Grace had just done, namely twice exceeding 250 in ten

days. But after he had scored 18 rather freely, Tom Richardson clean bowled him. As the game ended in a single innings victory for his side, this afforded him no further opportunity to bat, therefore on the evening of May 29 his aggregate was 847. Hence it seemed out of the realms of possibility that the general desire for him to score a thousand runs in May could be realized.

The dramatic element, however, was still to come in. Gloucestershire brought a weak side to Lord's to oppose Middlesex on May 30. But Grace not only won the toss but, by scoring 169, compiled 1,016 within the month. "Language fails to give adequate expression to the feeling of admiration and astonishment. There would seem to be no limit to his capabilities and his run-getting powers are as great as in the seventies." This innings was not comparable in pace or in punishing force with some just dealt with. He was playing well within himself, obviously desiring to complete his tremendous task. At luncheon he had only made 58, and for some time afterwards E. A. Nepean puzzled him with his slow deliveries, which presented obvious difficulties. Then he seemed to regain his old efficient command and, scoring aggressively, looked like getting the coveted 153. At 149, Nepean gave him a friendly long-hop on the leg-side, and as it reached the boundary the crowd raised a succession of cheers. He had a splendid reception after he was out, and at the drawing of stumps there was an additional demonstration in front of the pavilion.

A national shilling testimonial was promoted by the *Daily Telegraph*, which amounted to £5,281 9*s.* 1*d.* In forwarding a cheque for the amount, the late Sir Edward Lawson (afterwards Lord Burnham) wrote to Grace:

"I take occasion to congratulate you upon the sustained progress and happy issue of this movement

in your honour, originated also in honour of the great national game of which you are the most eminent, accepted and popular representative. The subscription, commencing amid the hearty good-will and approbation of all the manly and open-air-loving section of our community, has broadened and deepened during its extraordinary and unparalleled course, until it has become, by the variety and significance of the countless names included in it, an epitome of English life in all localities and latitudes. You yourself must have observed, with pleasure and with pride, how widespread and, indeed, universal, was the desire thus generously evinced to celebrate at once the national pastime, and your own honourable proficiency in it. It is impossible, in less space than the list itself has occupied, to attempt any compendium of so all-comprehensive and astonishing a catalogue, which indeed confers of itself—as I am sure you will agree—a reward and a recognition beyond anything which money could supply.

Such a magnificent demonstration, sir, is due in the first place to a warm appreciation felt throughout the land and the Empire for your own high and worthy qualities as an English cricketer. It comprises, however, above and beyond this—as cannot possibly be doubted—a very notable and emphatic expression of the general love for those out-of-door sports and pursuits, which—free from any element of cruelty, greed or coarseness—most and best develop our British traits of manliness, good temper, fair play, and the healthy training of mind and body ; at the same time giving pleasure and amusement to the greatest possible number. In this aspect I permit myself to regard the progress and result of the ' National Shilling Testimonial ' as a manifestation, by classes and masses alike, of their abiding preference for wholesome and honest amusements in contradistinction to sickly pleasures and puritanical gloom, thus conferring upon you, sir, the happy

distinction of a substantial personal tribute, which is at the same time a public approval of your salutary example to the youth and manhood of your time.

I have only to add that, in handing you this cheque, I pray for you long and prosperous years to enjoy and maintain such well-deserved popularity, and, in a word, I wish you throughout all the phases of this game of life, a 'good innings.'"

It was desirable to reproduce a letter in facsimile from W. G. Grace in the present volume and none could possibly be found more suitable than the one in which he acknowledged receipt of this great donation.

The Committee of M.C.C. also inaugurated a Grace Fund, to which was credited the sum of £249 3*s.* 9*d.* collected by *The Sportsman*. The total amount collected was £2,377 2*s.* 6*d.*, which sum, less £21 8*s.* 10*d.* expenses, was handed to the famous cricketer. W. G. addressing the President of M.C.C. wrote:

"I heartily thank you and the M.C.C. Committee for the part you took in raising the handsome testimonial which has been given to me. As long as I live, I shall remember, with feelings of pride and gratitude, the kindness of my many friends and others who do not even know me. I know that I have not at all adequately expressed my indebtedness to all, but I hope that I have made it plain that I am not unmindful of all that has been done in my honour."

The Gloucestershire county local fund, which reached £1,436 3*s.* 8*d.*, was paid direct to Grace, who thus by these three separate collections received £9,073 8*s.* 3*d.*

Innumerable tributes too poured in, alike from the Prince of Wales, from personal friends and from other admirers as well as in the columns of the Press. He was entertained at dinners both at Bristol and at the

15 Victoria Square, Clifton,

Bristol, June 8th 18 6.

Dear Sirs

Words fail me to express as I should do my heartfelt thanks for the leader with which you have honored me in your paper of today referring to the part I am engaged with so many others have been permitted to take in popularizing

our great national game
I have still further to thank
you for the list you have
started in your paper and
headed with so generous a donation
towards a National Testimonial
and I think I should be less
than human if I did not regard
it as intended success however
unworthy I may be that it should
be so I have the honour to be

Yours very truly
W. G. Grace

To/ The Proprietors of the Daily Telegraph

Sports Club. On the latter occasion he protested he had been brought there under false pretences as he was told there would be no "speechifying." He was a bit of a liar himself, but never mind that. On the menu was this verse :

Now the hundredth hundred's up,
W. G.,
You have filled the bowler's cup,
W. G.,
You have filled his cup of sorrow,
Solace he of hope can't borrow,
For you'll do the like to-morrow,
W. G.

Naturally the rest of Grace's achievements that summer were less consistent and sensational, but he produced several other delightful innings. Going from Lord's to Brighton, a huge Bank Holiday crowd had the delight of seeing him play splendidly for 91 and 25 terminated by a wonderful right-handed catch by G. L. Wilson at third man. No less than nineteen thousand people passed the turnstiles at the Oval on the two days that Gloucestershire met Surrey, and Grace's small scores (17 and 10) caused great disappointment. However, he afforded ample compensation at Lord's for M.C.C. *v.* Ground *v.* Kent, when, on a crumbling wicket, he compiled his fifth century of the season, going in first and being ninth out with 125 out of 298 during a stay of three and a half hours. Considering the state of the ground no one could have anticipated any one making such a score and the spectators were greatly excited. At Birmingham, where he was twice caught at the wicket, his 43 was rattled up in an hour.

The Jubilee of I Zingari was celebrated by a match at Lord's between that club and the Gentlemen of England, one of the most delightful games ever played. The Gentlemen were much the weaker, but they won in triumphant fashion. Set 172 to win, Grace and A. Sellars actually made them without

being parted in the remarkably quick time of an hour and three-quarters by most exhilarating batting, the bowling consisting of F. S. Jackson, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, A. G. Steel, L. C. V. Bathurst and A. E. Stoddart. It seemed as if Grace could not get a century before the runs were hit off, but he settled all doubt by hitting a four and then a huge five, thus making 101 not out. He next turned his attention to the two Universities, particularly weak in bowling, and treating them very lightly scored 47 and 72 off them respectively.

Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's was fought on a confessedly defective pitch. But this troubled Grace little. The Players having made 231, he and Stoddart played out time with 137 registered for no wicket. Their partnership eventually realized 151. "Grace stayed in till the total reached 241 and for the first time since 1876 played an innings of over 100 for the Gentlemen at Lord's. Taking into consideration the quality of the bowling and the state of the wicket, we are inclined to think this was the finest innings he played during the season. He was at the wicket a little over four hours," and never gave a vestige of a chance nor an apparent mishit. The bowlers against him were Richardson, Mold, Peel, Attewell, Davidson and Tom Hayward. In that first innings of the amateurs, the other nine only made 48 between them.

For the next five weeks, Grace's only score of importance was a fine 70 in the return between Gloucestershire and Warwickshire. Then, against a sorely depleted Notts side, he batted admirably for 119 out of 254 on a very difficult wicket. Considering nobody else made forty, his achievement was indeed remarkable. Finally at Hastings for South *v.* North he ran up his ninth century of the season, a capital 104. With Stoddart he opened the innings in great style, the pair scoring 150 in less than two hours, Mold, Briggs, Pougher and Davidson

hardly sending down any maiden overs until they were separated. Amid all the bewildering plethora of runs the veteran had amassed, his own head was quite unturned by all the praises so deservedly lavished upon him. He took success as imperturbably as failure, but he enjoyed it fervently in his quiet way.

R. W. Rice, often associated with Grace in long partnerships, sends what he terms "one or two random recollections" as follows:

"Somewhere about 1895, when MacLaren was at his best, batting against Gloucestershire at Old Trafford, he trod on his wicket when placing a ball to leg. Taking no notice, he started to run. I can still hear the Old Man's plaintive: 'Aren't you going out, Archie?' and the confident reply: 'No, no, I am not.' Umpire's decision on appeal that the Old Harrovian did it after the stroke was completed—not out.

W. Mc G. Hemingway was a better scholar than most of us and was often to be found in the dressing-room with his back to the window reading some Greek play. The Old Man was all for the rigour of the game, and when the other once complained of his own temporary lack of success, replied very solemnly: 'How can you make runs, Bill, when you are always reading? I am never caught that way.'

Two of us were in the out-field very close together, on each side of the screen at Cheltenham when Kent were playing. A skier went up, which one of us could certainly have reached. The usual thing: both started, then stopped and the ball fell uncaught. W. G. said nothing to us, but we heard coming down the wind a growl: 'Some of these young fellows are on the wrong side of the ropes.' W. G. forgave everything but slacking—or what he took as such.

I was sitting next the Old Man at Old Trafford

when a certain colt made his first appearance for the county. The first over he had from Mold produced three fourers. W. G.'s slow smile of satisfaction was good to see as it broadened after each boundary, and then: 'Well, we've found something this time.' We had; the novice was G. L. Jessop."

H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, who had a very deep affection for W. G. Grace, was the youngest member of M.C.C. who ever sat on the Committee of the club, a fact of interest in a book produced under their auspices and for which he has shown characteristic enthusiasm. He writes:

"I think it would be presumptuous of me to allude to dear old W. G. except from the personal aspect. Probably others will have written that an outstanding feature of this greatest cricketer—or so it appears to me—was his encouragement to young cricketers. Individually I can say that he almost made one think one was a cricketer of something approaching his own calibre, until reflection made one realize the hiatus between. Moreover, he was so extraordinarily kind in little ways, such as signing his autograph on charity bats and in coming to play in mere village matches. I recall once when he played for me on a bitterly cold day on a wicket which he described afterwards as 'an undertaker's pitch.' Those episodes leave precious memories difficult to convey in printers' ink.

When I first had the honour of making his acquaintance—I think it was at Hastings—I was introduced to him as 'Shrimp,' a nickname that has stuck to me closer than my baptismal ones. That same evening he called me 'Snipe.' No one else ever has on any occasion.

Coming from such a source, his advice on captaincy was always invaluable. I remember his telling me, just before I left for South Africa in charge of

the England team, never to mind criticism. He added : ' No captain was ever worth his salt unless he was criticized. When you take on a captaincy, you take on the criticism it entails as well.' No truer remarks were ever made, not only about cricket, but about other responsibilities in life.

Possibly others may have suggested that as a captain W. G. adhered to what prevailed in his young days. I recollect that he altogether disapproved of the modern idea of giving a mere change bowler the first turn with the new ball. ' No, no, start your innings with your best bowler. Give him the best chance. It's the best way to bowl out the best bats on the other side.'

When I was one of the selection committee for choosing the England side in test matches against Australia, W. G. advised me that two left-handed batsmen ought to be selected. ' There are so many good bowlers who cannot bowl well to left-handed batsmen. And as any one batsman may fail, why not have a second left-handed one to bother the other side ? '

One anecdote, possibly only amusing to those who personally knew the two individuals. It was Surrey *v.* Gloucestershire at the Oval and the visitors were batting. Some favourite of W. G.'s was given out by a doubtful decision. Up rose the champion in the front seats of the pavilion : ' Shan't have it ; can't have it, and I won't have it,' he shouted. W. W. Read was fielding out in the deep just in front of the pavilion and with that famous smile of his replied : ' I am afraid, W. G., you've got to have it.'

Well do I remember how the dear Old Man cordially congratulated me on my captaincy of the Oxford eleven in the University match of 1896. It was the more generous because his own son had played for Cambridge and had failed to score in either innings. But that made no difference to big-hearted, big-bodied W. G. He could criticize pretty

acutely on occasion, so praise from him was well worth having. And he was not backward with it, though no power on earth would make him flatter or say he thought something good which he really thought 'tosh.' He was intrinsically sincere, inevitably individual, a delightfully unique personality."

Strangely enough, the succeeding season, 1896, furnished little anti-climax so finely did Grace consistently play, not even omitting some phenomenal achievements. It was a busy year and three batsmen exceeded the two thousand aggregate, K. S. Ranjitsinhji compiling 2,780, Abel 2,218 and W. G. Grace 2,135. The latter was fifth in the year's averages, only the Jam Sahib, Captain E. G. Wynyard, W. Gunn and W. N. Roe being ahead of him.

The Australians enjoyed a most successful and by far the pleasantest tour yet experienced. W. G. Grace, as before, met them on many occasions. As had been the case in several preceding tours, he played the first ball the Colonials delivered, on this occasion scoring a capital 49 and 26 for Lord Sheffield's powerful side, besides bowling out Iredale and S. Gregory. Once more the Gloucestershire attack was punished unmercifully by the visitors, and though the county also cut up badly with the bat, W. G. saved his men from absolute discredit by making 27 and 66. He batted soundly, if without feature calling for special remark, for 66 in the first test match, at Lord's. Lameness kept him out of some engagements, and before the conquering test encounter at the Oval an official statement, arising from the observations in the Press as to the allowance made for the expenses of amateurs, intimated that "during many years on the occasions of Dr. W. G. Grace playing at the Oval, at the request of the Surrey County Committee, in the matches Gentlemen *v.* Players and England *v.* Australia, Dr. Grace has received the sum of £10 a match to cover his

expenses in coming to and remaining in London during the three days."

The actual game, which had been preceded by other and more sensational differences, showed W. G. Grace to advantage. He profited by the state of the wicket to play a crisp 24, worth many a seventy, and won the match by his judgment. The Australians went in to make 111. Richardson began with a maiden, but seeing the wicket did not suit him, Grace at once took him off, substituting Peel, though the latter had never found his length in the first innings. The Yorkshireman took 6 wickets for 23 runs and the Colonials were out for 44, thus giving the Mother Country the rubber. Soon afterwards, Gloucestershire made the smallest score, 17, ever recorded in England against the Australians, out of which W. G. was responsible for 9. Finally, at Hastings, for the South, he contributed by far the highest individual effort, 53, hitting M'Kibbin, Trumble and Giffen with great severity.

In each of the Gentlemen *v.* Players he exceeded the half-century. At the Oval the amateurs won by a wicket, largely due to his fine judgment, for he carried out his bat for 53 which the quality of the bowling of the professionals—Richardson, J. T. Hearne and Lohmann—forced him to take two hours and a half to obtain. At Lord's too his 54 was mainly instrumental in the victory by 6 wickets. He was badly missed by Storer at short-leg off the first ball, but, on a wicket by no means perfect, made no other mistake.

His chief displays of the year were, however, for Gloucestershire. Against the weak bowling of Sussex, he proved more aggressive than on any other occasion, scoring 243 not out at Brighton and 301 at Bristol. Obviously he was in his very best form each time, contributing much more than half the total. The remarkable effort on the home ground was not only the highest of the season, but the third

best he himself had ever made in first-class matches. " On the first day he scored 193 out of 341 for three wickets and he was ninth out with the total at 548. He was at the wickets for eight hours and a half and so grandly did he play that he gave no actual chance. His great score was made up by twenty-nine fours, sixteen threes, twenty-seven twos and eighty-three singles."

Against Lancashire at Bristol, Grace batted very finely for 51 and 102 not out. When the last man Fred Roberts came in, his captain needed 16 to complete his century, but somehow the professional managed to stay for half an hour without making a run. Grace gave a masterly display, notable alike for restraint and range of scoring, for he placed his shots all round the wicket, Briggs for once being entirely non-plussed. Immediately in succession came a splendid innings of 186 against Somersetshire. He went in first and was last out, giving only one chance, playing throughout with great vigour, his effort including no less than twenty-five fours. By a coincidence, his two long partnerships with C. L. Townsend and Board each amounted to 133. In the earlier match with the neighbouring county, he had quite baffled opposing batsmen with his slows, claiming 10 wickets for 82 runs, much to his own glee. An excellent 70 against Yorkshire, absolutely free from blemish, and a capital 64 against Kent were also innings worthy of his reputation.

Playing at the Oval for Gloucestershire *v.* Surrey, W. G. stopped a tremendously hard cut which made a bad wound in his hand and he took no further part in the game before the interval. At lunch he complained of the way in which the ball was made, declaring it could not be properly constructed inside because it was too hard. The Surrey captain—K. J. Key—assured him that at the Oval all match balls were kept for two years to season them properly. The argument was getting animated until W. G.

asked to have the ball cut open. This was agreed to and E. S. de Winton, who was playing, was deputed to operate. Upon unwinding the interior, he drew out a piece of newspaper upon which was the date of a month in that very year. Great was the glee of W. G. That night from the bottom of the long flight of stairs at Fenchurch Street Station, he shouted to a friend at the top how he had scored off " the Surreyites," and he went on talking of this for many a day afterwards.

Except when his appeals against batsmen for obstruction were given against him, most people will concur that W. G. Grace was only once conspicuously ruffled in the field. That was at Lord's in the test match in this year, when the Colonial tearaway bowler E. Jones bowled the first express ball of the game deliberately short and it shot through W. G.'s beard hard to the screen for four byes. The veteran looked volumes, was so seriously discomfited that he took some time to recover his composure and then only after having made some observations to the wicket-keeper, while the twelve thousand spectators positively hummed, so general were their audible comments. Ever afterwards Grace was wont to speak of Jones as " the fellow who bowled through my beard," but the only immediate effect was to induce him to lay on extra hard to the subsequent deliveries. He scored 66 and Jones that innings only could claim J. T. Brown's wicket at a cost of 64 runs.

Lord Harris, commenting on the foregoing, observes :

" I saw the incident. W. G. was not quite quick enough. The ball grazed his beard, touched the top of the handle of his bat, ricocheted far over the wicket-keeper's head and went to the screen for four. I did not notice his being at all upset, and I was told

that the remark he made to Jones as he ran up the wicket was : ' Whatever are ye at ? ' "

In dealing with W. G. Grace's cricket in 1897 nothing can so admirably analyze it as the excellent criticism in *Wisden* which must be quoted in full. " The appreciable drop in Mr. Grace's figures is not in any way attributable to any falling off in skill. It was brought about by a strange lack of judgment during the early part of the season. For several weeks the great batsman laboured under the impression that it was imperative upon him to make runs at a quick pace. The result was, that though playing several bright innings he frequently lost his wicket at a time when he might have been considered well set, and so long did he continue to play in a manner quite foreign to his normal methods as to create a feeling of dismay. However, a finely played 66 for the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's apparently convinced him of the error of his ways, as from that point he recovered his patience and returned to his proper game. No sooner had he done so than he at once resumed his old place among batsmen, again becoming one of the most dependable run-getters in the country. He thus gave proof that when content to take his time over his runs and thoroughly play himself in, he was still a great batsman, and it was unfortunate that he should, through some misapprehension as to his powers, have allowed May and June—two months of hard wickets—to slip without making one really big score. Still, on the whole, he had a thoroughly successful season, obtaining 1,532 runs with an average of 39. This record, of which the best of batsmen might well be proud, becomes remarkable indeed when one reflects that the great cricketer is now in his fiftieth year." Actually he was thirteenth in the batting averages and in aggregate seventh, the only amateur surpassing him in both tables being K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

With regard to the foregoing stricture, it is interesting to quote the opinion he gave to a representative of the *Birmingham Post* in June, 1895 : "I think young batsmen as a rule play too slow a game. They should hit more and not play so steady. Of course some batsmen are not made for hitting and it would be fatal for them to try it ; but, on the other hand, good free cricket should certainly be encouraged." True words applicable to the game at every epoch.

H. B. Daft, in 1897, elicited from W. G. Grace the remarkable opinion that fast bowling was not so good then as it used to be. Yet the fast bowlers then included such masters of the ball as S. M. J. Woods, C. J. Kortright, F. S. Jackson, Richardson, W. Lockwood, Hirst, Mold and Woodcock—a phalanx most people who saw them bowl might think had never been surpassed.

Grace's highest score until July was 79 for M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Oxford University at Lord's, he and G. J. Mordaunt putting up 140 runs in an hour and twenty minutes for the first wicket. One of the players in the match is the authority for the following anecdote. The ground bowlers were proving too much for the University, so that wickets were falling fast. Either owing to his well-known kindly desire to encourage youthful players or to his equally known pleasure in doing a bit of trundling, he made an excuse to put himself on to bowl, with the result that things looked much better for Oxford. Now the amateur who tells the tale had a fiver on that M.C.C. would beat Oxford, and as runs began to come he viewed the change of bowling in a very different light to W. G., who was amused and pleased at the game becoming alive again. After deliberation and as the crisis was approaching, he went up to W. G., told him of his wager and asked if he would not like to share it with him. W. G. caught on at once and turning to the most effective professional, he said : "I think you've had long enough rest ; better have

another turn," and M.C.C. came out victorious.

Seldom have so many as thirty thousand spectators paid to witness Gentlemen *v* Players at Lord's, and the game proved worthy of the attention it attracted. Grace gave a superb demonstration of his batting powers by playing a magnificent innings of 66 against Richardson when such cricketers as A. E. Stoddart, J. R. Mason, J. A. Dixon, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and F. S. Jackson were completely baffled by his deliveries. Further he proved of service by getting out Chatterton and Storer at a critical period, but it was generally considered that the Players were considerably assisted towards their victory by his putting on F. G. Bull at the pavilion wicket. At the Oval for a poor side he scored 41 and took the wickets of Abel, W. G. Quaife, Baker and Storer for 108 runs. In the mid-September encounter at Hastings, his stand with F. Mitchell was the only one of importance in either innings of the amateurs.

For Gloucestershire, which enjoyed a much more successful season, Grace's most remarkable efforts were a century in each match with Notts. He played a wonderfully good 126 at Trent Bridge, but his 131 at Cheltenham was even better, for " he was at the wicket for four hours without giving a chance and scarcely made a bad hit." He followed up his batting triumph with a remarkably successful spell with the ball, capturing 6 wickets for 36 runs, five being caught and one stumped. Against Sussex his 116 was without a mistake, but it was a slow innings. It was curious that the other " centurion " in this match should have been the other veteran W. L. Murdoch. Grace had one of his escapes from bagging a brace against Surrey. Richardson had bowled him for 0. On the second evening most of the cricketers, professionals as well as amateurs, were the guests of a Gloucestershire host. At the close of the festivities, the last-named patted Richardson on the back, saying, " Do your best to-morrow, Tom,

but the Old Man must not get a pair." The Surrey fast bowler was the most good-natured of men and W. G. speedily relieved the anxiety of his friends, but Richardson claimed 12 wickets for 54 runs in that match. According to his custom, Grace distinguished himself against a touring side. The Philadelphians not only saw him score 113, but 7 of their side were his victims at a cost of 91 runs. For the benefit of Fred Roberts, he made the largest contribution, 51, against Middlesex, and once more his bowling proved baffling to Somersetshire. A month earlier at Liverpool he had punished Lancashire with two singularly bright contributions of 47 and 37, whilst for South *v.* North at Hastings he headed the list each time with 36 and 30.

As an instance of Grace's originality in criticism, it is of interest to quote the reply he made that winter to C. J. Robinson, who asked him his opinion of Rhodes as a bowler, the Yorkshireman having done wonders with the ball in the previous season. W. G. said : " Well, I didn't think much of him the first time I saw him, but when I came to have a good look at him, I found he kept the ball out of sight such a time and didn't seem to let you have a look at it until it was almost upon you. I never knew a bowler hide it longer."

P. F. Warner, keenest of observers as well as keenest of cricketers, writes :

" To me W. G. was a colossus. He was practically cricket and a great era of the game ended with his retirement. There never was such an outstanding figure, either metaphorically or literally, associated with the game. If one was going past the Oval on the outside of an omnibus, well as we know the Surrey men it might not be possible to identify them in the field, but W. G. would have been unmistakable at any distance within range of sight.

It is a curious fact that when I was a little boy, I

saw him bat fully half a dozen times at Lord's before I watched him make twenty. The mere fact of recollecting such a circumstance and thinking it worth recording is in itself an amazing tribute to his skill. The earliest great innings I saw him play was in that splendid partnership with A. Sellars against I Zingari, and if I had never seen him get another run I should still have realized that he had no rival. For my own sake I am thankful to add that I witnessed many a long score obtained in his great fashion, more by force than by style, but with incomparable skill.

Once at Rugby at the nets I was bowled by that wily coach old Tom Emmett with a ball that seemed dead on the leg stump but broke and took the off bail. 'Never mind, sir,' said Tom, 'that was a sostenuter.' 'A what?' I inquired flabbergasted. 'A sostenuter, sir. Why, what else could you call it? I remember bowling W. G. first ball with just such a one in Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval, but,' laying his finger against his nose in that inimitable characteristic fashion of his, 'he made 90 in the second innings.'

The first time I played against W. G. was my second match for Middlesex in 1894. It was at Bristol, and I remember him coming on to the ground in his white flannel trousers with a cut-a-way coat and the curious half topper black hat he was addicted to. Directly he was within hail of us, he sang out: 'Eight o'clock, Webbie: don't forget it's down the well,' referring to the fact that we were all dining with him that night—eight Middlesex amateurs—and that he was icing the liquid refreshment. In that match I was missed at point by E. M. off C. L. Townsend. 'You ought to have caught it,' shouted W. G. instantly, and there was a furious brotherly silence.

That reminds me that when W. G. was last in Australia and Alec Bannerman won a test match by

occupying seven hours in scoring 91, the Englishmen came thronging so close round the wicket that a fellow in the crowd shouted, ' Look out, Alec, W. G. will have his hand in your pocket in a minute.'

W. G. was always awfully nice ; his manner had a particularly affectionate way about it which was very charming. At lunch at a county match in Gloucestershire, if a youngster was playing in the visiting side, he would invariably call to him by name : ' How are you getting on ? Are they looking after you properly ? ' Just one of those kindly attentions which set a shy colt at his ease. What a jolly good judge of a young player he was ! And he had a good word for a tryer on the opposing side. Once at Lord's, he was cleverly annexed by an unknown running wide from cover-point, who afterwards became an England cricketer. As he trudged away to the pavilion, W. G. said : ' You caught it well, you caught it well.'

He could be a trifle inconsiderate as captain sometimes. Once for M.C.C. *v.* Australia, Wrathall was fielding long-on to J. T. Hearne and long-off to C. L. Townsend bowling at the other end, which meant he had to sprint practically the length of Lord's between each over. So I suggested to W. G. that I should go into the country at one end to save him. ' Not a bit. Do him good. Harry is lazy,' said the Old Man. Now if ever there was a hard-working energetic professional it was Harry Wrathall. But that day the champion was hard on him : an exception to his customary thoughtfulness for others.

Batting with him for the Gentlemen or for M.C.C. in his veteran days, one had to put a curb on one's natural propensity to cover ground quickly between the wickets, for his knee was often bad and what would have been a reasonable three he walked for a single. He could pound down the pitch at a fairly good pace for a long run, but it was turning and starting again which bothered him.

When I toured in Australia, it was after his day at the Antipodes, but everywhere when people talked cricket, W. G.'s name always came up. I remember at a dinner in South Australia, in a speech, some one spoke of George Giffen as the greatest cricketer that had ever been seen. In my reply I said that we at home regarded W. G. as by far the greatest cricketer the world had ever known, but thought George Giffen the W. G. of Australia. This was heartily applauded—and of course it was true, for, splendid cricketer as Giffen was on Australian wickets, he was never a very good player on a wet English pitch. I think the Old Man cared less about the state of the ground when he was going to bat than any prominent batsman I ever met, with the possible exceptions of Victor Trumper and Hobbs.

Of all the feats I witnessed by W. G. the one that most surprised me was a bowling one. It was in 1902—he was then nearly fifty-four—against the Australians when Trumper was at his very best. The Old Man took the ball and I thought we were in for it. Instead the Australians were—5 for 29; marvellously baffling too, not a pinch of luck to help an analysis of which Tom Richardson would have been proud."

CHAPTER XVIII

Grace's Jubilee and the End of his County

With Reminiscences by F. S. Ashley-Cooper, Hirst and Lilley

THE Committee of M.C.C., with their usual forethought, selected the date of Grace's jubilee for the decision of the annual match between Gentlemen and Players at Lord's. The fact of the champion on his fiftieth birthday being able to play with and in skill to equal cricketers some of whom were not born when he first appeared in the greatest match of the year, thirty-three summers before, caught the public imagination to a remarkable degree. Eulogies were as general as when he had scored his thousand runs in May three seasons previously. A crowd exceeding twenty thousand gathered at St. John's Wood and many more had to be excluded from lack of space. "On all sides the Doctor was congratulated and wherever he went people were pressing round to wish him very many happy returns of the day."

The game itself proved worthy of the occasion and every man who took part in it was presented by the M.C.C. with a medal struck in honour of the event. "Feeling no doubt the honour of having been chosen on such an occasion, the cricketers of both sides played quite as keenly as though the match had been England and Australia, and as a natural consequence a superb display was given." The Gentle-

men were represented by W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, C. L. Townsend, A. C. MacLaren, J. R. Mason, J. A. Dixon, S. M. J. Woods, E. G. Wynyard, G. MacGregor and C. J. Kortright. The Players selected were Shrewsbury, Abel, W. Gunn, Storer, Tunnicliffe, Brockwell, A. Hearne, Lilley, W. Lockwood, Haigh and J. T. Hearne, Wilfred Rhodes being twelfth man. Ultimately the latter were the victors by 137 runs.

Grace himself was handicapped both by lameness and a severe blow on the hand, but he took a memorable share in the match, though he did not field throughout. On the first day he effected a very much-needed separation of Tunnicliffe and Storer. Next morning at noon he went in first with A. E. Stoddart. Though he limped painfully, yet his defence " was of the most stubborn and determined character, and though some thought he might have been caught at the wicket when he had made a single, he gave his admirers a batting display which lasted an hour and a half," his score of 43 being terminated by a catch by Lilley off Lockwood. On the last day when the amateurs had to obtain 296 in less than three hours, he did not intend to bat, owing to his bruised hand. When with J. T. Hearne irresistible, —he was breaking the ball back six or seven inches— 7 wickets had fallen for 77, Grace himself went in, his appearance being greeted with tremendous cheering. Two more wickets fell at 80 and with an hour and a quarter to play Kortright came last. A thrilling partnership followed which created unbounded excitement. Despite constant changes, both batted steadily, making runs where they could, but intent on saving the game if possible. Grace was playing with extreme confidence and Kortright showed judicious restraint. The minutes passed away and hopes of a draw began to grow. At four minutes to seven the batsmen were still together, when Lockwood went on for a final effort from the pavilion end.

W. G. GRACE ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

From a photograph taken at Lords, July 18th. 1898.

Kortright faced him and cut the third ball high over Haigh's head at cover-point, but the Yorkshireman ran back and brought off a good catch, thus winning the game about two minutes from time. The spectators rushed across the grass and cheered the two batsmen to the echo, especially their hero Grace, who was undefeated though so physically handicapped.

He was entertained at a large dinner at the Sports Club, with Lord Alverstone—then Sir Richard Webster, Q.C., M.P.—in the chair. In proposing his health, the future Lord Chief Justice ended with: "In days to come he trusted that W. G. from his fireside would be able to contemplate with satisfaction his cricket days, in which he had not thought of himself, but set an example, and would die as he had lived, admired of the British nation as a straightforward type of an Englishman."

W. G.'s reply was not lengthy, but to the point. He said he had not deserved half the kind things Sir Richard had said of him and regarded it as the greatest honour of his life, though he wished he could have called upon "Stoddie" to make his reply. He had written out nothing of a speech and therefore would not detain them three or four hours. His remarks would be few and short. When he was pleased his remarks were always all right and when he was not—well, they were all wrong. That night, however, they were all right, though he could not claim that he was quite so kind to colts as their chairman had tried to make out. He remembered when, in a match at Lord's, they brought up an unfortunate colt, who had taken a few wickets in a match the week before. His first ball went over the garden by the old armoury, the second followed suit, the third and fourth went into the pavilion and they never bowled that poor fellow again. He was only too pleased to captain such a side as he had had under his command at Lord's that day, and their score had,

moreover, been secured by hard work all round. Had the Players not won the toss he would venture to say they would have been a beaten side that night.

Of course Grace's jubilee proved a theme for dozens of minor poets, and to make a selection of their outpourings might seem invidious. However, as J. P. Kingston was so actively associated with county cricket in Northamptonshire, the fact of his being an excellent bat may be regarded as an additional reason for quoting his ode.

To W. G. Grace

Well done, Leviathan! We send thee here
A birthday greeting for thy jubilee;
Unparalleled in scoring, now this year
Another half hundred brings to thee.
Straight as thy bat has been thy course in life
And still thy force unwasted forward plays;
Thy splendid vigour with decay holds strife,
And Time, that runs out all, with thee delays;
Thy fame has spread wherever bat and ball
Ring with their joyous clatter o'er the field.
On this thy birthday may no shadow fall
And may it still a further hundred yield;
Thou art the centre of a million eyes
Who love one summer game and sunny skies.

L. S. Wells, who often played with the champion, has sent a stirring jubilee song, which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Ah, he has seen where the grass is green,
A host of warriors strive
Since the days of old when a stripling bold,
He first stepped out to drive;
When of those who play with him here to-day
But a few had learnt to creep,
Though some, may be, on their nurse's knee
Were lulled with a song to sleep.

His comrades then are grey-haired men,
Whose fading eyes grow dim,
As they call to mind what is left behind
When they are watching him.

Yet his arm, they vow, is as lusty now,
His eye is just as keen,
His reach as long, and his nerve as strong,
As when he was but nineteen.

Since he treats each ball as he treated all
In the days that are no more;
For he cracks the slow of any "pro"
To the boundary rails for four;
Shooters he stops, cuts wide long-hops,
They come to him all the same,
While he lets very few of the fast ones thro'
When he plays his forcing game.

So every friend at his innings' end—
May it be a distant day—
Will remember still the champion's skill,
How he got that yorker away!
Nor shall we forget, with a keen regret,
When his glorious course is run,
To be proud that he was born to be
Athletic England's son.

In that jubilee year of his, Grace scored 1,513 runs with an average of 42, standing ninth in a summer of prolific scoring and eleventh in aggregate, with three centuries to his credit and, on occasions, a remarkable revival of success with the ball to boot.

He had indulged in some effective practice against XXII County Colts, scoring 146 not out in five hours and twenty minutes, whilst in the first match of the season at Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Sussex, his 65 was a long way the largest and best effort in the match. For the Gentlemen at the Oval he contributed 50, patiently defending for over two hours, whilst at Hastings he headed the score sheet with 58 for the Rest of England *v.* Stoddart's Australian XI and with 40 was second highest for Rest of England *v.* Surrey and Sussex.

A prominent personage exercising much authority at the Oval writes that W. G. was always very anxious that the Gentlemen should put up a good

fight against the Players, which, having regard to the calibre and experience of the latter, became in his later years a matter of real difficulty, especially as it was the custom to give a chance to some young amateur who had shown ability and promise under less trying ordeals. One day it was communicated to the selection committee that W. G., who was going to captain the side, had sent up a polite and friendly intimation that he hoped amateurs would not be chosen who were out before they went in—a remark of course directed against "nervy" cricketers, of which there were a good many.

Gloucestershire enjoyed a remarkable advance, taking third place in the championship table with a percentage of fifty, being only below Yorkshire and Middlesex. Grace with an average of 47 and an aggregate of 1,141 was far ahead of the rest of the side in batting. His greatest achievement was in the one-wicket success over Essex at Leyton. He began with an astonishing piece of bowling on the easiest batting wicket in the country, for he captured 7 wickets for only 44 runs, clean bowling H. G. Owen and Charles MacGahey, catching P. Perrin off one of his own deliveries, inducing C. J. Kortright to obstruct, A. J. Turner and F. G. Bull being secured by the wicket-keeper Board, and Walter Mead being caught in his favourite trap. He followed this up with a marvellous 126 out of 203 whilst he was in. Not only was there no chance in this display, but the attack of C. J. Kortright was absolutely terrific. He was banging ball after ball down with almost reckless virulence, but Grace never seemed perturbed even though severely knocked on the hand several times. He shaped at the really dangerous bowling with perfect coolness, and in the second innings his 49 was again by far the best and largest contribution. A good deal of feeling ran high between the great batsman and the fast bowler in this game, but thanks to the friendly offices of C. E. Green all ended

happily, and ten days later the Essex amateur provided the remarkable stand with the champion at Lord's, which has already been described.

Though very lame Grace was batting for six and a half hours at Trent Bridge for 168 against Notts, during the whole of which he did not make the vestige of an error, whilst at the conclusion he played out time with 38 out of 56. In each match with Somersetshire he was in vein. Once more his neighbours, who traditionally indulged in aggressively lively batting tactics, were troubled by his bowling—7 for 85 and 5 for 53—and at Taunton, if favoured by luck, his 109 was remarkably brilliant. Opening the defence with W. Troup, he was first out at 169, having hit fifteen fours. "Did you say I made that score on a small ground?" he once asked a friend; "let me tell you it takes as much trouble to hit to the ropes at Taunton as at the Oval."

"His highest score in a home match was 93 not out *v.* Sussex at Bristol, and on that occasion he declared the innings of his side closed. The explanation of this seemingly curious proceeding was to be found in the fact that with the exception of 93 he had previously made in first-class cricket every score from 0 to 100 and he was desirous of obtaining this particular number." It may be added that he took no particular risk in adopting this policy as nine wickets had already fallen. Other excellent efforts were 63 against Notts, with R. W. Rice putting up 106 for the first wicket, 55 *v.* Middlesex terminated by a wonderful catch by A. E. Stoddart at short-slip which Grace himself acknowledged by grasping his hand in cordial compliment before he returned to the pavilion, and 51 at the Oval, the highest on the side, but a forlorn effort as it came after Surrey had declared with 500 on the board and only four wickets down. Few professionals have ever been the compeers of George Hirst, and he writes thus delightfully about Grace:

"As a lad I always wanted to see and play against the greatest of cricketers, Dr. W. G. Grace, and at last I had my wish. I have seen in the papers lately letters as to who had taken his wicket most times. Well, I can tell you who took it less times than most bowlers—myself. I never got Dr. Grace's wicket, to my regret.

This little story comes out of that. We were playing Gloucestershire at Sheffield, Schof Haigh having first bowl at W. G. Of course I had told him my experience. He goes on and slams a fast full toss shoulder high. W. G. pops his bat up to prevent it killing him, skied the ball a few feet straight into David Hunter's hands. I do not know which of us, W. G. or myself, was the more disgusted. I can see him yet, walking down the pitch and patting the end quite near Haigh, while Haigh was kindly explaining to me the way to get W. G. out.

The Doctor himself knew I had never taken his wicket and one day, in a little chaff he mentioned the fact. My only consolation in reply was: 'Well, Doctor, we are quits. You have never got mine!'

Another tale, round Hastings Festival, where the Doctor was so very popular. It was a North *v.* South or Gents *v.* Players match: Schof Haigh wanted to catch a train. He asked the Doctor's leave, and just before the time Haigh wanted to leave, W. G. was batting. Haigh was fielding short-leg. He skied a soft one to him, and as he was running down the wicket W. G. cried: 'If you catch it, I shall not let you go home.' Result: he missed it, not his train.

What a pity the Doctor died at this sad time. For the greatest of all cricketers the fitting end should have been at Lord's at a great match."

All students of cricket must realize that most judicious observations on the game are to be found in the annual volumes of *Wisden*—the only books by

the way that Grace himself loved and his set of the series were well read, not put on a high shelf only for reference. Therefore, on what may be regarded as one of the most discussed episodes in the champion's career, *Wisden* may be quoted as the safest guide:

"In connection with Gloucestershire cricket in 1899, the most important fact was the secession of Mr. W. G. Grace from the eleven. Mr. Grace took part in four games in May, his last appearance for the county being against Middlesex at Lord's. It then became known that he had resigned the captaincy and retired from the team. It was understood that his relations with the county committee had been somewhat strained and there is not much doubt that his acceptance of the post of manager to the new London County Club, organized by the Crystal Palace authorities, was a source of irritation. It would be idle, even if one were in a position to do so, to enter into the merits of the dispute, but the upshot was that he withdrew from a post he had held since the formation of the Gloucestershire county club thirty years ago. When interviewed on the subject, Mr. Grace said that he had not refused to play for Gloucestershire, but as he was not seen in the eleven after May, it may fairly be assumed that his connection with the county has finally ceased. It is a matter for regret that his county career should have ended in such an unfortunate manner, but whatever the real rights of the quarrel, his retirement marked the close of a great and glorious chapter in cricket history." To this it would be superfluous as well as fruitless to add. Nothing further is required for the purpose of his biography except to mention that he himself never displayed the slightest ill-will about the matter.

He did not have a sufficiency of first-class practice to keep himself in form in 1899, but on important occasions showed little deterioration as a batsman, though his average fell to 23. He gathered a power-

ful eleven of the South of England to encounter the Australians at the Crystal Palace in the opening match of their tour. Contrary to his previous custom he did not go in first and score the first run chronicled against them, but in the second innings batted with all his old judgment for 47, enjoying an admirable stand with K. S. Ranjitsinhji. He also dismissed Clement Hill, l.b.w. Subsequently he appeared in the first test match at Nottingham, going in first, and after he had compiled 28 judiciously, losing his wicket through over-eagerness to score from M. A. Noble on the off-side.

As this was the last test match in which he ever appeared, it seems a suitable opportunity to insert the recollections of that great English wicket-keeper A. A. Lilley, who writes:

"I little thought that when a lad I read and heard of the prowess of W. G. on the cricket field, I should have the pleasure and privilege of becoming intimately acquainted with him, yet for twenty-four years that was granted me. During my first-class career—from 1888 to 1912—I either played with or against him several times each year till 1909. The first time was the opening of the County Ground, Bristol, when Warwickshire had not aspired to first-class cricket, and the last occasion was in 1909 in a tea-party match at Shillinglee Park, Sussex. He was just as keen on the game in the last match as the first, and throughout his career this intense love for the game of cricket struck me so prominently in him. As in later years I knew W. G. Grace better, so my personal regard for him and my unstinted admiration for the cricketer correspondingly increased.

His knowledge and judgment were as comprehensive as his skill. I have met him in test matches, North and South, Gentlemen *v.* Players and in lighter house-party games, and his motto was ever to play the game as it should be played. In other

branches of sport he was really good, be it game-shooting, fishing or golf. I well remember Mr. Robert Sevier had invited W. G. to bring a team to Doddington Hall. The Doctor brought with him his bosom friend W. L. Murdoch, that grand cricketer C. L. Townsend and several other county players. Mr. Sevier got a good side including A. C. MacLaren, C. Robson, Len Braund, Frank Field and myself. The match was very enjoyable and a few friendly bets made it very keen. Mr. Sevier's side won, and it was arranged the party should have a day's shooting on the morrow. To show how keen W. G. was on his sport, one gentleman was allowed to walk the stubble with his gun carelessly handled. This was noticed by the Doctor and the gentleman was asked to leave the ground and put his gun up.

He was a great friend to the professional cricketers and I can recall many kindly acts and words of encouragement given them by him. Many of us owe much to him—the pat on the back—the stroking of that beard when things were not going well—will ever be remembered by us. On the other hand he never spared 'a slacker' in the field and delighted to take 'the rise' out of a swollen head. On one occasion—the second test match of 1896 at Manchester—I had my only bowling experience in a test game. The previous week I had taken 6 wickets for 46 runs against Derbyshire and W. G. had heard of it. During the first innings of the Australians, Harry Trott and Clem Hill got going, so I was called on to bowl. J. T. Brown took my place. My first over yielded a wide and 14 runs, but I was allowed to continue. The last ball of the fifth over, I sent down a long-hop on the off—Harry Trott had a lunge at it and just touched it. Several of us shouted and J. T. Brown seemed quite surprised to have the ball in his hands. I had taken my only wicket in a test match and I naturally expected to continue bowling, but W. G. came to me and said,

' Put the gloves on, Dick, I shall not want you to bowl again ; you must have been bowling with your wrong arm.'

It is well known that W. G. Grace never ' bagged a pair ' in a first-class match. Apropos to this, I remember in one of the Gentlemen *v.* Players matches, poor Tom Richardson clean bowled the champion for a duck. When he came out for his second innings, he turned to me and said, ' Tell Tom I have never "got a brace" in my life—there is a bottle of wine on this.' The Doctor made a good score and Tom and I had some of the wine."

When M.C.C. and Ground met the Australians, Grace was in excellent vein, batting first, playing E. Jones—who was bowling tremendously fast—with absolute imperturbability and finding himself credited with 50. The match was suspended on the second day for the cricketers to be presented to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Grace, quite at his ease, much amused the Prince with some remarks about the game and, being a non-smoker, refused a cigar from his case which was accepted by the Australian captain Joe Darling.

Next time Grace met the Colonials was in a very slack game at the Crystal Palace. Though the team was called his Eleven, it virtually was similar to one of those that subsequently represented London County on fairly important occasions. W. G. again found M. A. Noble his master after scoring 25, but, in the concluding hour, when a draw was inevitable, he took three Australian wickets very cheaply. A patient 29 at Hastings was his only subsequent effort of any importance against them.

For the Gentlemen at the Oval he scored 28 and 60, in the latter instance commencing very badly, though batting much better when he settled down. At Lord's he and J. R. Mason played out time on the first day, scoring 64 in seventy minutes. " On the

following morning, the two batsmen played with far more freedom and by fine cricket carried the score to 439. Then, just when he seemed well set for his hundred, Grace was run out, his partner, forgetful of his age and weight, foolishly calling him for a short run. It was altogether an unfortunate business. Thirty-one years have elapsed since Grace made his first hundred for the Gentlemen at Lord's and every one would have been delighted to see him once more perform the feat in what one may call the autumn of his career. Whereas it took him an hour and forty minutes to score 33 runs on the Monday, he made his last 45 in barely an hour. While they were together he and Mason put on 130 runs for the seventh wicket." An instance of his kindness may be cited. In the last encounter of the year, Home Counties *v.* Rest of England, Grace kept C. L. Townsend on bowling for an unconscionable time so that he might secure his hundred wickets in conjunction with scoring two thousand runs in the season.

In December, W. G. Grace was elected a life-member of the M.C.C. on the suggestion of Lord Harris.

Although in part somewhat anticipatory, here may be introduced the impressions of Grace's warm friend and admirer F. S. Ashley-Cooper, who writes :

" In glancing over the career of W. G. Grace, one cannot fail to be struck with the amount of work he got through before he had reached the age of thirty. Each of the three Graces was a cricket phenomenon. E. M. was picked for West Gloucestershire against All England Eleven when only thirteen and G. F. played for South of the Thames at Canterbury in 1866 at the age of fifteen and for England at Lord's two years later. W. G. was only sixteen when—at headquarters in 1865—he made his first appearance for the Gentlemen, being then given his place more

on account of bowling than batting, and in the following season by means of 224 not out and 173 not out in representative matches at the Oval had gained the title of champion—at an age when many of our famous amateurs were not yet in their school elevens. It may here be mentioned that, among cricketers, Alfred Mynn and W. G. Grace alone have been termed the champion and that, when the latter burst on the world of cricket, an enthusiast brought Mynn's pads to him, declaring that only he was worthy to wear them.

Some idea of the wonderful nature of his career may be obtained from the fact that in first-class cricket at Lord's alone he scored 12,690 runs and was dismissed 345 times, averaging 36·78. Such a record would have been noteworthy if he had been a Middlesex man, playing county cricket regularly on the ground, instead of being identified with Gloucestershire, which, for many years, arranged comparatively few matches. But the further point that very many of the matches in which he took part at Lord's were representative, test and picked fixtures enhances the extraordinary character of his record, as so many of his runs were made against such skilled opponents, and also it must be borne in mind how rough a ground Lord's was until about 1875, and even now it is often exceptionally difficult to play on. When Grace made 134 there in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match of 1868, the late Fred Gale ('the Old Buffer') wrote: 'The wicket reminded me of a middle-aged gentleman's head of hair, when the middle-aged gentleman, to conceal the baldness of his crown, applies a pair of wet brushes to some favourite long locks and brushes them across the top of his head.' Cricketers are more exacting in the twentieth century and with the greatest care and precision will remove half an inch of straw or a dead fly from the pitch.

The influence the Old Man had on the game was

remarkable. A writer in *The Jubilee Book of Cricket* aptly observed: 'He revolutionized cricket. He turned it from an accomplishment into a science. . . . Before W. G. batsmen were of two kinds—a batsman played a forward game or he played a back game. . . . What W. G. did was to unite in his mighty self all the good points of all the good players and to make utility the criterion of style. . . . He turned the old one-stringed instrument into a many-chorded lyre. But, in addition, he made his execution equal his invention.' These are brave words, but they do not state more than the truth. When he was at his zenith—say in the middle seventies—bowlers, instead of attacking him, seemed at his mercy, and more than one professional on obtaining his wicket threw his cap in the air in triumph. Only a man who took every care of his health could have found it possible to play so well and so long in the great matches of the day.

Bob Thoms, the finest of all umpires, told me that if Grace had not been the best batsman of all time, he would have been the best bowler. Being always quick to discover a batsman's weakness, he obtained a wicket directly he went on to an extent not appreciated. Southerton once wrote: 'It was in the North *v.* South [1869], and after Willsher, Silcock and I had in vain tried to secure a separation of the batsmen, Mr. W. G. Grace took the ball and got three wickets in six balls, not one of which was within a foot of being straight.' In 1877, Gloucestershire played Notts at Cheltenham. In the first innings, the visitors collapsed for 111, W. G. taking nine wickets. Daft kept himself back in the follow-on and, as batsman after batsman fell into the trap of Grace's leg ball, so did his wrath increase. At length, his patience being exhausted, he himself went in to stop the rot, and all those who had been tempted and had fallen were naturally anxious to see what the captain would do. Alas for brave resolutions!

Daft was quite as human as his comrades, for the score sheet read ' c Gilbert b W. G. Grace, o,' and W. R. Gilbert was fielding on the leg-side. The champion captured seventeen wickets in that match, which his county won without having to go in a second time. With the last 17 balls that innings, W. G. claimed seven wickets without a run being made from him.

Against men he met for the first time, he was almost invariably successful. A. G. Steel evidently divined the reason for this because, writing in the *Badminton* volume, he remarked : ' The batsman seeing an enormous man rushing up to the wickets with both elbows out, great black beard blowing on each side of him, a huge yellow cap on the top of a dark, swarthy face, expects something more than the gentle lobbed-up ball that does come ; he cannot believe that this baby bowling is really the great man's, and gets flustered and loses his wicket.'

With the ring too Grace was always very popular, for he invariably played with a robust cheerfulness. Sometimes, in the old days at Lord's, when the crowd grew a little out of hand or encroached into the field, he would put matters right with some well-chosen words and, as often as not, a few hand-shakes with admiring strangers.

Grace was always ready to go out of his way to play in a benefit match. For example, Notts wanted him to play on the same day as Rowbotham had fixed for his benefit. He had promised to play for the latter and Rowbotham went up specially to London from Yorkshire to ask him what he would do. The answer was : ' Joe, I will play for you and no one else on that day as I promised.' Notts had to put off his visit.

The good nature he showed to young cricketers is proverbial. Board, the Gloucestershire wicket-keeper, for one, speaks eloquently of the kindness shown him by the champion in introducing him to

first-class cricket. One day, early in 1891, he received a telegram, asking him to call on Mrs. Grace and, to use his own words : ' When I got to the house, she said : " Here's two pounds. W. G. has wired me to send you up to Lord's on Monday morning." I did not know where Lord's was. I was only a poor gardener and Mrs. Grace wrote out on a piece of paper all instructions. I was to take a ticket to Paddington and then a cab to Lord's and I was not to pay the cabman more than eighteenpence. At Lord's I was to ask for Dr. Grace. When I got there, I was told by W. G. that I was to keep wicket for the South against the North for Rylott's benefit match. He introduced me to the professionals' room and I remember him saying to a group of players : " Look after him." When the match was over—and, mind, I had to stand up to Lohmann, Sharpe, Ferris and Martin that I had never seen before—W. G. took me in at the amateurs' gate and saw that I was paid. They wanted to deduct a sovereign from me for Rylott's benefit and he said : " No, take half-a-sovereign. He's a youngster who has never played in first-class before." Then he drove me in his cab to Paddington, travelled with me and I rode through the streets of Bristol with him to his home. Mind you, W. G. was W. G. in those days. His name was a household word the world over. I felt somebody. There was a lot of pride in me. W. G. told the cabman to drive me home and a week later I played my first county match.' One can well believe Board when he adds : ' The Old Man was almost a father to me.'

The affection felt for W. G., especially by those who had played with him frequently, was very strong and formed a remarkable tribute to his kind-heartedness. Many years ago, when talking about cricket with Frank Townsend in Devonshire, something prompted me to ask : ' I suppose you were very fond of him ? ' Looking straight into my eyes and

emphasizing every word, he replied thoughtfully and slowly: 'Yes, I love every inch of the Old Man.' It was more than a mere figure of speech, for the impressive manner in which the words were spoken showed they came from the heart.

Like every other cricketer, Grace rejoiced (in a quiet way) when he did well. Few innings, I know, caused him greater personal satisfaction during the latter part of his career than his 74 for Gentlemen *v.* Players on his fifty-eighth birthday. I happened to be in the dressing-room when he came in after being dismissed. The Old Man, as brown as a berry, was greeted with an unanimous chorus of congratulation, which must have sounded musical in his ears, though it was far from being so in reality. Looking as delighted as a schoolboy, he lumbered across the room and, throwing his bat on a table, remarked: 'There! I shan't play any more.' Of course he meant against the Players, for on the very next day he was cutting and driving the ball in all directions at the Crystal Palace.

Naturally there was a reverse side to the medal. One year, at Hastings, I arrived a few minutes late and, seeing the cricketers standing idly in the centre of the ground, assumed that the game had not commenced and sat down in the second row of the pavilion seats. Almost immediately W. G. came out and reclined directly in front of me, which seemed strange as it was evident his was the batting side. As soon, therefore, as he had settled down, I tapped him on the shoulder and inquired when he was going in. To my surprise, the question, asked in all innocence, irritated him and he returned an answer which would not look quite courteous in print. Leaning back in my seat, sorely puzzled, I was addressed by a friend: 'You ass! Didn't you know he had been in and was bowled for a single?' A little later, I followed W. G. into the pavilion and explained, whereupon he threw his right arm round

my shoulders and said : ' I am so sorry. I thought you were trying to " pull my leg," and besides I don't like to fail, as I did to-day.'

He possessed a ' school buoyancy ' which he never lost : he loved a bit of fun, even when it told against himself, to the very last. I well remember how we had a bit of chaff at his expense at Hastings. During his innings he made one magnificent hit off Rhodes over mid-on, sending the ball beyond some tents which lined the ground. When, shortly after, he was dismissed, and was wending his way in, he called out, evidently as happy as a boy who has made his first fifty : ' That was a very fine hit I made just now off Rhodes.' The remark was thoroughly justified and almost all of us in the small enclosure were personal friends. Some one wickedly suggested we should pretend not to have seen it and accordingly he was greeted with cries of ' What hit ? ' ' When was it ? ' ' Strange we should have missed it,' etc. W. G. of course saw a little harmless fun was being indulged in, and he came in, chuckling softly, with bowed head and a twinkle in his eye. Once well inside the pavilion, he called out to Mr. Fellows, whom he espied a short way off : ' I say, Harvey, here's Ashley-Cooper didn't see that big hit of mine. He must have been asleep.' There the matter was allowed to rest and, having had the last word, W. G. was happy.

At times he was doubtful whether a remark was deliberately intended against him or not, and then the uncertainty he showed was amusing. A delightful instance of this occurred whilst he was enjoying a foursome at golf. His partner : ' What a lovely day.' W. G. (cheerily) : ' Yes, ideal weather for cricket.' His partner : ' Cricket ! Are you interested in cricket ? ' It was perhaps not surprising that he was put off his game for a couple of holes.

Again, many years ago, a cricket enthusiast witnessed a match at Thornbury in which E. M. Grace,

for private reasons, played under a *nom de guerre* and made a very long score in double quick time by his own peculiar methods. Immediately afterwards a spectator wrote to W. G. Grace recommending him to keep his eye on a promising player named Green at Thornbury, whose style was distinctly agricultural, but who might turn out well as the result of a little sound coaching. The champion forwarded the letter to his brother and an explanation followed, but W. G. was never quite certain that a little fun had not been perpetrated at their expense.

Quite as amusing, in its way, was the Old Man's experience when, walking across Durdham Downs one afternoon, he saw several small boys playing. At once recognizing that the stumps were almost thirty yards apart, he genially set things right and (in a silence that could be felt) offered to give them a few hints on batting. To see a huge bearded man stoop over him, and put out a giant paw for the bat, was more than the youthful batsman could endure, so he blurted out: 'Garn! Wot do an old man like you know about cricket?' Thus he effectually put W. G. to rout, for the dear old champion lumbered away, pulling his beard in thoughtful silence.

How plainly he showed his feelings by the way in which he toyed with his beard. Thus could satisfaction, doubt, mortification, delight and many other emotions be recognized by those who knew him well. For years W. G.'s beard and W. E. G.'s collar were the most familiar things in the country to the average Englishman, and just as the former's state of mind could be gauged in the way stated, so could the latter's by the distance his neck-tie had travelled towards his ear.

W. G. not only loved to make a joke, but he could appreciate one which told against himself. Some years ago, at Lord's, it was considered necessary to request all members to show their cards or sign the book on entering the ground. A short time after

the regulation had been made, the secretary noticed the Old Man engaged in a very animated discussion with the janitor. A few minutes later he burst into the secretary's room and exclaimed : ' What do you think ? They wanted to refuse to let me in because I had not my card of membership with me. I have never brought it and I never will.' With incomparable blandness and suppressing a smile, came the reply : ' Well, I'm sorry, but in that case I am afraid we shall not have the pleasure of seeing you here again.' For a moment W. G. stared in amazement, but recognizing the humour of the situation, threw back his head and roared with laughter.

One of my pleasantest recollections of the champion concerns a visit to the Crystal Palace. I arrived in good time and, as I strolled on to the ground, met him going out to practise. ' I will bowl you a few,' I remarked, and with my fourth removed one of the bails. As this was the only time I ever bowled to him, my elation was excusable. It is difficult to say who was the more surprised, batsman or bowler, but I ejaculated : ' I soon found out your weak point, Doctor,' before he had quite recovered from the shock, whereupon he emitted a noise between a snort and a grunt and bade me ' do it again ' with a very keen glance. For the next twenty minutes I laboured to accomplish his request, but, like Dick Swiveller, soon discovered that destiny was too strong for me.

As a medical man, by his kindness and consideration W. G. gained the affection of those amongst whom he practised. To them he was a kind of combined fairy god-uncle and Father Christmas. For years after he left Bristol, poor people would relate how, after a tiring day in the field, he would visit them, not in a professional capacity, but as a friend, doing much to alleviate pain and spread cheerfulness. Is that nothing in our times ?

W. G. was not eloquent as a talker, but his remarks

were to the point, and in a few words he often made plain what had been getting confused. Canon Edward Lyttelton gave a good instance of this ability. At Cambridge, one year, several well-known cricketers discussed at great length the best way to deal with the ordinary break-back from the off as bowled by Alfred Shaw and Southerton. At length W. G. was asked his opinion and, in the simplest way, as if there could be no doubt in the matter, replied : ' I think you ought to put the bat against the ball.' "

CHAPTER XIX

The Close of his First-class Cricket

THE important cricket of W. G. Grace was now nearly over. He had played his last test match, for the last time had represented the Gentlemen against the Players at Lord's, besides having severed his connection with Gloucestershire. There is no reason editorially to discuss why the cricket of the London County Club failed to arouse adequate public support and interest. It provided many pleasant matches for those participating, produced a number of good players afterwards of service to first-class counties, and was justifiably remunerative to Grace himself, who, for five years, received an annual fee, it is said, of a thousand pounds for managing its cricket. Naturally, after that period, even he —bowled out by *anno domini*—gradually fell out of first-class cricket, in which it was absolutely unprecedented for a man of his age and bulk to have taken so prolonged a part.

But when years necessitated that his cricket should be less strenuous, greater scope was afforded for the charm and geniality of the veteran. Consequently the many delightful traits and incidents in the concluding portion of this volume serve to show the attractiveness of the champion in his declining summers. If the strenuousness was over, the pleasure was not diminished. It is felt that though the remainder of the varied reminiscences deal with less important fixtures, they afford a fascinating illustra-

tion of what Grace was in the enjoyable aftermath of an unparalleled and unspoilt career.

Dealing with comparative brevity with the rest of his first-class cricket, credit for many excellent innings in 1900 must be accorded to him. The finest effort was in the late September match at Lord's between North and South for the benefit of the shrewd and polite dressing-room superintendent Philip Need. Grace went in first and showed wonderful form for a masterly 126 out of 274 in three hours, a notable display against the bowling of Briggs, J. Gunn, J. T. Brown, Ernest Smith, Hirst, Thompson and Rhodes. In the first innings of the South, P. F. Warner drove back a ball to Ernest Smith who turned it on to the broad back of W. G. who was batting at the other end. Off the rebound Smith made the catch, Warner being caught and bowled. Grace laughed most heartily at the incident. For the Gentlemen at the Oval, he played admirably for 58.

The responsibilities of captaincy and management never affected his cricket. Once at the wicket he concentrated his attention on the bowling and played it to the best of his ability. That summer he compiled a number of most useful scores on the Crystal Palace ground for his new L.C.C. club. Among them may be cited 87 and 44 *v.* Derbyshire, 72 and 110 not out *v.* Worcestershire, 76 *v.* Warwickshire and 110 against M.C.C. and Ground, though out of the two sides composing the last-named match one first-class eleven could barely have been formed. In both out and home encounters with Cambridge University he was in rare vein, scoring 93 in two and a half hours, as well as 86 and 62, whilst each time he baffled the undergraduates, tempting them to hit out at his slows to the destruction of their wickets. At Birmingham he put up 122 and 74 respectively for the first wicket with Arnold, his own share being 82 and 48.

Perhaps the worst punishment Grace ever received

as a bowler in a first-class match was at the hands of R. E. Foster on the occasion of the L.C.C.C. visit to Oxford. "Tip" proceeded to score 169 in his customary brilliant fashion, the sensational feature being that he hit W. G. four times in succession off consecutive balls for six each into the shrubbery—all straight drives. It was a wonderful display of vigorous onslaught. "Not very respectful to an old man, was it, Tip?" said the champion, "but it was worth seeing." There was no malice about Grace, only appreciation of genuine skill. When playing for Strutt Cavell's XI *v.* XVIII of Twickenham in 1905, W. G. was hit for 28 off six consecutive balls by R. Hiscock.

In 1901, his 57 for the Gentlemen at the Oval was nothing short of a personal triumph on a side so weak that the title was a misnomer. At Hastings in the match under the same nomenclature, in which he made 54, he achieved what is an unparalleled example of captaincy, namely never to change the bowling in an innings of 238, the pair accountable for the wickets being J. R. Mason and the South African J. H. Sinclair. So far as L.C.C.C. matches went, all Grace's important efforts were on the Palace ground. These included 76 *v.* Warwickshire, 83 *v.* Leicestershire and 72 *v.* Cambridge. Against Surrey with C. J. B. Wood he caused the hundred to be hoisted each time before the first wicket fell, his own contributions being 71 and 80. He occupied three hours and fifty minutes in compiling 132 against M.C.C. and Ground, and his association with L Walker yielded 281 in less than three hours. The latter has testified that W. G. pluckily played with a bandaged hand. He was suffering from a bad cut, but it healed like the flesh of a little child, so wonderfully healthy was he despite advancing years. At Lord's, *v.* M.C.C. and Ground, he revelled in one of his successes with the ball, his remarkable figures being 7 for 30 and 6 for 80—"just to show I can still

stick some of them up," as he himself phrased it.

In 1902 against the Australians, his premature closure for M.C.C. *v.* Ground nearly cost his side the match, chiefly owing to Victor Trumper's perfectly pyrotechnical displays which yielded 105 and 86. All the same Grace himself proved no negligible quantity, because besides scoring 29 and 23, he proved amazingly delusive with the ball, his figures being 5 for 29, R. Duff and A. J. Hopkins both putting their leg in front of his deliveries. At the Oval, for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players, his 82 was the highest contribution, but marred by a couple of chances to Lilley, though characterized by powerful driving. With G. W. Beldam he put up 119 for the first wicket, a performance all the more creditable in view of the collapse of the others in the innings. A resolute 70 for the Rest of England *v.* Kent and Sussex at Hastings fairly won the game and was terminated by a positive ovation. For M.C.C. and Ground *v.* Lancashire, he took in W. L. Murdoch with him—their united ages being 101—and the Old Boys, as Murdoch himself called them, scored 120 before they were parted. If they could have run with agility this would have been doubled. Grace made a hit off Hallows to leg, the ball going over the grandstand and out of the ground into an adjoining garden.

For L.C.C.C., his 97 *v.* Surrey, amassed in three and a half hours, contained only one bad stroke, whilst his late cutting was particularly fine. Nor was his analysis a bad one: 5 for 33. 131 *v.* M.C.C. and Ground was pregnant with hard driving. Against Warwickshire, having been missed by Devey at long-on before he had scored, he compiled 129, Braund helping him to add 164. At the Oval, in his 61 *v.* Surrey he was also seen to great advantage. The present writer remembers a small boy watching the Old Man with breathless delight and then saying in tones of awe: "Why he bats even better than our captain at school." Against Ireland, Grace and

Murdoch made 75 for the first wicket, but the whole side was out for 90.

In 1903, so far as Grace was concerned, only two matches need be alluded to. On Easter Monday, April 13, Surrey arranged a premature but popular game with L.C.C.C. and the spectators saw the hero of old times bat with the utmost coolness for 43 and 81. An encounter in which he took great interest was with Gloucestershire, and his old county had the unusual experience of losing the game after making so large a total as 397. Grace had most to do with this, for he captured 6 wickets for 102 and then scored 150 " of the very best, as well made as though he had been five and twenty years younger."

Age was telling in 1904 and he did not appear either for the Gentlemen at the Oval or at the Hastings Festival. Still there were days when he was quite himself. He had a rare tussle for runs against Leicestershire with his old rival and devoted comrade W. L. Murdoch, his own efforts being 73 and 54 and the Anglo-Australian's 74 and 57. " Beaten by four runs and I seven years his senior—the cheek of the youngster," was W. G.'s delighted commentary. On his fifty-sixth birthday the Grand Old Man of the cricket-field scored 166 *v.* M.C.C. and Ground. If the latter side was a wretched one, still the bowling of A. E. Relf, Fielder, Walter Mead and Alec Hearne could test any batsman and Grace resisted them for five and a quarter hours, crediting himself with fourteen fours, albeit there were some faulty strokes. 51 by W. L. Murdoch was the next highest effort, so Grace was easily foremost. Other scores were 52 *v.* Surrey and 45 *v.* Cambridge University. He played his last match, in first-class cricket, at Lord's, representing M.C.C. and Ground, *v.* South Africans, scoring 27, Halliwell making an exceptionally brilliant catch behind the wicket off the fast bowler Kotze who, though bowling at a great pace, had been played with genuine ease by the old stager.

In 1905 only three games in which Grace took part demand mention. Playing for Gentlemen of England *v.* Surrey at the Oval, he pulled a ball from J. N. Crawford right out of the ground, scoring six, and sent the next delivery from the same bowler almost as far for four. The L.C.C.C. had come to an end, but with a thoroughly misnamed Gentlemen of England side, he appeared at Oxford, scoring 71 out of 192 whilst in against the University, his partnership for the first wicket with Alan Marshal yielding 168. For the Gentlemen of the South *v.* Players of the South at Bournemouth he compiled 43.

A diverting case of Dr. W. G. Grace having a double occurred at the Hambledon commemoration match. Broad Halfpenny Down is six miles from the nearest station. Twenty-four prominent cricketers were playing for the Hambledon team or the opposing All England side. Dr. W. G. Grace had been announced to unveil the granite memorial on this historic ground. At mid-day was delivered a telegram to say he had missed his train and would be at Droxford Station later. A train arrived and a burly bearded figure emerged. "Dr. Grace," cried an enthusiastic porter who ushered him into the only vehicle. On the way the local photographer managed several snap-shots and found it singularly difficult to elicit anything about cricket from the smiling traveller. On arrival at the ground, the cricketers of course at once recognized that this was W. G.'s double, Mr. Henry Warren of West Byfleet. It was discovered later that Dr. W. G. Grace was prevented coming and the memorial was unveiled by the Hampshire captain E. M. Sprot. The double was subsequently introduced to Dr. Grace, who was amused by his description of his reception at Hambledon and gave him his signed photo.

Virtually the champion's swan-song came in 1906 for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players at the Oval, when, after breaking up a partnership of 182 between King

and Hardstaff with his first ball, he scored 74 off the bowling of Lees, J. Gunn, Jayes, Trott, Hayes, King and Quaife. He was fifty-eight years old (it was his birthday) and this was his eighty-fifth and last appearance for the amateurs, the first having been made forty-one years before. But he shaped with much of his old power, placing the fast bowling with the old certainty and showing the same consummate ease at the wicket. " Though he tired towards the end of his innings, his play while he was getting his first fifty runs was good enough to give the younger people among the crowd an idea of what his batting was like in his prime." The magnitude of the performance delighted everybody and it was only lack of endurance that prevented him from getting the century everybody desired he should make. He was naturally delighted with his own prowess and received numberless congratulations.

This was not his only success that season, for he had already displayed really fine form and decisive mastery of the Cambridge bowling when scoring 64 and 44 not out. In one instance his own slows were treated with contemptuous disrespect, A. E. Harrigin of the West Indians in one over scoring three sixes and a two off his deliveries. No one praised him for his big hits more heartily than Grace himself.

The rest of his first-class career was confined to the opening match of the two following seasons at the Oval. In 1907 for the Gentlemen against Surrey he was credited with 16 and 3. In 1908 the same fixture was arranged as early as April 20. Not only was it bitterly cold, but snow actually fell. Grace scored 15 and 25 and bowled twelve balls for five runs without taking a wicket. Never again did he figure in important averages. The longest and greatest career ever recorded in those statistics had reached an honoured conclusion.

CHAPTER XX

Happy L.C.C.C. Memories

By E. H. D. Sewell, with Reminiscences by P. G. Gale and G. W. Beldam

PRECISELY at what date W. G. Grace first thought of going to the Crystal Palace is not recorded, but his first inspection of the cricket ground there was in September, 1898, and it was in the beginning of 1899 that he arrived and began to get his staff together. His departure from Gloucestershire was the result of a letter from a director of the Crystal Palace Company, who wrote to him asking for an interview : " at which it was suggested that he should become manager and secretary of a new club which the Company wished to form for first-class cricket." This statement of the facts from an unimpeachable source proves that Grace was sought, he did not seek.

Nor did he let the grass grow under his feet, for several elms were soon doomed, a new pavilion was built and he decided to keep on Dickinson, who had been thirty years ground-man, and " Razor " Smith, later of Surrey. I have a letter from the Old Man written just after the test match at Leeds in 1909, the postscript of which runs : " Smith (W. C.), not always good enough for Surrey, might even yet play for England."

" Razor " has a very warm corner in his heart for the Doctor, to whose encouragement he owes so

much. It is only in a joking way that he refers to an occasion when he was umpiring at the Palace and gave W. G. out l.b.w. Called up after the match to the corner of the dressing-room which was set apart as a sort of sanctum for the Old Man, he had to explain matters, whereupon came the prompt rejoinder: "I always thought you a fool, now I know you are one." And, much to his relief, Smith did not often umpire after that. There was, however, one occasion on which Wiltshire provided the opposition and Razor sallied forth in the white coat with his watch in his pocket. W. G. had won the toss and just after Smith had seen that his watch showed the time to be one-fifty, he heard a clock outside the ground strike two. Grace was batting—"as per usual," to use Smith's words when telling the story—so he asked him what to do. The Old Man replied: "We'll have this over and then go in." It was tempting Providence. W. G. was caught and bowled before the adjournment.

With Grace from Gloucestershire came Murch to be head of the ground-staff. Once swallows were flying very low when the men were working at the pitch. W. G. remarked: "I say, Bill, any one might catch one of those birds if only he were quick enough." Scarcely had he uttered the words when he made a grab at one and actually knocked it down with his hand at Murch's feet. The bird was borne away in triumph and he had it stuffed. It is now in the hall of his house in Kent. He was then over fifty years of age.

The Doctor always carried a whistle and it became a habit with him whenever he came within sight of the cricket ground to use it. This was the signal for Murch to materialize. In the event of his being unable to achieve the impossible—for he was very deaf—it fell to Dyer, who looked after W. G.'s cricket gear, to appear on the scene. Grace could not do things in a small way. Thus when he blew that

whistle, there was no doubt about the fact. Instantly the hitherto seemingly sleeping pavilion became alive with men. From all corners they seemed to tumble out of it, every one of them desperately anxious to know "whether Bill 'ad 'eard it." Yes, the Old Man was monarch of all he surveyed on those few beautiful acres, but a kindly hearted old monarch.

That he was, however, also something of an autocrat few would deny. None held more decided views than he, and he had a way with him that brooked no evasion on the part of others. An incident at a certain club game showed this. In order to make the most of his ground, he was obliged now and then to play more than one match on the same pitch. So it came to pass that a certain wicket on which two comparatively small scoring games had already been played was selected for a full day match. The visitors had their ground-man playing for them. W. G. won the toss. On reaching the pitch, the ground-man said to his captain loud enough for the Doctor to hear: "Surely we ain't going to play on this wicket?" "Why not?" rapped out W. G. at once. "Why it's an old pitch. I s'pose it's some old dodge of yours," replied the fellow very rudely. Grace wheeled round to walk to the pavilion and as he did so he thundered to the visiting captain: "Unless that man apologizes, there'll be no match to-day," and went on his way. The match was played and any one who knew W. G. can picture the delight with which he kept the visitors in the field until nearly five o'clock: "just to show 'em there's nothin' much the matter with the wicket," as he put it. The biter generally was badly bitten when he tried to fix his teeth in the Doctor.

Sometimes he seemed a little perturbed by the number opposed to him. Once in April he lost the toss against XVIII of Sydenham and District. Alan Marshal bowled the first ball which was duly

snicked into my hands only just clear of the turf, at first slip. Being in a generous mood, I flung the ball straight back to Marshal. W. G. at point looked first at me then at the Queenslander—I can see his hand now in the favourite position, stroking his beard as his head moved quickly from side to side —and then, sharply : " Wasn't it a catch, Sewell ? " " I thought so," I replied, " but I saw the batsman didn't, so I chucked it back." " Don't let's have any more of that," he said ; " there are sixteen more of them in the pavilion."

Wiltshire arrived one day at the Palace with a bowler whom W. G. had never seen and, to do Audley Miller, the Wiltshire captain, full justice, I do not think that he had seen much of his man either. Of course the Doctor won the toss and just as Miller was arranging the field for the new bowler, W. G. took his soundings : " Say, Audley, what kind of a bowler is this ? " Miller was not in the least anxious to show his hand, so he replied cheerily : " He mixes 'em up a bit, Old Man." The over passed off quietly ; to the intense relief of the colt W. G. appearing to find unseen trouble in almost every ball. As they were crossing before the next over, Grace did not fail to whisper : " Audley, we'll give him mix-up before we've done with him." " And," as Miller remarked emphatically to me, " he did." It was one of the strongest points of W. G.'s game that he never took a fresh bowler on trust. He treated each new one as a Turner or a Briggs until he had satisfied himself to the contrary, a duty which did not take him long. He never applied the full weight of his art until he was sure what he was up against—and then he just leant on the ball to take his four.

There was one marked peculiarity about his conduct of the day's play which I have never heard any other cricketer comment on. When writing down the order of going in and you asked him where your place was, or he happened to look up and see you

anxiously awaiting the verdict, he would always use the verb " to come " and not " to go." Thus invariably it was : " You come in such and such a wicket," never " you go in such and such wicket down." Force of habit no doubt. For years he had seen practically the whole of his eleven *come* in to him to try to keep up an end while he won the match, but rarely had he sat and watched them *go* in to save it, if possible, after he was out.

The following incident is typical of many wickets he obtained in London County matches. A batsman strange to his methods came in. W. G. began assiduously to rearrange his field, waving short-leg a yard or two this way, mid-on four deeper and then, to all appearance satisfied, he would bring his right arm round with the well-known circular motion as he paused at the beginning of his shuffle up to bowl. Suddenly something wrong in the position of short-slip arresting his attention, he would stop and motion him a foot wider. Meanwhile the hapless victim of all these careful preparations stood rooted to the spot where he had last placed his feet. He would follow all the Old Man's movements by the uncomfortable process of screwing his neck round. When his muscles were stiffened by this effort, he would look up just in time to see that the huge man had recommenced his shuffle. Of course he anticipated a much faster ball was coming than W. G. ever bowled. There followed a slow, painfully careful, forward stroke, neither foot answering the helm in the least —there was stamping down the pitch as of a battery galloping into action—a cocked-up ball—a catch—a chuckle—the ball thrown by a sort of under-arm jerk to the nearest fieldsman—and a pensive batsman wending his way pavilion-wards wondering how such a slow ball was ever likely to have reached short-slip.

There can, I imagine, be little doubt that very often W. G. unintentionally bowled a very close resemblance to the " googlie." The lurch of his

delivery and the way the ball left his hand gave it a certain amount of spin from leg—infinitesimal compared with that of Braund or of G. A. Faulkner—but also with a certain amount of top-spin. With the wind blowing from the direction of point such a ball began to lose its momentum, would incline inwards from the off *in the air*. I have never seen any other bowler at all like W. G. He appeared to be much faster than he was, he appeared to be sure to break from leg, whereas, he often "went" the other way and yet his bowling was much faster off the pitch than seemed likely while the ball was in the air.

Of course he was long past his best as a batsman when I played with him. To me his batting appeared to be largely a matter of fore-arm power. He made a number of strokes in which his body did not seem to take much more interest in the proceedings than merely to lean in the required direction for his fore-arms to do the rest. An exception was in the case of the skied hit over or towards long-on made off an off-break. Here there was a kind of momentary heave from the hips upwards while getting the beginning of the hit and then, with his left cheek tucked into his left shoulder, he let the ball have it fair and square, finishing up with the left side of his left leg still towards the bowler and bat, hands and wrists brought round over his left shoulder. His cut was more of a heavy dab at the ball, which he caused so accurately to find the driving part of the bat, than the slashing flashing stroke Tyldesley played so well. He rarely cut late, but generally past point's left hand—the cut proper. He cut off the right foot the long-hop which others often cut off the left foot, sending it past cover's right hand. He never played straight bowling anywhere but straight, except an occasional sort of push stroke beyond mid-on. Invariably when he was in doubt, and almost always in any event, his right leg was moved to

before the stumps. This was done in obedience to the principle of getting over the ball, and in this respect W. G. in action was an everlasting and insurmountable obstacle to those experts who animadvert against placing the right leg before the stumps on the ground that it is not cricket.

As to the type of bowling W. G. seemed to prefer in these years, I never noted any marked preference. If there was any it was for medium fast. Very slow or very fast appeared to bother him. It was a bother of limb and not of failing eyesight, as that remained wonderful. I remember, in a match with Leicestershire in 1901, how he stopped a very quick off-break from Geeson and then shook his finger warningly at the bowler. Geeson had been put on the Index Expurgatorius of bowlers during the previous winter and it was generally known that while his leg-break was *sans peur et sans réproche* the same could not be said of his off-break. In spite of the very bad light in which he was batting, W. G. had spotted instantly the only off-break sent down.

I saw him have one of his narrowest squeaks of "bagging a brace" in first-class cricket. This was at the Palace in June, 1906, against Cambridge University. He was c. Eyre b. May 0 in the first innings and should have been run out easily before scoring in the second, but third man threw wide in his legitimate keenness. A single was scored and W. G. was out in the next over, c. Eyre b. Napier 1. Alas batsman, catcher and bowler all died within a short time of each other in the same year.

That the Old Man did a lot to bring forward comparatively unknown cricketers is undeniably and cordially acknowledged by them. Among the number may be cited the Oxfordshire amateur W. Smith, both the Kent and Northants Seymours, Alan Marshal—who came with a letter of introduction from Dr. Macdonald—"Razor" Smith, Bale, L. Walker,

P. R. May, E. C. Kirk and J. Gilman. Braund was known before he played with W. G., but he learnt a great deal from that experience.

To Murdoch, the Old Man himself was generally Bill Grace or " The Kent Colt," as he would have it that his real reason in coming to the Crystal Palace was to qualify for Kent. I can fully agree with the Anglo-Australian that only the joys of cricket were experienced in W. G.'s company. It was his ever effervescent boyish ways that sometimes gave an air of " ragging " to a particular game. Slackness, never ; his ailment was over-keenness, if the truth must be told.

From his life at the Crystal Palace there were two inseparable associations. One was an ancient pair of pads which he wore at practice. It would be interesting to know where they were made. They had several holes punched in them for ventilation and year after year turned up as part of his kit, never seeming much the worse for wear. The other was the boyish joke he used to spring on new-comers. Rising after lunch, he would stoop as though to pick up something and cry out : " Hullo, any one lost half a sovereign ? " After a general fidgeting and examination of exchequers all round, perhaps some novice would reply : " Yes, Doctor, I think I have." Whereupon W. G. would fling him a coin with : " Well, there's a ha'penny of it I have just found."

At practice I never saw W. G. without pads or gloves. He always favoured those gloves with the big pieces of black indiarubber on the fingers and never wore skeleton pads, because, as he said, off them the ball retains a certain liveliness which may take it on to your wicket, whereas the ordinary kind kills the ball. His boots were naturally of very useful dimensions and he always had plenty of short nails in the soles and heels. He was never the least bit bothered about his foothold on any kind of turf, and I cannot recollect ever having seen him hit on the

fingers. But there was one terrific welt over the heart I saw him get. He missed a full toss from the Australian express bowler Cotter and the force of the ball was not broken by having touched bat or fingers before it landed on his left chest. Next day I saw the bruise : without exaggeration it was as large as a saucer and on a somewhat stormy background as it was, it reminded one rather of Turner's " Fighting Temeraire."

From the remarks he let fall, W. G. enjoyed the evening of his cricket career quite as much as he had its high noon. Few of us ever played more enjoyable cricket than in our London County matches, whether first or second class. The very presence of the great Englishman, a big man so typical of a great race, with his jovial manliness and his warm heart made our spirits rise. The high-pitched voice or cheery laughter of that dear old boy was ever and anon wafted to us as evidence of what a jolly game we were taking part in. I cannot do better than conclude with the lines of a capital cricketer D. L. A. Jephson. To any one who had the honour of knowing W. G., they must appear particularly apposite.

" With what great zest through all your merry years,
Did you not cast into a million hearts
The golden spirit of our England's game,
To hearts that otherwise had passed it by !
Dead ; and from Death a myriad memories rise
Deathless ; we thank you, friend, that once you lived."

Percy G. Gale writes :

" If my friendship with W. G. Grace began late in life, it became a warm one. In fact the inner group of the London County Club was like a happy family. Grace himself was known as Father, W. L. Murdoch as Muvver, ' Livey ' Walker as the Babe and I as Granny—why I was given that nickname I do not remember, unless it was because I was slow in the field. I never played a first-class match until I

was thirty-seven and my only prolonged season was then, in 1900. But I played a rare lot of club cricket with W. G., and invariably he showed the same tremendous relish for the game, always extremely kind to younger players, himself rather like a big rollicking lovable boy—in fact it was love he inspired amongst those often with him.

No story about W. G. is so well known as his writing to Phil May to know why in a caricature he had sketched short-leg wearing gloves, and the artist replying on a post-card 'to keep his hands warm.' But here is a sequel: I have myself played in a cricket-match with W. G. in the present century in which he actually fielded at point wearing wicket-keeping-gloves for precisely the same purpose.

I once ran W. G. out very badly when I was his partner. I would have given the world to have crossed him after my call, but could not do it. He was very angry at my getting him out, and he told me so pretty forcibly when I soon followed him compulsorily to the pavilion. But fury was soon spent with the dear old man, and not a quarter of an hour afterwards, his big hand was laid on my shoulder as he invited me 'to come and have a whisky.' I remember running Murdoch out just as badly, but, as he passed me on the way to the tent, all he said was, 'Now you've to make a century just because I cannot.' He did not mind for even the space of an instant.

Once W. G. was the victim of a small boy. It was at Chesterfield and he had something on a race and wanted to know the result. He and I were walking inside the ropes during the match when a boy shouted 'Special.' 'Here you are,' said W. G., giving him twopence. I noticed the boy made a precipitate bolt. On opening the paper, Grace found it was the advertisement sheet of a morning halfpenny issue.

I was always struck with the fatherly way W. G.

looked after his people. There can be no harm now in saying that at times the authorities at the Crystal Palace found difficulty in meeting their financial obligations, so every Saturday morning Grace made a point of going to see that his groundsmen were duly paid. Dyer, the pavilion attendant at the Palace, was a quaint individual. Once I asked W. G. why he had brought him from Bristol. 'Well it was this way,' replied the Old Man in his characteristic fashion; 'when I was leaving for the Crystal Palace, Dyer told me he had had a dream that I was taking him with me, so of course he had to come. And when I was moving to Eltham, he said to me that it was an odd thing but he had had another dream that he was going to be my gardener, and so it had to be, of course.' I saw Dyer on a mourning coach at the great man's funeral.

W. G. had a jolly way of proclaiming what was to be done. In Cyphers *v.* London County, he said, 'Come, along, Granny, we've both to make hundreds,' and we did. On this occasion he went in pretty late.

Every one will truly tell you W. G. never played for his averages, but here is a burlesque incident to prove the contrary. It was in this century and the last match of the season. I perpetrated the fact that in club cricket Murdoch averaged 70 and Poidevin 99. 'And what do I average?' asked Grace. 'If you made 86 not out to-day, you would average 100,' was my reply. 'Very good,' he ejaculated into his beard. He proceeded to bat admirably and when his own score was 86, declared the innings closed. 'Must beat those boys once more,' was his chuckling comment. This is the only time I ever heard him refer to his own average.

The last time he and Spofforth ever met in a match was L.C.C. *v.* Hampstead. Each bowled the other out, and curiously enough each of them took no other wicket in the innings.

Once, at Sutton, W. G. declared and lost the

match. He had fifteen catches missed off his own bowling. He stood watching misses at last with an expression almost of amusement on his face. At length he dropped one himself. ' Missing catches seems catching,' he grumbled as he picked up the ball.

He had a masterful way with him at need. I recollect a batsman disputing an l.b.w. decision on an appeal W. G. made off his own bowling. The champion raised his head and thundered : ' Pavilion you.' Those two words were enough. The batsman retired instantly.

On Victoria Day, I recollect our team singing ' God Save the Queen ' in the field, W. G. conducting by waving a stump. He made top score on that occasion—remembering all his career, one is almost tempted to add, as usual."

G. W. Beldam, as thoughtful in criticism as at cricket, golf or photography, writes :

" I well remember my first meeting with W. G., the idol of every one's boyhood. I had been fairly successful for some years as a club cricketer and my friends were even keener than I was myself that I should come into first-class cricket ; but for some three years before W. G. came to London or even thought of doing so, I had a strong presentiment that if I came into first-class cricket it would be through knowing W. G. For some time after London County Cricket Club was founded I preferred to play for my old clubs, but one day in the Oval pavilion I was introduced to W. G. by D. L. A. Jephson and it seemed to me I had known him a long time. Thus commenced an acquaintance which became one of close personal intimacy.

In the first matches I soon saw what a great and genuine desire he had to be of real assistance to aspirants for first-class cricket, and how naturally and

quickly he made excuses for any failure where he saw he was dealing with 'triers'; but there was no doubt about his attitude towards 'slackers,' and because of this those who knew him only by name, were apt to misjudge his attitude in this respect. There never was any man more ready to make an excuse or to sympathize with failure or more keenly joyful at the success of those playing under him than the dear Old Man. To play under him was to worship him, so that he drew out the highest effort. To know him was to love him.

I remember in the match London County *v.* Wiltshire being fearfully bewildered at something he did. He was standing point and twice appealed for 'leg before wicket' from that position. Having only just come to know him I did not like even to mention it to any one, but I remember it struck me as very extraordinary that he, with such a knowledge of the game, should appeal from a position in which it was evident that he could only be approximately sure that the ball had pitched in a line between the wickets.

In the pavilion he gave me the opportunity which I hardly expected. When Wiltshire were in the field he turned to me and said: 'I say, George, that chap fielding point isn't much good, is he?' I said: 'Do you mean because he doesn't appeal for leg before wicket, Doctor?' Then I thought I had gone too far, but my doubts were immediately dispelled by him coming for me, laughing all over his face and chasing me round the table.

The only time I ever remember him even looking angry for the moment with me, was when he was bowling, and I was put in the long field. The ball was skied and dropped about fifteen yards over mid-on's head. I started to run from long-on and then seeing I could not possibly get to it, was hoping to get the batsmen to run two, with a chance of a 'run-out.' Then I heard: 'Come to her, George, come to

her.' They ran two and the ' run-out ' nearly came off, but W. G. was too intent on his own idea that I ought to have attempted the catch. I remember saying : ' Look here, Doctor, I can't do the hundred in five seconds ! ' and heard some mumbled words from him. He may have been right, but I didn't think he was.

Another little anecdote which will show one of his characteristics so well known to those who played with him often. When he was bowling, just as he was about to start his ' run up ' to deliver the ball (and just as the batsman had prepared to watch him) he would stop and order short-leg to move a little this way or that, or deep long-on to move further round, etc., and then he would proceed most likely to bowl the ball well on the off-side of the wicket. One day ' Billy ' Murdoch was fielding nearly all day at short-leg and W. G. bowled a good deal that day—(I think it was Surrey *v.* London County). When Murdoch came into the pavilion he slapped the Old Man on the back and said : ' Look here, Old Man, the next time I play with you I'll have a large packet of small flags in my pocket, and every time you move me, I'll place one in the ground and before the match is over, I shan't have any place to put my feet ! ' There were roars of laughter for ' Billie ' had humorously laid bare one of the Old Man's favourite little tricks. Yet even in these, the Doctor was a true artist—very rarely did he overdo it ; the batsman was only kept just for a fraction of a second during which his attention was distracted from the bowler to the man who was being moved just a little further this way or that, but possibly enough to make him wonder what was in the champion's mind and hence gave less concentration to the ball. But in this, as I saw and observed, the dear Old Man had to do with the finer points of the game—a question of generalship. I've seen other generals go much further with nothing like the artistic ability of W. G. To W. G.

these finer points were simply the question of strategy. No one ever spotted the weakness of a batsman quicker than W. G., or knew how best to bring about his downfall or cramp his shots.

Another story which happened in a match, London County *v.* Worcester Beagles on the Palace ground. W. G. captained the Beagles and got a well-known M.C.C. cricketer to captain London County. The Beagles batted first and the innings was nearly completed, when two other men appeared and begged W. G. to see if the eleven aside could not be altered to twelve aside : W. G. asked the permission of the London County skipper, who readily agreed. When the Beagles were led into the field by W. G. the London County captain noticed he was taking twelve into the field, and objected, ' As,' said he, ' we have only fielded eleven through the greater part of your innings.' ' Oh ! but,' said W. G., ' we have agreed to play twelve aside and I'm going to field twelve.' ' Very well,' said the London County skipper, ' in that case I shall not bat, but sit and smoke a cigar and watch you.' ' Do just as you like,' said W. G. And the London County skipper was as good as his word. On coming in from the field W. G. walked up to the London County captain with : ' Well, old man, you did as you said you would, and I don't blame you,' and patting him on the shoulder added, ' I should have done the same myself.'

In spotting promising young players he had scarcely an equal, and any one mentioned in the dispatches of W. G. was sure of achieving high honours. His judgment was rarely, if ever, at fault. He knew by instinct and was quick to place the true value on the cricketer, though to others it was not so evident.

There is a story told that in a certain London County match, a club cricketer was playing for the first time, and when W. G. asked him where he would like to go in, he answered : ' Well, Doctor, I don't mind, but I've never made a " duck " in my

life.' W. G. looked at him only as *he* could look—as at some rare avis—for nothing ever escaped his observant eyes, and said: 'What! never made a blob in your life? then last is your place: you haven't played long enough!'

One would often get a letter from him, asking one to turn out for him in such and such a match, and as an inducement, where the player was a bowler as well as a bat, he would add, 'Thornbury Rules.' This meant you went in first with him and went on to bowl first also. I suspect this came from a habit in vogue in the village of Thornbury, famous for the Graces in earlier years.

The secret of W. G.'s power in drawing out the best in those playing under him, was not altogether his great and fascinating personality on the field, but he saw to it that those forming his team were a happy family. He never could have 'put on side'—he was far too natural for that. He was one with nature and a most keen observer. Nothing, however small, seemed to escape him, and his abundant and never-varying keenness just showed that in the big frame was the heart of a child—enjoying everything to the full. It was just the same whether it was a village match, or some team he had taken down to a country house, or Gentlemen *v.* Players, or England *v.* Australia—just the same keenness, just the same boyish delight. The remembrance of him will always bring to me the sunshine, the green fields, and everything worth remembering. All the greatest cricketers of many generations loved the Old Man: had he not seen them all grow up; had he not given them all many a valued and cheery word? I've never come across any great cricketer who was jealous *of* W. G.'s reputation, but was rather jealous *for* his reputation.

His style seemed to be a blend of all the styles which came after him, and the action photos show his exceptional wrist work, timing the blow with the

wrists on to the ball, and notwithstanding his colossal frame, making strokes with perfect ease and little or no apparent effort. I was especially keen when he took up golf to compare his golf shots with his cricket strokes—displace the cricket bat by a golf club in many of his photos and you have a perfect finish for a golf shot, and it was not surprising that he showed exceptional form for one taking up golf when well over fifty years of age. It may interest some to know that he owned he never attempted to 'pull' a ball at cricket till after he was forty.

Every one seemed to know W. G. Wherever you went with him boys came past him, just to touch him and say: 'I touched 'im'; and one constantly heard, 'There's W. G.,' and he seemed hardly able to move anywhere without being at once publicly recognized; and yet he was least conscious of all—always his simple natural self. He was once playing for me *v.* Hanwell Asylum, where he was recognized and remembered as 'W. G.' by many of the inmates who had seen him on the field, some running up and shaking hands with him. One wrote him a long letter and its contents were especially humorous and caused W. G. to laugh heartily. The writer remembered W. G. playing somewhere in the seventies at Clifton and he placed the time, because he well remembered that the weather cock on the church steeple came down and fed on the green!

One can only give impressions; for where W. G. was playing many incidents occurred too numerous to mention. It was given to those who were privileged to know him in his home-life, to see his true character. In the lives of great men one notices how much they owed to the simplicity of their home-life, of which their careers are a reflex. This was essentially true of W. G.; if you had learnt to love him on the field you would love him even more when you saw him in his home—just the simple, natural, and true English gentleman.

It was rarely indeed that he could be persuaded to stay away from his home for week-ends or a visit. He was wholly attached to his home and all that made it home to him. He was no mean gardener and kept his putting green to perfection, where he developed in later years his ability in putting, and this, as well as his straightness down the course, made him a partner worth having in a foursome.

He rarely forgot a promise; he was generally as good as his word. I remember before the last match he played, Gentlemen *v.* Players at the Oval in 1906, he took a fancy to a bat in my bag. I gave it to him on one condition, viz.: that he should return it to me if he made 100 with his signature on it, and the score, etc.; he thought that quite a good bargain and not likely to be fulfilled, but he went very near and made 74—the last innings he ever played for the Gentlemen. He kept the bat but sent it back to me at the end of the season, duly signed and attested, and I prize it greatly."

CHAPTER XXI

Final Matches and Anecdotes

With Reminiscences by H.R.H. Prince Christian, A. C. M. Croome, etc., etc.

NO more impressive tribute to the personal worth of W. G. Grace could be afforded than the way in which his individuality appealed favourably to men in every rank of life. In these pages will be found abundant testimony that from the highest to the lowliest in the whole Empire his name was not only a household word, but also that without exception he himself created a marked and favourable impression on everybody with whom he came in contact. It was not only the cricketer but the man who was universally liked. In proof of this, it was with particular pleasure that the co-editors received an intimation that H. R. H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein would be good enough to accede to their desire that he should contribute his impressions of the champion. The Prince had been so regular a spectator of the principal matches, generally sitting between Lord Coventry and Lord Cadogan, that, had he chosen, he could have written in much more decisive fashion, but the quiet modesty of the communication in itself demonstrates the unostentatiously kindly fashion in which one veteran —himself excelling at some sports and a critical patron of others—put forward an appreciative and appreciated memorandum. He wrote as follows :

"I gladly accede to the request to write a few lines for Dr. W. G. Grace's biography, because I had a strong liking and respect for W. G. I lack the expert knowledge necessary to justify me in attempting to discuss his cricket from the technical point of view. But although I have not myself played cricket, I feel that a tolerably wide experience of other great sports, such as hunting, shooting and racing, enabled me to sympathize with the ideas of cricketers and to take an intelligent interest in their doings. My two sons began at an early age to show more than average promise at the game ; so it is now a good many years since I commenced to watch the play on my own and on other grounds in the neighbourhood of Windsor, and also at Lord's and the Oval, encouraging them to persevere at a recreation of whose value I have a high opinion. As they continued to make progress, the one at Wellington, the other at Charterhouse, the class of cricket played at Cumberland Lodge naturally improved.

Later, when my dear elder son, the late Prince Christian Victor, was making for himself at Oxford a reputation as batsman and wicket-keeper of which I was, and still am, extremely proud, he brought to our ground men bearing names famous in the history of the game. One was C. I. Thornton who, by the way, made one of his biggest hits at Cumberland Lodge : we still show to visitors where the ball struck the stable wall, some hundred and forty yards from the wicket. It was either through him or my elder son, that I made W. G.'s acquaintance at Lord's. I do not think that it needed any great insight, or a varied experience of men and affairs, to detect that he possessed the qualities which produce greatness in any sphere of activity—courage, endurance, self-confidence, concentration and, I would add, geniality. W. G.'s success at cricket was a foregone conclusion and is now a matter of history. My personal acquaintance with him enables me to under-

stand why that success was welcome, not only to his own side, and to the general public, but even to his opponents.

As I think over the occasions on which I met him I particularly remember the last match in which I saw him play against the Australians at Lord's. He was past even his second youth ; I believe he was already a grandfather, and certainly not more than two or three of his colleagues had been born when he made his first century off Australian bowling. He made an indifferent stroke in his first over and the expert critics I was sitting with suggested that his day was over and that he should have resigned his place to a younger player. It is a pleasure to me to remember that I bade them wait and see. W. G. batted splendidly after his one mistake and made well over fifty. Just to show that his first feeble stroke was an accident, he hit the ball almost into the clock towards the finish of his innings. Perhaps it was rash of me to set my opinion against that of the connoisseurs, but I knew W. G. to be a great man and greatness has a way of rising to critical occasions.

Others better qualified than I must do justice to the deeds of the Grand Old Man on the cricket-field. It is one which ought to be accomplished with all possible thoroughness ; for W. G. made cricket what it is, and cricket, I have no doubt whatever, is among the most valuable possessions of the Empire."

Once more A. C. M. Croome consents to help with a lively narrative of the match in which Prince Christian displayed such good-natured interest as well as hospitality. He writes :

" The last time that I met W. G. Grace on the cricket-field was at Cumberland Lodge, when we played for Prince Christian's Veterans Team *v.* Charterhouse. I fancy this was the last match of

W. G. GRACE AND A. G. STEEL.

Taken on the last occasion when they both played in the same match.

more than local interest in which W. G. took part. Our team consisted of Prince Albert (captain), W. G. Grace, A. G. Steel, A. J. Webbe, P. J. de Paravicini, E. Smith, C. C. Clarke, F. Dames Longworth, W. H. Brain, A. C. M. Croome and J. R. Mason. I put Jack Mason last because he was not properly a veteran, but when Stoddart had to cry off, he was brought in, in case of accidents.

Before the end of the day we needed him badly, because the Charterhouse boys declined to be persuaded out by W. G. and made over 320. We did not miss a great many catches either and Webbe caught a marvellous one at mid-off. Mason, in consequence, had quite a nice bowl. In reply we made 280 odd, but W. G., to everybody's extreme annoyance, failed to score. He went in first with 'Nab' Steel, and in the Carthusian fast bowler's first over received one to cut. He made the stroke beautifully with all the old snap of the wrists and a good deal of shoulder-punch behind it, but a boy, standing where no fielder normally stands, got one hand down to the ball just before it hit ground to race to the boundary and held it.

At luncheon I sat next a boy whose father had played for Gloucestershire. He told me of the fact and afterwards I introduced him to W. G. 'Very glad to make your acquaintance,' said the Old Man, 'and I hope you're a better fielder than your father was. He was the worst that ever I did see.' I do not suppose anybody ever minded criticism of this kind from W. G. It was of course absolutely authoritative and it was expressed with a simple geniality which removed all cause of offence.

In the course of the afternoon, the Prince of Wales came over from Windsor, where he had that day been admitted Knight of the Garter. He and W. G. had a long talk on the Cumberland Lodge ground and were sufficiently interested to let their attention wander from the game. They had a narrow escape

of being cut over by an on-drive of Paravicini's. Thanks to the kindness of Prince Christian, it is possible to illustrate these pages with a photograph of the meeting of the Prince and the Past-master."

To the memoir of H.H. Prince Christian Victor, W. G. Grace himself contributed some recollections from which may be extracted :

" I first met him, I remember, at the Oval, when he was looking on at one of the big matches with his good father. The next occasion was when he was at Oxford in 1886, when I was asked to meet him at breakfast at Oriel College by the Rev. A. G. Butler, Dean of Oriel. He came with the President of Magdalen, to whose college he belonged. He was a fine bat and good safe field and wicket-keeper. We were always great friends ; I never saw him at Lord's or the Oval—and I met him often at both places—without having a good chat with him ; he was always the same nice, good fellow. It was at Lord's I saw him last just before he went to the front. Little did I think as we chatted that I should never see him again."

Numerous instances have been received of Grace's kindness to children. For example, a lady writes :

" A great many years ago, my small brother and I were spending the day on the Sussex County Ground at Brighton, watching a match in which Dr. Grace was playing. During the luncheon hour we were gazing at the pitch when Dr. Grace came up and began talking to us. He asked first if we had had our lunch and was much amused when we cheerfully said : ' Rather ; buns and lemonade.' He then inquired if we were fond of cricket and often watched matches. We told him in the holidays we did nothing else. Then he told my brother to give him

DR. W. G. GRACE AND H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

' a ball or two ' and turning to me : ' You can go and field.' For about five minutes he played with us, much to the amused interest of the audience and to our own pride and pleasure. Neither of us could ever forget his kindness and he always remained our cricket hero."

On another occasion W. G. Grace was practising at the nets in the Park at Oxford and spectators were throwing back the balls he hit to the bowlers as they fielded them. One small boy instead of returning the ball, walked up to the stump and when his turn came sent quite a good delivery down and lo ! W. G. was bowled. Nobody, not the boy himself, was more pleased than the champion, who beckoned the little chap to come up to him and grasped him heartily by the hands, obviously commending him.

In 1875, a small boy of twelve (who as a veteran forwards the reminiscence) wandered on to the ground to see the practice before the Sussex *v.* Gloucestershire match at Brighton. In his hand was a new ball just given to him, which he was examining carefully. Suddenly, over his shoulder loomed a tall bearded figure and in kindly tones came the question : " Hullo, youngster, can you bowl ? Come and give me a ball." Highly excited, for the lad knew who he was bowling to, he sent down three deliveries which W. G. Grace was good enough to play back, but the fourth pitching a bit short, he stepped out and landed it right on to the old skating-rink which at that time formed a part of the ground. The boy quickly recovered the ball, but to his dismay—through travelling along nearly the whole length of the concrete surface—it was severely chipped, and whilst he ruefully contemplated it, he was aroused by a cheery : " Has it scratched it a bit ? Never mind. Come along with me and get some chocolates." So the small lad trotted and the Leviathan strode down to Julian's (the ground

caterer) and the latter compensated the former with a shilling box of chocolates. " The news of W. G.'s death almost brought the taste of those particular chocolates to my mouth again after forty years. It may have been a small matter, but it throws a light on his kindly actions."

When W. G. Grace was living at Bristol, he came striding down Ashley Hill one breezy morning at that pace his friends knew so well and his eye caught the up-turned, admiring gaze of a little chap, who had just been told by his father : " Here comes W. G." The great man greeted him : " Hullo, are you going to be a cricketer too ? " " Yes, sir," said the boy, who had already began to cherish aspirations for centuries. " Then give me your hand on it and enjoy the game as much as I do," answered W. G. and heartily shook hands. Imagine the unforgettable pleasure that gave to the little fellow.

F. S. Ashley-Cooper furnishes additional testimony as follows :

" One year at Hastings, W. G. was challenged to play a single-wicket match by Miss Mariquita Kathleen Smith, the little daughter of that superb hitter Ernest Smith. Owing to rain there was delay in admitting the public to the ground and it was during the enforced wait that the encounter took place in front of the pavilion. Ernest Smith and Lord Hawke fielded for the fair enthusiast, off whose first delivery the great man was caught by her father. W. G. was eventually beaten hands down, but took the discomfiture gleefully, remarking that he might have done better on a prepared pitch. Even when that young lady has grey hair she is still sure to recall the incident of her victory with a thrill of amused pleasure."

When Grace came to Sydenham, one of the boys at Dulwich College conceived an ingenious plan for

seeing him. He was unwell and absolutely refused the attentions of the family practitioner, declaring that the only physician he would see was Dr. W. G. Grace. Accordingly, as the lad was really ill, W. G. was called in by the parents. Whether it was through his advice or through the success of the boy's own scheme, the patient recovered with remarkable rapidity and ever since has remembered with delight the professional visits of the champion.

He was always pursued by autograph hunters. Once, at Brighton, a schoolboy brought him an autograph book and a fountain pen, asking for his signature which was duly given. A few weeks later at Lord's the same boy approached him with the same request. "But I gave you my autograph last month at Brighton," said the Doctor, who had a keen memory for faces. "Yes," replied the boy, "but I swopped that for Dan Leno and a bishop."

Such is fame. And in proof of its widespread character so far as Grace was concerned, J. A. S. McArthur writes that some twenty years ago he was travelling in the interior of Fiji and there met an old chief in a large wharré, who had been a cannibal and regretted the meals that were no more. By some incongruous chance, his room was decorated with two oleographs: one was of the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, the other of W. G.

Several instances have been given of the way in which Grace had the knack of getting the last word, but once at least he was scored off. He was waiting at Eynesford for the beagles and with a friend walked up to examine the ancient stocks that still stood on the village green. Whilst they were talking about them, a rustic came close beside them. With his face wreathed in smiles, W. G. turned to him and said: "I should like to see you in them." Slowly the fellow contemplated the burly veteran and then replied: "I think, sir, as 'ow you would fill 'em out

better than me," which W. G. received with a hearty fit of laughter.

Ernest Brown writes that W. G. Grace frequently visited him at Upminster when he had a cricket club and ground of his own there. On one occasion the team were playing at Warley. A few old cricketing fogies came to see the match as they heard Grace was likely to play, and asked our correspondent if they could speak to him. So in due course Grace was brought round, each was introduced individually and then the fun began. He gripped each man's hand with a cheery word, but that grip, which we all knew so well, left such an impression on them that the tears rolled down the cheeks of several of them. None, however, would say a word, but slyly watched the effect on his neighbour when it came to be his turn to be introduced. As the Old Man quitted them, he inquired with a twinkle in his eye : " Brown, d'ye think they'd all like to shake hands over again ? "

In small L.C.C.C. fixtures, W. G. " seemed as merry and mischievous as a schoolboy, a typical example of one who, in heart at any rate, had never grown up. Rain stopped play on a certain occasion and the sides waited patiently whilst it poured in torrents. At last Grace grew restless and getting a brassie and a pocketful of old golf balls, he sallied forth. From the front of the pavilion he proceeded to make a score of drives across the ground (and very good some were), and then striding to the other side he drove as many as he could find back again. This went on for an hour at least in the pelting rain and then, with a mashie, he insisted on hitting up catches with golf balls to friends in the pavilion. He must have been wet through, but he did not seem to mind a bit, though he was then in his fifty-eighth year."

He was playing for Worcester Park Beagles *v.* L.C.C.C. at the Crystal Palace and the opposing cap-

tain, who was batting, was rather too intent on backing up, which did not escape the notice of W. G. Presently, instead of delivering the ball, he stepped back and whipped off the bail, causing that captain to retire run out, much to his own disgust, but to the unconcealed delight of Grace. The remark that he made: "Just as well to make a cast-back sometimes," was singularly appropriate and witty since he was playing for Beagles.

"When L.C.C.C. was batting against Beddington in 1909"—writes one who played in the match—"the bowler was about to deliver the ball, but dropped it and it rolled up the pitch and rested just half way between the wickets. He was just going to pick it up when W. G., who was batting, strode up the pitch, shouting "Don't touch it." He took careful aim and then hit the ball to the boundary, whilst about four fieldsmen close by stood watching him, all looking highly bewildered and taken aback. Grace then returned to his crease and, with his broad shoulders shaking with laughter, said: "I should have looked silly if I had missed it, shouldn't I?" He would have been out if he had attempted to hit the ball twice, and as he was naturally not very fast at this period, if he had mishit it the ball would have been returned to the wicket-keeper and he would have been stumped.

E. A. C. Thomson, the energetic secretary of the London Club Cricket Conference, is responsible for the tale of W. G. playing in a country cricket match and going in amidst tremendous applause from all the assembled village luminaries who settled down to see the great man perform. The local umpire was the postman, whose knowledge of the game was certainly of a doubtful nature. The third ball sent down struck the doctor on the side of the left leg. "How's that?" yelled the expectant bowler. Without moving a muscle of his face, the postman-umpire shouted: "Not out, the ball hit the wrong

leg." At that W. G. laughed heartily and said: "Quite so; he delivered the ball to the wrong address, didn't he postman?"

The last time Grace played in Bristol was for the benefit match of Spry, who was head ground-man at Ashley Down. When W. T. Thompson caught him for a small score, general regret was expressed. Later two professionals were discussing the matter and one said if the catch had gone to him he should have dropped it. W. G. overheard the remark and sternly rebuked him: "Thompson was quite right; he played the game," was his subsequent summing-up.

Rev. Walter Hawkins, President of the London Wesleyan Cricket League, writes that W. G. Grace took quite a paternal interest in their play. He would gather a really good side from those under him at the Crystal Palace annually to oppose the Nonconformist team and invariably played against it himself. The zest with which he laid his short-leg trap for these novices and the praise he accorded to those who "went for his bowling" with vigour have been recalled by some serving at the front, one "tenderly remembering the departed W. G., who was never too busy to rock our cricket cradle."

It may be mentioned that Grace's last match for M.C.C. was played on June 26, 1913, against Old Charlton, when he scored 18.

James Hall, writing from the Chief Censor's Office, relates that he was umpire in the last match that W. G. Grace ever played in, Eltham *v.* Grove Park on July 25, 1914. The champion gave an excellent exhibition, for he "batted admirably, going in with the score at 31 and carrying his bat. He got his runs all round the wicket, being especially strong on the off side. His chief hits included one five, six fours and seven twos." He had previously played throughout the Eltham cricket week, a fortnight before, the last big club match in which he

participated being against Blackheath when he went in last and saved the game for his side, playing out time. Hall writes of Grace's popularity in the district and how he helped on the game so much at Eltham—where he resided after leaving Sydenham—evidence that he still loved cricket at an age when hardly any one can indulge, in it, but in which his hand and eye had not lost their skill until the end.

H. D. G. Leveson-Gower recalls how after the outbreak of the war, when he himself was stationed at the Supply Reserve depôt at Deptford, he often motored over for half an hour's chat with W. G., recalling past matches and getting him to give his opinions on cricketers they had both known. On one occasion Grace came to see all the girls working at the Foreign Cattle Market, and when he appeared they proceeded to sing "You made me love you." The Old Man stroked his beard and said: "It strikes me I could be quite comfortable here." Probably the last match he ever watched was the charity one at Catford Bridge on behalf of the British Red Cross on Whit Monday, 1915, when he had a long conversation with H. D. G. Leveson-Gower and Hobbs, yielding to the photographer's persuasion with good-natured acquiescence. The last time Leveson-Gower motored over, W. G. gave his photo to the soldier-driver, and this is believed to be the last he ever signed.

CHAPTER XXII

Grace at Other Sports

With Contributions by Sir George Riddell, G. W. Beldam, C. K. Francis, Rev. A. G. Whitehead, A. E. Hamilton, S. Ferris, H. Coxon, P. J. de Paravicini

THAT Grace's enthusiasm was not confined to cricket has been revealed in many instances in previous chapters. That he kept himself fit in winter by exercise of various sorts was in his opinion essential for his mature and prolonged success at the game with which he ever will be associated. It may, however, prove surprising to many who only connected him with the summer pursuit to learn with what enthusiasm he took part in other sports. In lieu of a more formal account, it has been considered that it will prove of greater interest if some personal narratives be provided by friends who participated with him in the respective pursuits.

Golf

Sir George Riddell writes:

"W. G. was one of the most enthusiastic golfers I have ever met—never tired and never bored. No weather deterred him. I have played with him in rain, snow, hail and thunderstorms. When he started for a day's golf, nothing kept him in the club-house. In the early days of motoring we made a trip to Huntercombe. On the road we had a

W. G. GRACE AS A GOLFER.

(From a photograph by G. W. Beldam.)

breakdown which detained us for several hours. W. G. wasted no time. He spent all the morning in an adjoining field, practising approach shots with great care and assiduity. When at last we arrived at our destination, he insisted on playing two rounds.

He played a good steady game, the chief characteristic of which was remarkable wrist work. James Braid told me on several occasions that he had never seen any one who made such effective use of his wrists as W. G. He had a strong belief in practice, and frequently spent an hour in practising putting and approaching. The result was great proficiency. He rarely missed a holeable put. Difficult lies appeared to give him great satisfaction. Indeed, I think a large niblick which he possessed and which he called his cleaver was his most treasured club. W. G. loved playing in competitions, and invariably put in an appearance on competition days at Walton Heath. For some years he and a few friends, whose names I forget, were in the habit of playing a monthly competition for a medal provided by the players, the temporary ownership of which caused W. G. much gratification.

He was always full of fun and jocularity. One day I had a caddy who, as it turned out, had a glass eye, which, unobserved by me but not by W. G., he removed on the round. I said to W. G., 'When that boy started I am sure he had two eyes! What has happened to him?' 'Nothing!' replied W. G. 'He has two eyes all right. It's your imagination! It's all due to your being a teetotaler! Drunken men sometimes see double, and sometimes teetotalers only see a half! If you will take a glass of whisky when you get into the club-house, you will no doubt think the boy has four eyes instead of one!'

Aeroplanes had a great attraction for W. G. His maternal grandfather invented a carriage drawn by huge kites, on which he travelled from Bristol to

London on several occasions at a high rate of speed. The chief difficulty was in rounding the corners. W. G. delighted to tell how every journey resulted in claims for damages by frontagers owning corner properties. His mother frequently accompanied her father on his expeditions and was an expert in handling the machine—no small achievement.

W. G. attributed his marvellous eyesight in a great measure to being a non-smoker. He said that he tried to smoke on one occasion; it did not agree with him, and he never tried again.

He was singularly modest. I said to him one day, 'You are one of the best-known Englishmen in the world.' He replied, 'You are wrong. I'm only known to people interested in cricket.' I said, jokingly, 'Not at all! When you die you will get a page in the *Times*!' He laughed and said, 'Only two columns!' Had it not been for the war, I should have been nearer the mark than he was."

G. W. Beldam writes:

"During the last fifteen years of his life W. G. was one of the keenest golfers, and though the happy days in his life were many, I think I may say, none were happier than his golfing days. On the links he seemed to brim over with joy; the heath, the breeze, the sunshine, the comradeship, he enjoyed them all to the full, and his happy childlike nature was so much more evident on account of his huge form.

Though he did not require much persuasion, he was at first doubtful about taking up the game of golf. Like so many other cricketers, he thought it might not go well with cricket and interfere somewhat with one's form. I argued with him and told him I thought so myself at one time, and I knew it was a prevalent idea, till one day I read something which Leslie Balfour-Melville wrote (himself no mean cricketer and once golf amateur champion) in which he stated, that golf would, if anything, help one's

cricket but cricket might spoil one's golf. That decided him as it did me, and the finishing touch was given by my bringing down to the cricket ground at the Crystal Palace a few clubs for W. G. to try his powers on the little ball which lies so still and looks so easy to get away. It was the usual story ; W. G. was bitten badly ! and some golf matches were arranged. I gave him one or two principles which he was not to violate, but W. G. never had much sympathy with theory. When *Great Golfers* was published, I sent him an author's copy, and he wrote me that it was no good to him, though he felt happy in possessing a copy. I replied that it was not meant to appeal so much to beginners, for which he pretended he would never forgive me, though I've often heard him tell the story with glee.

One of the first games was with J. H. Taylor at Mid-Surrey. Taylor himself, a keen follower of cricket, was extremely pleased to meet W. G. and I told the Doctor this. 'Let's have a little joke with him,' he said. 'You have got some old clubs made years ago with long faces and twisted shafts, let us take these down and give them to Taylor and ask him what he thinks of my clubs.' So the day came and they were mutually delighted to meet one another. The clubs were kept in the background till we were ready to start. 'Where are your clubs, Doctor ?' said Taylor. 'Oh, here they are, I want a bag for them ; just undo them for me, will you ?' Never shall I forget the look that came into Taylor's face as he came to the fearful and wonderful weapons. 'We must fit you out, Doctor,' said he ; 'you can't play with these !' Then he saw the Doctor's face just enjoying the joke, and I don't think Taylor was far behind.

But the Doctor had one more surprise ready. When he came to the first green, he surveyed his 'put' of about twenty yards and took from the bottom of his bag a cricket bat with half the blade

cut off, and then Taylor's face was a study; the Doctor proceeded to lay the ball dead, but Taylor in all seriousness told him he mustn't use such a club, even though he could hole the puts from all parts of the green. The Doctor, therefore, at the next green brought out his aluminium putter with which he was to perform nameless feats during his golfing career. No man had better judgment of a long run-up put of about forty yards, part on rough and part on the green, and often he would lay the ball 'dead,' and it was his ability to do this which made him far more useful as a partner in a foursome than many men of lower handicap. His drive, too, was exceptionally straight and of quite good length, but his iron play was not so good as the other parts of his game. He had the happy knack of making his partner feel he believed in his ability to get him out of any difficulty, and one could absolutely rely on his nerve and on his bringing off some special shot at a crucial stage of the game.

One day some of us were talking about the 'follow through' at golf and W. G. overheard us, and nearly took my breath away by saying, he had no 'follow through' either at cricket or golf, it was all bunkum! I could not believe he was in earnest but found that he was. I then told him I would prove by action photos that he had a 'follow through,' and this is the reason of the series taken at the wickets with golf clubs and cricket bat. Thinking it out before I took the photos, I came to the conclusion that the 'Old Man's' 'follow through' was the best of all; it was unconscious and the outcome of putting everything in at the ball through the medium of his wrists. His club would swish through after impact, and as quickly recoil back as it were, and not come to rest over his left shoulder; it was essentially a blow with the wrists almost entirely, the wrists timed on to the ball. When he saw the photos, he had to own that they surprised him, and that he must have

some kind of ' follow through,' though he could never have shown any one what it was.

He often took his golf clubs away with him to the Hastings or Bournemouth cricket festivals, and in case of rain spoiling all chance of cricket, a foursome was sure to be made, up. On one occasion four of us (W. G. included) returned from a round, to find, contrary to all anticipation, play had been announced possible before lunch. Not being cognisant of this, we were half an hour late and an early lunch resulted with expressions of opinion decidedly against the culprits and quite reasonably so, but all the offenders condoned by making the only runs on the side in that innings. Who after this, will say that golf does not help one's cricket !

On another occasion, right at the beginning of W. G.'s golfing career he was driven into twice by some one behind him. The second time W. G. said, ' Surely that's against the rules,' and being assured that it ought not to have occurred, he stepped on to the ball as if by accident, and then said, ' Now he'll think he hasn't a good lie,' and when the owner reached the ball, his language was something to remember. He said he would report W. G. to the Committee and was as good as his word, but W. G. reported him for using bad language and in the end the Committee considered he owed W. G. an apology ! W. G. used to tell the story and look upon it as a huge joke.

In this same game Billie Murdoch, also a beginner, was left struggling in a huge bunker after about a dozen attempts to get out, but no sooner had the others disappeared from sight, than Murdoch picked up the ball and threw it after them and a handful of sand with it. But some one looking on gave the show away, and discounted Murdoch's recital of the wonderful stroke he made too late for them to see.

Some few years ago, a series of matches were played between Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein

and P. J. de Paravicini and the Doctor and myself. We had to give a few strokes on handicap. The Prince would travel all night from the Continent and arrive at the golf course in time for a round before lunch, and considering all the circumstances it was surprising how little it seemed to affect his game. One of these series, known as the Boat-four-some, was played at Mid-Surrey on the day when the Prince had to return to the Continent, and I well remember the day, for after the match was over, we all motored up to the skating rink at Prince's, and saw the Doctor perform at curling, and after dining with the Prince we saw him off at Victoria. In a well-known London paper next day, there appeared three-quarters of a column on its most prominent page, giving full details of how the great W. G. had been playing golf with little Prince Albert, had taken him afterwards to Prince's, where the little chap ran beside the burly form of W. G. clapping his hands in delight, and had afterwards been taken to Buckingham Palace by the Old Man, who, after dining there, caught the last train back to the Crystal Palace. The ubiquitous reporter had heard about him playing with Prince Albert, had immediately jumped to conclusions, and the filling in of all the details was then an easy matter.

When W. G. was about sixty the following was a typical day's sport which would have been too much for many a younger man. He would leave his house at Sydenham at eight in the morning, and play two rounds on some London links, travel to London and have a slight meal, start curling at Prince's at about seven p.m., catch the last train to the Crystal Palace, arriving home about midnight. He did not do this every day, but I believe once a week at least.

He had some weird names for his clubs. He was especially fond of referring to his niblick as the 'cleaver': it was one specially designed by James Braid for the tough heather encountered at Walton

Heath, where most of W. G.'s golf was played, and where many of his golfing joy-days were spent. Sir George Riddell who started the Club, paid W. G. the honour of electing him an honorary member, a compliment which was much appreciated by him.

There is a story told about the 'cleaver.' W. G. was stranded at a place where there were two lines to the Crystal Palace and asked at the booking office if his ticket was available by that line. On hearing the answer to be unfavourable, he put the cleaver through the ticket office opening and said: 'What! not available!' 'Oh yes,' said the booking clerk; 'it's all right.'

One thought W. G. had many years yet to enjoy the game which he came to love almost as much as cricket, though to him cricket was life, no game to be compared with it, but—the remembrance of those golfing days will be a joy for ever; the huge frame, the big heart, the merry laughter, the comradeship, the sunshine, the breeze, the firm turf—joyous days indeed and a high privilege to have known such a man."

P. J. de Paravicini writes:

"I played a lot of golf with him. Strangely enough he was quite a short driver, with a very bad style. He was a capital putter and pretty good at the short game. On one occasion Prince Albert and I were playing a four-ball match against George Beldam and W. G. By some mysterious fluke the two both drove off at the same moment and their balls actually collided in the air. W. G.'s ball was knocked considerably nearer the hole than it would otherwise have been, just the sort of thing that would happen to him.

Once we were playing at Richmond, Prince Albert having come straight from Germany to the match. At the third hole we saw some very weary-looking sheep under a tree. Said W. G.: 'Why those sheep look as if they had just come off the boat too.'

The Bishop of London never having met W. G., I arranged they should have a game with me at Sunningdale. As we were changing afterwards, thinking he might want to be taken to the local station, the Bishop said: 'Doctor, can I give you a lift?' 'Certainly,' was the reply: 'anywhere near Victoria will do me all right.' When I saw them off, I insisted that the Bishop should sit on the same side of the car as the chauffeur, otherwise I felt the balance would be too utterly unequal.

Prince Albert, W. G. and I had been playing two rounds at Walton Heath and agreed to dine in town together. But W. G. said he must go ahead as he had to play a game at bowls. We knew where it was, so we thought we would look in. There he was, full of vitality, 'bossing' just a bit and working as hard as if he had not finished two tough matches on a trying as well as long course. That was it: the keenness of him at whatever he put his hand to. Genial keenness—those are my associations with the revered name of Grace—genial keenness, combined with unrivalled skill at the finest of all games."

R. E. Howard, in *The Sportsman*, wrote on "W. G. at his happiest" as follows:

"Golf was indeed proud to claim Dr. W. G. Grace as one of its devotees, and only those who have enjoyed the splendid contagion of his boyish enthusiasm and simple-hearted good humour during a round of the links are in a position to realize that a real personality has gone out of the game. Abler pens will describe what W. G. was to cricket, but I do know that it was always an inspiration when one visited a golf course to learn that he was playing on it. He had all due respect for the rules of the links, but his sheer bonhomie made him love a match which was not taken too seriously, and in which temporary laws could be introduced for the benefit of both sides, so that the ball should not have to be played from unduly awkward positions. How he enjoyed those

games! That he practised golf assiduously in quiet hours may be gathered from the fact that, although he started it late in life, he soon reduced his handicap to 9. But he liked best to play it in that spirit of easy good nature which was his outstanding characteristic. His laughter could be heard almost anywhere on the course; it was the most spontaneous, infectious laugh ever known in golf. Solemn-minded people, whose nature it was to take the game in deadly earnest, enjoyed W. G.'s laugh quite as much as more flippant souls; it had such a genuine ring that the justification for it could not be doubted. I do not think that anybody ever learnt how to extract so much pleasure from a round as W. G."

Beagling

Sam Ferris writes:

"I came in contact with Dr. W. G. Grace with the Clifton Beagles. Occasionally, through my invitation, they came to Wiltshire. Then he always accompanied them, sometimes with a son or Charles Townsend. On these occasions he was as keen on hunting as he was in the cricket-field and would find more hares than any other ten men who were out. One day the hounds and forty to fifty of the field went into a large field of about thirty acres and were half way across it before he and I entered it. Directly we did, a few yards from the gate, he saw a bunch of nettles and said: 'They've gone and not drawn this; let's beat it.' We did and up jumped a hare.

W. G. Grace did not run, but kept on walking for six or seven hours without stopping, whilst others sat on a gate or lay down until we had found. This was the reason he found the hares—because he worked. One evening, when he reached the station, there were a few members of the local football team. Directly they saw W. G., they gave a loud cheer. I said to the captain: 'What is all this about?' 'A compliment to the best sportsman in England,' was

his spontaneous reply. In response to their wish, W. G. shook hands with them all.

One day the Clifton Beagles met at eleven ; we had a very hard day and left off about five. Knowing it was over three miles to the station I took Grace to a very hospitable farmer, Burbidge, brother of the renowned head of Harrods. When we started, after an hour, I mounted him, for I had been riding all day and he had been walking. He was then seventeen stone one and subsequently often told me that mine was the last horse he ever rode. He was not a horseman. After he left Bristol, he kept up his love for hunting and never missed a day with the Worcester Park Beagles, if he could go."

Curling

Rev. A. Goram Whitehead, D.D., of Killearn, writes :

" It was in the early spring of 1906, at Prince's Skating Club, Knightsbridge, that I was enabled to add Dr. W. G. Grace to the list of distinguished men I had had the honour of meeting. We were introduced by that veteran Knight of the broom Sir John Heron Maxwell. What passed were mere words of courtesy, but the personality of the man was photographed on my memory. At that time his great cricketing career was over and he had become a keen player of ' Scotland's ain game of curling.' Needless to say he played it with the same zest as he played the game in the annals of which he had won imperishable renown. His figure, erect, broad and towering, had something kingly, and for all that he was built on such massive lines, his well-knit trunk and limbs possessed the spring of a step-dancer. A man unspoiled by the fame that his feats had achieved, the sunny light and interest of unquenchable boyhood lingered on his brow and in his keen kindly eye."

A cutting from the *Daily Telegraph* of January 24, 1905, reads:

"A number of curling enthusiasts started a pitch on the frozen pond at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, and the stones were merrily humming along the ice when Dr. W. G. Grace appeared and joined the ranks of the curlers. The ice, however, could not sustain his commanding figure, and after a very short stay on the ice the Doctor found a weak spot and went through. The wetting was not very serious, but it necessitated his retirement from the pleasures of curling for the day."

Bowls

A. H. Hamilton, S.C.C., writes:

"Dr. W. G. Grace's interest in the game of bowls may be taken as commencing with his official connection with the Crystal Palace. In the month of March, 1901, he applied on behalf of London County Bowling Club for application with the Scottish Bowling Association which occupies the same position in the game as the M.C.C. does in cricket. After the London County B.C. was admitted to membership of the S.B.A., Dr. Grace invited me as Secretary of that Association to bring a team of two rinks (four players in each rink) to London and engage a similar number of rinks of his club at the Crystal Palace green. That game took place there and was greatly enjoyed by all the players who were most hospitably entertained by Dr. Grace. The Doctor skipped one of the rinks and played a capital game. So much pleased were the Scotsmen with their reception that they presented Dr. Grace with a pair of silver-mounted bowls, a gift which he greatly prized.

The following summer—1902—Dr. Grace sent another invitation to me to take a team to London, which I did, and Dr. Grace and his players returned the visit in August of that year. At that time Edinburgh, Glasgow and Ayr were visited. At each

of those places his presence caused great interest—several hundred bowlers and cricketers viewing the games.

Dr. Grace soon realized the good international contests would do, and during his visit to Scotland he urged their claims. A ready response was given by the Scottish players who already possessed a national association consisting of between 300 and 400 clubs. England, Ireland and Wales had not at that time a national body, but at the request of Dr. Grace I approached J. C. Hunter (Belfast) and W. A. Morgan (Cardiff), two well-known bowlers in Ireland and Wales respectively, who were cordially in agreement with the proposal to establish international contests. Conditions and rules were adjusted, and the result was that the first international matches took place in London (out of respect to Dr. Grace) at the Crystal Palace and South London bowling greens in July, 1903. After a most exciting finish England won the contest, and this result gave the game in England a great impetus and Dr. Grace great pleasure. The following year the contests were played in Scotland, then in Wales and after in Ireland, and until 1915 when the international contests were abandoned on account of the war this routine was followed.

During the first two years of the international contests Dr. Grace won five out of the six games his rink played, the other game being drawn, so that during that time he was undefeated. For six years he captained the English team, his last game taking place in Edinburgh in 1908. On that occasion he dined with the members of the Carlton Cricket Club in their pavilion and received a very hearty welcome. In his speech he advocated international cricket between Scotland, Ireland and Wales. This was Dr. Grace's last appearance in Edinburgh.

In 1906 Dr. Grace through his friend Sir George Riddell procured from the proprietors of the *News*

of the World newspaper a magnificent challenge trophy for international competitions, the winning country holding it for a year. This trophy was presented to the International Bowling Board in Ireland that year. England won it, and it was a very popular win.

Dr. Grace's association with the game of bowls was most beneficial to the game, especially in England, Ireland and Wales, and it was largely through the international games that the bowling associations of these countries were formed. Dr. Grace's striking personality was a great asset. In deliberations he was never aggressive and a more reasonable and congenial colleague was not on the Board. The Doctor's keen eye was a great help to him in picking up the points of the game. In the games he was a great enthusiast. He was a good opponent, and while his players were sometimes reminded in the Doctor's own way that better play was expected of them, he had many encouraging remarks for them. No man enjoyed a victory better, although he accepted it with moderation. In defeat he was a good sportsman. He was extremely popular at all the International games in which he took part and was as fond of a practical joke or a bit of fun as any one."

E. A. C. Thomson writes:

"Grace frequently took the London County bowling team to various places and always managed thoroughly to enjoy himself on these excursions. On one occasion his side met the Heathfield Bowling Club on their excellent rink at Wandsworth Common and the play proved exciting and close. The Doctor, who was skip of his team, was loudly urging his colleagues to play to a certain position. After one shot had gone wide, growing highly excited and anxious to win the match, he shouted to one of his men, a Highlander: 'Play to my foot, man, play to my foot, and it will get there all right.' Then came the retort swift and altogether unexpected from

the Scottish International: 'Play to your fut, mon, play to your fut, why your fut is all over the green.' The joke was greatly appreciated, but Grace remained quiet for several minutes: the Scottish wit had gone home."

Fishing

Harry Coxon writes:

"W. G. Grace hardly ever visited Nottingham to play cricket with Gloucestershire against Notts unless he indulged in some early morning fishing in the Trent. He was a personal friend of mine and it was a great pleasure to me to pilot him to some of the best swims on the Holme Pierrepont waters. One soft, balmy summer morning we had a rare set-to with the worm amongst the barbel and big bream inhabiting the deep run at the head of Colwick Weir, which we commanded from a punt. The Doctor was delighted—he had not previously tested the fighting qualities of barbel—and later in the day he proceeded to Trent Bridge and scored over a 'century' against the home county's crack bowlers."

P. J. de Paravicini writes:

"The last match in which I ever met W. G. was as an opponent. He brought an L.C.C.C. side to Chesham and I was one of Lowndes' side. We were all put up in the house. As there was some fishing going, of course W. G. wanted to be in it. He left his line out all night and some one put a red herring on it. I can still hear his cheery tones, as with perfect good-will, next morning, he inquired: 'Which of you boys has been having me over this game?'"

Shooting

C. K. Francis writes:

"Another annual sporting event in the life of W. G. Grace should not be omitted, and this in his

own county. By permission of the Duke of Beaufort, a day's partridge shooting was provided for the Graces over the Duke's Dormalin property. This generally came off early in September. It was the custom of the guns, including W. G., the Coroner [E. M.], Dr. Alfred Grace, G. F. and other members of the family, to assemble at the inn at Toll Down for breakfast at eight o'clock, after which the serious operation of the day commenced, which was walking after partridges. I may mention that one John Roe, a sort of keeper from Badminton, was in command of the field forces, which he directed from the pivot, while W. G. generally took the outside because his legs were the longest and those of John Roe the shortest.

The bag was never very heavy as foxes in that part of the country are reared in large numbers, educated and encouraged to keep down the head of game to within reasonable proportions. Still the Grace party generally managed to kill about as many partridges as they walked miles, which Roe always assured me was between thirty-five and forty, and it was always a question with him at the end of the day whether he or the dogs or the partridges were the most tired. I need not say that to W. G. the day was mere child's play, as after a season's cricket when he had run many thousands of runs and bowled many hundreds of overs he was in pretty hard condition for any such small emergency as walking after partridges.

Now that I have diverged from cricket to sport, which I believe W. G. really enjoyed as much, an Apethorpe incident of interest comes to my mind, some of the details of which have been supplied to me by Lord Westmorland, who was an eyewitness. It was as far back as 1876, when W. G. was invited by the late Lord Westmorland to play for Apethorpe against Lord Exeter's XI at Burghley and, in spite of the champion's assistance, Apethorpe

retired defeated amid a considerable amount of crowing from Burghley. The only person on the Apethorpe side who really enjoyed himself was the present Lord Westmorland, who made 45 (W. G.'s score being only 15), and was in consequence presented with a pair of bats by Grace, which are now, I believe, amongst the family heirlooms. For twelve months revenge was brooding over Apethorpe and in 1877 not only was W. G. again retained for the match, but G. F., W. R. Gilbert (' the Colonel ' long prior to H. T. Hewett possessing the nickname) and Southerton, the rest of the team being composed of a couple more professionals and some Eton boy friends of Lord Burghersh, as he was then. Needless to say sparks were knocked out of Burghley and the laurels taken back in triumph to Apethorpe (W. G. himself getting 110).

This, however, was considerably damped and a gloom cast over Apethorpe on the following day, which as usual was devoted to shooting, the annual sequel to the Burghley match. It was on September 6, 1877, always afterwards remembered as a sort of Waterloo day at Apethorpe. The cricket team were the guns. Everything went swimmingly until four p.m., when they had annexed seventy brace of partridges and twenty hares and all were keen to bring the total up to 100 brace in honour of W. G. At that time a lot of birds were in a large field of roots and a good drive anticipated. The guns were all placed in position, but unfortunately W. G. took upon himself to change his stand and slip up a high hedge out of the line, the rest of the guns not knowing of this extremely dangerous manœuvre on his part. Needless to say, at this point he got severely bombarded as many of the birds went over his head, each one getting from the Etonians and other guns anything from two to twenty-two barrels. Small wonder that W. G. was receiving a sort of ' curtain fire,' more familiar now than then, got hit and not only hit, but

hit in the eye. Of course to the Eton boys nothing more awful could have happened than that the great hero, whom they looked up to and almost worshipped, should have been thus seriously maimed.

It could hardly be realized, but it was a fact and all approached with bated breath, G. F. Grace leading the way. At that time I fancy G. F. had not passed his medical. The guns were all unlimbered and thrown into the game cart with the cartridges to prevent further mishap and everybody stood round in watchful silence watching G. F. winding bandages round W. G.'s head, the Eton boys wondering if he really would die and what sort of souvenirs might be obtained if such was to be his sad end. The impromptu bandages having been adjusted to G. F.'s satisfaction, a kind of funeral procession was formed consisting of shooters, farmers, keepers, beaters, Etonians and the dogs, with their tails between their legs, bringing up the rear, W. G. and G. F. leading, the former blinded with bandages.

Arriving at Apethorpe, the case was carefully diagnosed by G. F., the rest waiting to hear the result, when he rushed in to announce, to their joy, that he had saved his brother's eye and that his sight would not be impaired. A few days later their pleasure was redoubled by W. G. Grace himself wiring to say he had played the best innings of his life. Thus ended the Apethorpe adventure.

I have also been reminded by Lord Londesborough —to whose hospitality W. G. and every one else who has figured in Scarborough Festivals owes so much appreciative gratitude—that on the occasion [alluded to in an earlier chapter by C. W. Burls] Grace and two others bagged sixty-seven brace of partridges one morning before stumps were pitched, one of the Young's—Lord Londesborough's celebrated family of keepers—said that there were 'more partridges than had ever been since Adam was a little boy.' "

From *The Irish Field* is culled this incident :

" On one occasion when shooting with Mr. George Harnett, W. G. was greatly chagrined at missing a covey of partridges which was close to him and he allowed to escape. He turned and said : ' Why, George, I could have caught 'em.' "

CHAPTER XXIII

The Closing Scenes

THE last two public appearances of W. G. Grace were among the most dignified of his career. At the dinner in commemoration of the centenary of Lord's Cricket Ground, held at the *Hotel Cecil* on June 23, 1914, no one was more widely greeted or met with such a warm welcome as the veteran champion, cheerful as ever though disfigured by a black eye, the result of an accident.

The President of M.C.C., Lord Hawke, in proposing the toast of Lord's and the M.C.C., alluded to "the grand old man whom we all heartily welcome here to-night." C. E. Green, in concluding his speech, said: "I will only now give you the toast of 'County Cricket,' and I am asked to associate with it the names of Lord Harris and Dr. W. G. Grace. The former, as you all know, was in his time a great cricketer and was mainly instrumental in bringing his county (that champion county—Kent) to the proud position which it now occupies, and he is now one of the great mainstays of the M.C.C. and a power in the cricketing world. Dr. W. G. Grace is, as you all know, the greatest cricketer that ever lived or ever will live, and it is one of my proudest recollections that I have in years gone by been associated with him in many a hard-fought match on the cricket-field."

When he rose to reply, W. G. was given an overwhelming reception. As usual he was very brief.

He said he considered county cricket was as good as ever it was. He would only say about county cricket that the young players did not make enough use of their legs as they ought for punishing the bowling. He had not seen much first-class cricket of latter years because he considered that the test match play was rather too slow. He would like to give them four days for test match cricket and, "if the game could not be finished in that time, they had better begin it all over again."

There can be no doubt that out of the large assemblage not one relished the occasion so much as he. Yet there was bound to be the shadow of sadness for comrades who had passed away, and in speaking of this to Coulson Kernahan, a few days afterwards, he remarked: "It shows how old I am getting that there is hardly any one now left to call me Gilbert."

On one further occasion only did Grace witness a match at Lord's. He came during Hobbs' benefit, transferred from the Oval which was in the occupation of the military authorities. Friends crowded round him to find that his thoughts were far from cricket, concentrated on the war. A few days later, on August 27, came this trumpet-call in print:

CRICKETERS AND THE WAR

DR. W. G. GRACE'S VIEW

To the Editor of "The Sportsman"

SIR,—There are many cricketers who are already doing their duty, but there are many more who do not seem to realize that in all probability they will have to serve either at home or abroad before the war is brought to a conclusion. The fighting on the Continent is very severe, and will probably be prolonged. I think the time has arrived when the county cricket season should be closed, for it is not

fitting at a time like the present that able-bodied men should play day after day and pleasure-seekers look on. There are so many who are young and able, and yet are hanging back. I should like to see all first-class cricketers of suitable age, etc., set a good example, and come to the help of their country without delay in its hour of need.—Yours, etc.,

W. G. GRACE.

Amid all the preoccupations of the great war, the public was deeply moved by the intelligence that "W. G.'s very ill," and in two or three days learnt with profound sorrow that he had passed away. It seemed almost impossible. As P. F. Warner truly observed after the funeral: "Life to lots of us can never be the same because of the loss of the dear Old Man. This is a chapter in our existence that has the mournful 'finis' appended to it." It was generally believed that a Zeppelin raid in the neighbourhood gave the veteran a shock when he was in a dangerously weak condition, and the German papers actually stated that he was a victim of an aerial visitation.

It was on a bitterly cold afternoon, October 26, 1915, that a great gathering assembled at Elmer's End Cemetery to pay the last tribute of respect "to the man of all others whose name will for generations to come, as it has been for nearly half a century, be pre-eminently linked with our great summer game played wherever Englishmen set foot." The church was filled to overflowing and, at the conclusion of the first portion of the service, the lengthy procession of mourners made its way to the grave, where, under the shadow of a hawthorn tree, the hero of cricket was laid to rest beside a son and daughter who had preceded him into the land of shadows.

Behind the chief mourners, composed of the family and C. L. Townsend, walked Lord Hawke and Lord Harris representing the Marylebone Cricket Club.

From " the county of the Graces " came J. A. Bush, R. F. Miles, O. G. Radcliffe and F. Townsend. Veterans included C. E. Green, H. W. Bainbridge, F. G. J. Ford, W. H. Fowler who was with Sir George Riddell, W. Foord-Kelcey, A. P. Lucas, C. K. Francis, C. I. Thornton, C. C. Clarke, P. J. de Paravicini, F. T. Welman, George Brann and S. A. P. Kitcat. In khaki stood the Jam Sahib of Nawanagar (Ranjitsinhji of yore) with Sir Home Gordon, Captain P. F. Warner, Captain H. D. G. Leveson-Gower and Captain H. T. Hewett. Other noted cricketers included J. R. Mason, G. MacGregor, C. J. Burnup, and Captain G. J. V. Weigall. Among the professionals were Alec Hearne, Huish, Martin, W. C. Smith, Henderson, with Cannon and Philip Need from Lord's. And not a tithe of those who came to that sad scene have been enumerated.

Lord Hawke, on behalf of M.C.C., received the following cablegram: " Kindly convey condolence of the club to the Grace family—Trumble, Melbourne C.C." ; also from Christchurch, New Zealand: " Dominion mourns loss of Grace—Moon, Cricket Council." A most kind message was also received from His Majesty the King.

Of all the memorial accounts, couched in language of deserved appreciation, none was finer than that appearing in the columns of *Punch*, which had contained so many tributes to the great cricketer during his career. It is no secret that the author was E. V. Lucas, who is as devoted to cricket as to literature, and it cannot be omitted from this volume. Thus he wrote:

" So W. G. is no more ! Cricket itself has suffered the cruellest wounds since August of last year, and now the Father of it is laid low. And his place will never be filled again. There could not be another W. G. ; there can be, if the Fates allow the game to recover, great cricketers ; but there can never be another so immeasurably the greatest—never another

not only to play cricket as Grace did, but to be cricket as Grace was.

Cricket and W. G. were indeed one. Popular superstition and the reporters had it that he was a physician, and it is true that, when a wicket-keeper smashed his thumb or a bumping ball flew into a batsman's face, first aid would be administered in the grateful shade of the 'Doctor's' beard; but it was impossible really to think seriously of his medical activities, or indeed of any of his activities off the field. Between September and May one thought of him as hibernating in a cave, returning to life with renewed vigour with the opening of the season, his beard a little more imposing, his proportions a little more gigantic; so that each year the bat in his hand, as he walked to the wicket with that curious rolling tumbling gait, seemed a more trifling implement.

With the mind's vision one sees him in many postures. At the wicket: waiting, striking and running; and again bowling, in his large round action, coming in from the leg, with a man on the leg boundary a little finer than square, to catch the youngsters who lunged at the widish ball (his 'bread-and-butter trick' W. G. called it). One sees him thus and thus, and even retiring to the pavilion, either triumphantly—with not, of course, a sufficient but an adequate score to his credit—or with head bent pondering how it was he let that happen and forewarning himself against it next time. But to these reminiscent eyes the most familiar and characteristic attitude of all is W. G. among his men at the fall of a wicket, when they would cluster round to discuss the event and, no matter how tall they were, W. G.'s beard and shoulders would top the lot. Brave days for ever gone!

Of late years, since his retirement, the Old Man, as he was best known among his fellow amateurs, was an occasional figure at Lord's. More than a figure, a landmark, for he grew vaster steadily, more mas-

sive, more monumental. What must it have been like to have that Atlas back and those shoulders in front of one in the theatre! At the big matches he would be seen on one of the lower seats of the pavilion with a friend on either side, watching and commenting. But the part of oracle sat very lightly upon him; he was ever a man of action rather than of words; shrewd and sagacious enough, but without rhetoric. That his mind worked with Ulysses-like acuteness every other captain had reason to know; his tactics were superb. But he donned and doffed them with his flannels. In ordinary life he was content to be an ordinary man.

Although sixty-seven, he did not exactly look old; he merely looked older than he had been, or than any such performer should be permitted to be. There should be a dispensation for such masters, by which W. G. with his bat, and John Roberts with his cue, and Cinquevalli with his juggling implements would be rendered immune from Anno Domini. Almost to the end he kept himself fit, either with local matches, where latterly he gave away more runs in the field than he hit up, not being able to 'get down' to the ball, or with golf or beagling. But the great beard grew steadily more grizzled and the ponderous footfall more weighty. Indeed towards the last he might almost have been a work by Mestrovics, so colossal and cosmic were his lines.

Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The days of Grace are ended."

The long innings is closed. The grand record of W. G. has been told. His memory will never die so long as the game is played with which he is pre-eminently associated. Perhaps his most fitting epitaph is what the Bishop of Hereford once said at a banquet to him at Bristol. "Had Grace been born in ancient Greece, the *Iliad* would have been a different book. Had he lived in the Middle Ages,

he would have been a crusader and would now have been lying with his legs crossed in some ancient abbey, having founded a great family. As he was born when the world was older, he was the best known of all Englishmen and the king of that English game least spoilt by any form of vice."

CHAPTER XXIV

Statistics of W. G. Grace's Cricket

By F. S. Ashley-Cooper

W. G. GRACE IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET

Batting			Year	Bowling		
Completed Innings	Runs	Average.		Runs	Wickets	Average.
7	189	27·00	1865	268	20	13·40
11	581	52·81	1866	434	31	14·00
5	154	30·80	1867	292	39	7·48
11	625	56·81	1868	—	1	—
				686	48	14·29
23	1,320	57·39	1869	1,193	73	16·34
33	1,808	54·78	1870	782	50	15·64
35	2,739	78·25	1871	1,346	79	17·03
29	1,561	53·82	1872	—	6	—
				736	62	11·87
30	2,139	71·30	1873	—	5	—
				1,307	101	12·94
32	1,664	52·00	1874	1,780	140	12·71
46	1,498	32·56	1875	2,468	191	12·92
42	2,622	62·42	1876	2,458	129	19·05
37	1,474	39·83	1877	2,291	179	12·79
40	1,151	28·77	1878	2,204	152	14·50
26	993	38·19	1879	1,491	113	13·19
24	951	39·62	1880	1,480	84	17·61
24	917	38·20	1881	1,026	57	18·00
37	975	26·35	1882	1,754	101	17·36

W. G. GRACE IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET—*continued*

Batting			Year	Bowling		
Completed Innings	Runs	Average		Runs	Wickets	Average
39	1,352	34·66	1883	2,077	94	22·09
40	1,361	34·02	1884	1,762	82	21·48
39	1,688	43·28	1885	2,199	117	18·79
52	1,846	35·50	1886	2,439	122	19·99
38	2,062	54·26	1887	2,078	97	21·42
58	1,886	32·51	1888	1,691	93	18·18
43	1,396	32·46	1889	1,019	44	23·15
52	1,476	28·38	1890	1,183	61	19·39
39	771	19·76	1891	973	58	16·77
10	448	44·80	1891–2	134	5	26·80
34	1,055	31·02	1892	958	31	30·90
45	1,609	35·75	1893	854	22	38·81
44	1,293	29·38	1894	732	29	25·24
46	2,346	51·00	1895	527	16	32·93
50	2,135	42·70	1896	1,249	52	24·01
39	1,532	39·28	1897	1,242	56	22·17
36	1,513	42·02	1898	917	36	25·47
22	515	23·40	1899	482	20	24·10
30	1,277	42·56	1900	969	32	30·28
31	1,007	32·48	1901	1,111	51	21·78
32	1,187	37·09	1902	1,074	46	23·34
26	593	22·80	1903	479	10	47·90
25	637	25·48	1904	687	21	32·71
13	250	19·23	1905	383	7	54·71
9	241	26·77	1906	268	13	20·61
2	19	9·50	1907	—	—	—
2	40	20·00	1908	5	0	—
1,388	54,896	39·55	Totals	— 51,488	12 2,864	— 17·97

FOR GENTLEMEN *v.* PLAYERS

Completed Innings	Runs	Average	Ground and Date of First Appearance	Runs	Wickets	Average
61	2,582	42·38	Oval, 1865 .	2,403	110	21·84
59	2,398	40·64	Lord's, 1865 .	1,863	108	17·25
2	217	108·50	Brighton, 1871	123	7	17·57
8	281	35·12	Prince's, 1873	473	39	12·12
1	174	174·00	Scarborough, 1885	60	3	20·00
10	356	35·60	Hastings, 1889	171	4	42·75
141	6,008	42·60		5,093	271	18·78

SIDES FOR WHICH W. G. GRACE OBTAINED HIS RUNS

	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Most in an Innings	Average
Anglo-American XI	2	0	157	152	78·50
England *v.* Australia	36	2	1,098	170	32·29
England in Australia (non test)	6	1	284	159*	56·80
England	23	3	996	224*	49·80
England XI	50	2	1,267	92	26·39
Gentlemen *v.* Players	151	10	6,008	217	42·60
Gentlemen of England	43	2	1,595	165	38·90
Gentlemen of South	37	2	1,625	180	46·42
Gloucestershire	618	49	23,083	318*	40·56
Gloucestershire and Kent	6	1	346	121	69·20
Gloucestershire and Yorkshire	2	0	162	110	81·00
Grace's XI	15	4	511	81*	46·45
Kent (with W. G. and A. W. Ridley)	2	0	108	58	54·00
London County	103	1	3,483	166	34·14
Marylebone C.C.	224	17	7,780	344	37·58
Non-Smokers	1	0	10	10	10·00
Non-University Gentlemen	1	0	12	12	12·00
Orleans Club	1	0	34	34	34·00
Over Thirty	8	0	193	51	24·12
Right-Handed	1	0	35	35	35·00
Single	1	1	189	189*	189·00*
South	137	8	5,130	268	39·76
South, United	15	1	492	126	35·14
South of the Thames	7	1	260	130	43·33
United XI	3	0	38	23	12·66
Totals	1,493	105	54,896	344	39·55

* Signifies not out.

SIDES AGAINST WHICH W. G. GRACE OBTAINED HIS RUNS

	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Most in an Innings	Average
Anglo-Australian XI.	7	1	161	58	26·83
Australia	149	8	4,493	170	31·86
Cambridge University	59	4	2,098	196	38·14
Derbyshire	24	1	539	87	23·43
England	22	1	852	121	40·57
England XI	4	0	153	81	38·25
Essex	3	0	195	126	65·00
Gentlemen of Kent	3	0	61	54	20·33
Gentlemen of Middlesex	2	0	82	48	41·00
Gentlemen of North	5	1	270	118	67·50
Gloucestershire	3	0	179	150	59·66
Herts	4	0	148	75	37·00
Home Counties	2	1	36	21*	36·00
Ireland	3	0	95	44	31·66
I Zingari	11	1	470	101*	47·00
Kent	76	13	3,394	344	53·87
Kent, XIII of	4	1	101	63*	33·66
Kent and Sussex	2	0	79	70	39·50
Lancashire	94	9	2,494	112	29·34
Lancashire and Yorkshire	2	0	30	28	15·00
Left-Handed	1	0	35	35	35·00
Leicestershire	14	0	339	83	24·21
M.C.C. and Ground	22	1	1,061	172	50·52
M.C.C., XV of, with Rylott	2	0	157	152	78·50
Married	1	1	189	189*	189·00*
Middlesex	73	7	3,036	221*	46·00
New South Wales	3	0	79	45	26·33
North	120	6	4,568	268	40·07
North of the Thames	7	1	260	130	43·33
North, United	11	1	435	126	43·50
Notts	96	6	3,768	182	41·86
Notts and Yorkshire	1	1	170	170*	170·00
Oxford University	28	1	1,169	117	43·29
Philadelphians	1	0	113	113	113·00
Players	151	10	6,008	217	42·60
Players of the North	10	0	399	145	39·90
Players of the South	22	2	884	180	44·20
Rest of England †	2	0	65	63	32·50
Smokers	1	0	10	10	10·00
Somerset	33	0	1,373	288	41·60

* Signifies not out. † Lord Sheffield's Anglo-Australian XI.

SIDES AGAINST WHICH W. G. GRACE OBTAINED HIS RUNS—*continued*

	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Most in an Innings	Average
South	4	0	92	44	23·00
South Africans	7	0	94	37	13·42
South Australia	1	0	2	2	2·00
Staffordshire	1	0	67	67	67·00
Surrey	139	10	4,583	224*	35·52
Surrey and Middlesex	2	0	43	24	21·50
Surrey and Sussex	5	0	97	40	19·40
Sussex	88	8	3,688	301	46·10
University Gentlemen	1	0	12	12	12·00
Under Thirty	8	0	193	51	24·12
Victoria	2	1	203	159*	203·00
Warwickshire	29	1	915	129	32·67
West Indians	2	0	32	23	16·00
Worcestershire	4	1	232	110*	77·33
Yorkshire	122	6	4,595	318*	39·61
Totals	1,493	105	54,896	344	39·55

* Signifies not out.

W. G. GRACE FOR GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Completed Innings	Runs	Average	Year	Runs	Wickets	Average
2	37	18·50	1868	— 47	1 4	— 11·75
4	366	91·50	1870	209	23	9·08
7	435	62·14	1871	291	19	15·31
6	284	47·33	1872	406	40	10·15
8	497	62·12	1873	430	21	20·47
7	594	84·85	1874	690	59	11·69
14	541	38·64	1875	787	54	14·57
11	890	80·90	1876	659	43	15·32
12	367	30·58	1877	864	88	9·81
19	605	31·84	1878	1,184	79	14·98
13	709	52·53	1879	919	75	12·25
16	614	38·37	1880	1,054	63	16·73
18	720	40·00	1881	853	47	18·14
22	666	30·27	1882	1,254	74	16·94
22	871	39·59	1883	1,415	64	22·10
18	672	37·33	1884	1,107	40	27·67
24	1,034	43·08	1885	1,403	68	20·63
24	714	29·75	1886	1,460	73	20·00
22	1,405	63·86	1887	1,407	64	21·98
27	1,068	39·55	1888	1,094	55	19·89
24	884	36·83	1889	824	32	25·75
27	930	34·44	1890	1,012	49	20·65
21	440	20·95	1891	622	37	16·81
22	802	36·45	1892	773	26	29·73
27	747	27·66	1893	784	22	35·63
32	633	19·78	1894	440	12	36·66
28	1,424	50·85	1895	247	7	35·28
33	1,693	51·30	1896	820	37	22·16
28	1,192	41·84	1897	950	44	21·59
24	1,141	47·54	1898	832	34	24·47
7	108	15·42	1899	192	10	19·20
569	23,083	40·56	Totals	— 25,029	1 1,363	— 18·36

W. G. GRACE'S SCORING ON CHIEF LONDON GROUNDS

	Matches	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Lord's . .	208	364	19	12,690	196	36·78
Oval . . .	122	209	18	8,261	268	43·25
Prince's . .	17	28	0	1,321	261	47·17
Crystal Palace	40	60	1	2,535	166	42·96

HOW W. G. GRACE WAS OUT

Caught	760
Bowled	439
Caught and bowled	76
L.B.W.	54
Run out	27
Stumped	26
Hit wicket	6
Completed innings	1,388

HOW W. G. GRACE SCORED

0	83
1 to 9	345
10 to 19	251
20 to 29	190
30 to 39	148
40 to 49	96
50 to 59	90
60 to 69	56
70 to 79	49
80 to 89	34
90 to 99	25
Centuries	126
Innings commenced	1,493

SUMMARY OF W. G. GRACE'S CENTURIES

100 to 149	78
150 to 199	35
200 to 249	6
250 to 299	4
300 to 344	3
Total	126

These 126 scores were obtained thus:

For England	5
,, Gentlemen *v.* Players	15
,, Gentlemen of England	5
,, Gentlemen of South	7
,, Gloucestershire	51
,, M.C.C. (or M.C.C. and Ground)	19
,, South	10
,, London County	7
,, Various	7

TWO SEPARATE HUNDREDS IN ONE MATCH

130 & 102*	South of the Thames *v.* North of the Thames at Canterbury	1868
101 & 103*	Gloucestershire *v.* Kent at Clifton	1887
148 & 153	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Clifton	1888

The following feats are also noteworthy:—

94 & 121	Kent and Gloucestershire *v.* England at Canterbury	1874
92 & 183*	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Gloucester	1887
126 & 82	United South *v.* United North at Hull	1876

* Signifies not out.

THREE SEPARATE HUNDREDS IN SUCCESSION

118	Gentlemen of South *v.* Gentlemen of North at Lillie Bridge	1871
178	South *v.* North at Lord's.	
162	Gentlemen of England *v.* Cambridge University at Cambridge	
112	Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's . . .	1872
117	Gentlemen *v.* Players at Oval . . .	
170*	England *v.* Notts and Yorkshire at Lord's	
134	Gentlemen of South *v.* Players of South at Oval	1873
163	Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's . . .	
158	Gentlemen *v.* Players at Oval . . .	
121	Kent and Gloucestershire *v.* England at Canterbury	1874
123	M.C.C. *v.* Kent at Canterbury . . .	
127	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Clifton .	
344	M.C.C. *v.* Kent at Canterbury . . .	1876
177	Gloucestershire *v.* Notts at Clifton . .	
318	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Cheltenham	

CONSECUTIVE COUNTY INNINGS

179	Gloucestershire *v.* Sussex at Brighton .	1874
167	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Sheffield	
127	Gloucestershire *v.* Yorkshire at Clifton.	

In consecutive innings for Gentlemen *v.* Players in 1871, 1872, 1873, W. G. Grace scored 217, 77 and 112, 117, 163, 158, 70 : average 130·57 against the bowling of Alfred and J. C. Shaw, Martin, McIntyre, Southerton, Emmett, Willsher, Fillery, Hayward, Lockwood, Oscroft, Richard Daft and Lillywhite.

* Signifies not out.

In May, 1895, in his forty-seventh year, W. G. Grace made the following scores in succession for Gloucestershire :

288 *v.* Somerset at Bristol.
257 and 73 not out (winning the match by 9 wickets) *v.* Kent at Gravesend.
169 *v.* Middlesex at Lord's.
91 *v.* Sussex at Brighton.

CARRYING BAT THROUGH A COMPLETED INNINGS

138	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Surrey	Oval . .	1869
117	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Notts	Lord's . .	1870
189	Single	*v.* Married	Lord's . .	1871
81	W. G. Grace's XI	*v.* Kent	Maidstone .	1871
170	England	*v.* Notts & Yorks	Lord's . .	1872
192	South	*v.* North	Oval . .	1873
318	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Cheltenham	1876
221	Gloucestershire	*v.* Middlesex	Clifton . .	1885
81	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Sussex	Lord's . .	1887
113	Gloucestershire	*v.* Notts	Clifton . .	1887
37	Gloucestershire	*v.* Lancashire	Bristol . .	1889
127	Gloucestershire	*v.* Middlesex	Cheltenham	1889
109	Gloucestershire	*v.* Kent	Maidstone .	1890
159	England	*v.* Victoria	Melbourne .	1891–2
61	Gloucestershire	*v.* Surrey	Oval . .	1893
243	Gloucestershire	*v.* Sussex	Brighton .	1896
102	Gloucestershire	*v.* Lancashire	Bristol . .	1896

EIGHT OR MORE WICKETS IN AN INNINGS

Wickets.	Runs.				
8 for	40	Gentlemen of the South	*v.* Players of the South	Oval . .	1865
8 „	25	Gentlemen	*v.* Players	Lord's . .	1867
8 „	33	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield .	1872
10 „	92	M.C.C.	*v.* Kent (12 a side)	Canterbury	1873
9 „	48	South	*v.* North	Lough-borough	1875
8 „	69	Gloucestershire	*v.* Notts	Clifton .	1876
8 „	36	South	*v.* North	Lord's . .	1877
8 „	54	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Derbyshire	Lord's . .	1877

Wickets.	Runs.				
9 for	55*a*	Gloucestershire	*v.* Notts	Cheltenham	1877
8 ,,	34*b*				
8 ,,	23	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Derbyshire	Lord's .	1878
8 ,,	81	Gloucestershire	*v.* Surrey	Cirencester	1879
8 ,,	31	Gloucestershire	*v.* Somerset	Gloucester	1882
8 ,,	93	Gloucestershire	*v.* Australians	Clifton. .	1882
9 ,,	20	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Notts	Lord's . .	1885
10 ,,	49	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Oxford University	Oxford .	1886
8 ,,	37	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Sussex	Lord's .	1889

THIRTEEN OR MORE WICKETS IN A MATCH

Wickets.	Runs.				
13 for	84	Gentlemen of the South	*v.* Players of the South	Oval . .	1865
15 ,,	79	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield	1872
15 ,,	147	M.C.C.	*v.* Kent (12 a side)	Canterbury	1873
14 ,,	66	Gloucestershire	*v.* Surrey	Cheltenham	1874
13 ,,	98	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Clifton .	1875
14 ,,	108	South	*v.* North	Loughborough	1875
14 ,,	109	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Derbyshire	Lord's . .	1877
17 ,,	89	Gloucestershire	*v.* Notts	Cheltenham	1877
13 ,,	106	Gloucestershire	*v.* Sussex	Cheltenham	1878
15 ,,	116	Gloucestershire	*v.* Surrey	Cirencester	1879
16 ,,	60	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Notts	Lord's . .	1885
13 ,,	110	London County	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Lord's . .	1901

FOUR WICKETS OR MORE FOR THREE RUNS OR LESS

Wickets.	Runs.				
6 for	10	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Lancashire	Lord's . .	1869
7 ,,	19	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Herts	Chorleywood	1873
7 ,,	18	Gloucestershire	*v.* Surrey	Cheltenham	1874
8 ,,	23	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Derbyshire	Lord's . .	1878
6 ,,	18	Gloucestershire	*v.* Sussex	Cheltenham	1878
6 ,,	16	Gloucestershire	*v.* Middlesex	Lord's . .	1879
9 ,,	20	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Notts	Lord's . .	1885

BOWLING UNCHANGED THROUGH BOTH COMPLETED INNINGS

With				
I. D. Walker	Gentlemen of the South	*v.* Players of the South	Oval †	1865
Wootton (G.)	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Staffordshire	Lord's	1873
W. R. Gilbert	Gloucestershire	*v.* Lancashire	Clifton	1878

† Aged 16.

A THREE-FIGURE INNINGS AND TEN WICKETS OR MORE IN ONE MATCH

Score.	Bowling.				
134*	10 for 81	Gentlemen	*v.* Players	Lord's .	1868
117	12 „ 146	M.C.C.	*v.* Kent (12 a side)	Canterbury	1871
114	11 „ 126	South	*v.* North	Oval .	1872
150	15 „ 79	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield .	1872
179	12 „ 158	Gloucestershire	*v.* Sussex	Brighton .	1874
23 / 110	10 „ 119	Gentlemen	*v.* Players	Prince's .	1874
167	11 „ 101	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield .	1874
94 / 121	10 „ 160†	Gloucestershire and Kent	*v.* England	Canterbury	1874
123	11 „ 129†	M.C.C.	*v.* Kent (12 a side)	Canterbury	1874
127	10 „ 121†	Gloucestershire	*v.* Yorkshire	Clifton .	1874
7 / 152	12 „ 125	Gentlemen	*v.* Players	Lord's .	1875
261	11 „ 139	South	*v.* North	Prince's .	1877
221*	11 „ 120	Gloucestershire	*v.* Middlesex	Clifton .	1885
104	12 „ 109‡	M.C.C. and Ground	*v.* Oxford University	Oxford .	1886

* Signifies not out. † Consecutive matches.
‡ Including all ten wickets in second innings.

W. G. GRACE'S HUNDREDS IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET (126)

For Anglo-American XI (1).

152	*v.* XV of M.C.C. (with Rylott)	Lord's	1873

FOR ENGLAND (5).

224*	*v.* Surrey	Oval	1866
170*	*v.* Notts and Yorkshire	Lord's	1872
152	*v.* Australia	Oval	1880
170	*v.* Australia	Oval	1886
159*	*v.* Victoria	Melbourne	1891–2

FOR GENTLEMEN (15).

134*	*v.* Players	Lord's	1868
215	*v.* Players	Oval	1870
109	*v.* Players	Lord's	1870
217	*v.* Players	Brighton	1871
112	*v.* Players	Lord's	1872
117	*v.* Players	Oval	1872
163	*v.* Players	Lord's	1873
158	*v.* Players	Oval	1873
110	*v.* Players	Prince's	1874
152	*v.* Players	Lord's	1875
169	*v.* Players	Lord's	1876
100	*v.* Players	Oval	1881
174	*v.* Players	Scarborough	1885
131	*v.* Players	Hastings	1894
118	*v.* Players	Lord's	1895

FOR GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND (5).

162	*v.* Cambridge University	Cambridge	1871
107	*v.* Australians	Oval	1884
148	*v.* Australians	Oval	1886
165	*v.* Australians	Lord's	1888
101*	*v.* I Zingari	Lord's	1895

FOR GENTLEMEN OF SOUTH (7).

173*	*v.* Players of South	Oval	1866
180	*v.* Players of South	Oval	1869
118	*v.* Gentlemen of North	West Brompton	1871
145	*v.* Players of North	Prince's	1873
134	*v.* Players of South	Oval	1873
150	*v.* Players of South	Oval	1874
104	*v.* Players of North	Prince's	1874

* Signifies not out.

FOR GLOUCESTERSHIRE (51).

143	*v.* Surrey	Oval	1870
172	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Lord's	1870
116	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1871
150	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield	1872
160*	*v.* Surrey	Clifton	1873
179	*v.* Sussex	Brighton	1874
167	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield	1874
127	*v.* Yorkshire	Clifton	1874
111	*v.* Yorkshire	Sheffield	1875
119	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Clifton	1875
104	*v.* Sussex	Brighton	1876
177	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Clifton	1876
318*	*v.* Yorkshire	Cheltenham	1876
116	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1878
123	*v.* Surrey	Oval	1879
102	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1879
113	*v.* Somerset	Clifton	1879
106	*v.* Lancashire	Clifton	1880
182	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1881
112	*v.* Lancashire	Clifton	1883
116*	*v.* Australians	Clifton	1884
132	*v.* Yorkshire	Bradford	1885
104	*v.* Surrey	Cheltenham	1885
221*	*v.* Middlesex	Clifton	1885
110	*v.* Australians	Clifton	1886
113	*v.* Middlesex	Lord's	1887
183*	*v.* Yorkshire	Gloucester	1887
113*	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Clifton	1887
101 103*	*v.* Kent	Clifton	1887
215	*v.* Sussex	Brighton	1888
148 153	*v.* Yorkshire	Clifton	1888
101	*v.* Middlesex	Lord's	1889
127*	*v.* Middlesex	Cheltenham	1889
109*	*v.* Kent	Maidstone	1890
288	*v.* Somerset	Bristol	1895

* Signifies not out.

257	*v.* Kent	Gravesend	1895
169	*v.* Middlesex	Lord's	1895
119	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Cheltenham	1895
243*	*v.* Sussex	Brighton	1896
102*	*v.* Lancashire	Bristol	1896
186	*v.* Somerset	Taunton	1896
301	*v.* Sussex	Bristol	1896
113	*v.* Philadelphians	Bristol	1897
126	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1897
116	*v.* Sussex	Bristol	1897
131	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Cheltenham	1897
126	*v.* Essex	Leyton	1898
168	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Nottingham	1898
109	*v.* Somerset	Taunton	1898

For Gloucestershire and Kent (1).

121	*v.* England	Canterbury	1874

For Gloucestershire and Yorkshire (1).

110	*v.* England	Lord's	1877

For London County (7).

110*	*v.* Worcestershire	Crystal Palace	1900
110	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Crystal Palace	1900
132	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Crystal Palace	1901
131	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Crystal Palace	1902
129	*v.* Warwickshire	Crystal Palace	1902
150	*v.* Gloucestershire	Crystal Palace	1903
166	*v.* M.C.C. and Ground	Crystal Palace	1904

* Signifies not out.

	For Marylebone (19).		
117	*v.* Oxford University	Oxford	1869
138*	*v.* Surrey	Oval	1869
121	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Lord's	1869
127	*v.* Kent	Canterbury	1869
117*	*v.* Nottinghamshire	Lord's	1870
181	*v.* Surrey	Lord's	1871
146	*v.* Surrey	Oval	1871
117	*v.* Kent	Canterbury	1871
101	*v.* Yorkshire	Lord's	1872
123	*v.* Kent	Canterbury	1874
344	*v.* Kent	Canterbury	1876
101	*v.* Australians	Lord's	1884
104	*v.* Oxford University	Oxford	1886
116*	*v.* Cambridge University	Lord's	1887
128	*v.* Kent	Lord's	1893
139	*v.* Cambridge University	Cambridge	1894
196	*v.* Cambridge University	Lord's	1894
103	*v.* Sussex	Lord's	1895
125	*v.* Kent	Lord's	1895
	For Single (1).		
189*	*v.* Married	Lord's	1871
	For South (10).		
122	*v.* North	Sheffield	1869
178	*v.* North	Lord's	1871
268	*v.* North	Oval	1871
114	*v.* North	Oval	1872
192*	*v.* North	Oval	1873
114*	*v.* North	Nottingham	1876
261	*v.* North	Prince's	1877
154	*v.* North	Scarborough	1889
104	*v.* North	Hastings	1895
126	*v.* North	Lord's	1900
	For South, United (1).		
126	*v.* North, United	Hull	1876
	For South of Thames (2).		
130 102*	*v.* North of Thames	Canterbury	1868

* Signifies not out.

RESULTS OF THE MATCHES IN WHICH W. G. GRACE PLAYED

Season	Won	Lost	Drawn	Total
1865	3	1	1	5
1866	4	3	1	8
1867	4	0	0	4
1868	5	3	0	8
1869	10	4	1	15
1870	11	6	4	21
1871	15	4	6	25
1872	13	5	4	22
1873	18	2	4	24
1874	15	5	1	21
1875	12	9	5	26
1876	11	3	12	26
1877	17	1	6	24
1878	9	10	5	24
1879	6	5	8	19
1880	6	4	6	16
1881	9	2	4	15
1882	4	12	6	22
1883	7	12	3	22
1884	9	11	6	26
1885	8	10	7	25
1886	9	12	12	33
1887	3	14	7	24
1888	14	13	6	33
1889	6	12	6	24
1890	14	10	6	30
1891	6	11	7	24
1891-2	6	2	0	8
1892	3	8	10	21
1893	9	13	6	28
1894	6	14	7	27
1895	15	9	5	29
1896	11	13	6	30
1897	10	9	6	25
1898	11	7	8	26
1899	3	5	5	13
1900	2	8	8	18
1901	7	4	8	19
1902	6	3	13	22
1903	5	6	5	16
1904	5	7	3	15
1905	0	4	4	8
1906	2	2	1	5
1907	0	1	0	1
1908	0	1	0	1
Totals	349	300	229	878

MEN WHO HAVE CLEAN BOWLED W. G. GRACE IN FIRST-CLASS CRICKET MORE THAN THREE TIMES

20 Times.
Shaw (A.)

14 Times.
Richardson (T.)

13 Times.
Barlow (R. G.)

11 Times.
Morley (F.)

10 Times.
Briggs (J.)
Emmett (T.)
Hill (A.)

9 Times.
Peate (E.)
Shaw (J. C.)

8 Times.
Flowers (W.)
Southerton (J.)

7 Times.
Lohmann (G. A.)
F. R. Spofforth
C. T. B. Turner

6 Times.
Bates (W.)
Hearne (J. T.)
Martin (F.)
G. E. Palmer
Peel (R.)
A. G. Steel
Wootton (G.)

5 Times.
Attewell (W.)
Barnes (W.)
G. Giffen
Lillywhite (J. jun.)
Mold (A.)
Wainwright (E.)

4 Times.
Hearne (A.)
Mycroft (W.)
Tate (F. W.)
H. Trumble
Watson (A.)

MEMORABILIA OF W. G. GRACE IN MINOR CRICKET

Spectacles.

1863 XXII of Lansdown *v.* England XI at Bath, c. Clarke (A.) b. Tinley, c. Anderson b. Tinley.

1863 Clifton *v.* Lansdown at Bath, b. E. M. Grace, b. E. M. Grace.

1868 U.S.E.E. *v.* XXII of Cadoxton (with Howitt) at Neath, c. Struve b. Howitt, c. and b. Howitt.

1870 Bedminster *v.* G.W.R. at Bedminster, c. and b. Laverick, c. Dormand b. Laverick.

He never was twice dismissed for 0 in a first-class match.

Aggregate of 3,000 Runs in a Season.

	Completed Innings	Runs	Average
1870	67	3,255	48·58
1871	48	3,234	67·37
1872*a*	63	3,030	48·09
1874*b*	74	3,505	47·36
1876	72	3,908	54·27

a Including the trip to America; and *b* the tour through Australia.

W. G. Grace took over 300 wickets in 1874, 1875, 1877 and 1878.

W. G. Grace scored 91 centuries in minor matches, five being over 200 and one reaching 400.

It is estimated that during his career W. G. Grace made about 80,000 runs and took about 7,000 wickets.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

By Alfred D. Taylor

As a contributor to cricket literature, Dr. W. G. Grace committed the result of his experience to paper in plain language. His first contribution to appear in book form was not published until the champion had been before the public for twenty-seven years. It bears the crisp title *Cricket*, and ran through several editions. the publisher being his own neighbour, the late Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol. The first edition was priced at six shillings, but the instructive portion was reprinted separately at one shilling with the title *Batting, Bowling and Fielding*.

When the proprietors of the English Continental Library decided to add to their series a book on cricket, Dr. W. G. Grace was invited to supply the letterpress and the volume, bearing his signature, appeared at Leipzig in 1892.

Of more interest to the non-exponent was "*W. G.*" *Cricket Reminiscences and Personal Recollections* (James Bowden, 1899). Another book of entertaining reminiscences by the champion was "*W. G.'s*" *Little Book* (Newnes, 1909), with chapters on the "New Bowling," "Cricket Journalism," and "Cricket and Go." On the attainment of W. G. Grace's hundredth century in first-class cricket, L. Upcott Gill issued a shilling book entitled *The History of* 100 *Centuries*. Dr. W. G. Grace's name appears on the title page as that of the author, but the book was really compiled by the late Mr. W. Yardley, who modestly posed as the editor.

To the innumerable publications that have appeared in connection with the game, Dr. W. G. Grace was a frequent contributor. The *Badminton Library of Cricket* contains two excellent articles to which his name is attached, "How to Score" and "Outfit." "Cricket as a Sport" is a subject in *Dewar's Cricket Annual* for 1892, whilst his "Hints on Batting," which appeared in the first edition of *James Lilly-*

white's Cricket Annual in 1872, found such favour that it was reprinted for twelve successive years. In the *Boys' Own Bookshelf* series Dr. W. G. Grace was responsible for three chapters, "Cricket and How to Excel in It," "The Cricket Bat; How to Make it, Choose it, and Keep it," and "Cricket Clubs, their Formation and Management." An article, "Big Hitting and Fast Scoring: a Remedy for Unfinished Matches," is to be found in the *Cricket Handbook* (Greening).

To tabulate the numerous articles that have appeared above his signature in various magazines would be impossible at this distance of time, but many a grown-up schoolboy still cherishes his advice which frequently appeared in the columns of *The Boys' Own Paper* and the early volumes of *Cricket* when that admirable weekly publication was under the editorship of the late C. W. Alcock.

Articles in praise of W. G. Grace have appeared in countless cricket books, but those solely devoted to his powers comprise the following: *W. G. Grace, a Biography*, by W. Methven Brownlee, with a treatise on cricket by W. G. Grace (Iliffe & Son, London, 1887); *"W. G.," or the Champion's Career*, by Arthur J. Waring (Alexander & Shepheard, London, 1895); *"W. G." Up to Date: The Doings of W. G. Grace from* 1887 *to* 1895, published at Ootacamund; *Dr. W. G. Grace, the King of Cricket*, by Frederick G. Warne (H. A. Burleigh, Bristol, 1899); *Dr. W. G. Grace*, by Acton Wye (H. J. Drane, London); *The Hero of Cricket, an Appreciation of W. G. Grace* (Iliffe, London); *Dr. W. G. Grace* (Wright, London), and last, but not least, *Scores and Modes of Dismissal of "W. G." in First-Class Cricket*, by Rev. H. A. Tate (Cricket Press, London). This was considerably enlarged in 1896 after Dr. W. G. Grace completed his hundred centuries, and then appeared under the title of *Life, Scores and Modes of Dismissal of "W. G." in First-Class Cricket from* 1865 *to* 1896, embracing some seventy pages. That exceptional statistician, Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, appears to differ in some respects from this summary in his contribution to *Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack* for 1916, alluded to in an earlier chapter of the present volume. After the death of the Grand Old Man of the game, Mr. Ashley-Cooper was the author of *W. G. Grace, Cricketer: A Record of His Performances in*

First-Class Matches (Wisden, 1916). This admirable compilation has of course been freely drawn upon, by permission, for the present volume.

In verse, Dr. W. G. Grace has often been the subject, but as far as one can trace, only a single song has been published in his honour, namely *Cricket: A Song of the Centuries*, by J. Harcourt Smith (Howard, London). Scores of books on cricket have been dedicated to Dr. W. G. Grace, but a list here would serve no useful purpose.

INDEX OF NAMES

(W. G. GRACE *is not included.*)

Abel, R., 60, 193, 201, 202, 216, 220, 241, 243, 260, 266, 272.
Absolom, A., 62, 117.
Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, H.H. Prince, 321, 335, 336, 337, 338.
Alcock, C. W., 147, 187.
Allan, F. E., 103.
Alverstone, Lord, *writes* 186–188, 273.
Anderson, George, 25.
Angerstein, 68.
Antrobus, R., 86.
Appleby, A., 62, 75, 83, 85, 86, 119, 145.
Armitage, T., 118.
Arnall-Thompson, H. T., 228.
Arnold, E. G., 294.
Ashley-Cooper, F. S., *writes* 283–292, 324, 28, 29, 124, 126.
Astley, Sir John, 205.
Attewell, W., 151, 195, 215, 216, 221, 224, 237, 256.

Badminton volume on Cricket, 286.
Bainbridge, H. W., 352.
Baker, G., 211, 266.
Bale, E., 306.
Balfour, Leslie Melville, 93, 332.
Bannerman, A. C., 146, 159, 193, 194, 219, 220, 268, 269.
Bannerman, C., 106, 220.
Barlow, R. G., *writes* 168–171, 134, 136, 140, 145, 150, 167, 168, 173, 182, 190, 195.
Barnes, W., 136, 137, 145, 147, 173, 185, 190, 195, 200, 201, 215, 225.
Barratt, E., 125, 167.
Barton, Bombardier, 203.
Bates, W., 136, 139, 142, 147, 150, 151, 167, 175, 190, 199.
Bathurst, L. C. V., 256.
Bean, G., 202, 216, 225, 233.
Beauclerck, Lord Frederick, 13.
Beaufort, Duke of, 136.
Beaumont, J., 176, 201.
Beldam, G. W., *writes* 311–317, 332–337, 19, 233, 296, 337.
Bell, Canon, *writes* 52, 53.
Bell's Life, 89, 186.
Bennett, G., 28, 96.
Bessborough, Lord, 115.
Best, Sir Robert, 216.
Birmingham Post, 265.
Bismark, Prince, 57.
Blackham, J. McCarthy, 159, 193, 204, 220, 221, 236.
Board, J. H., 194, 245, 262, 266, 286, 287.
Bonnor, G. J., 6, 29, 132, 158, 194.
Booth, C., 129.
Boult, F. H., 101.
Boyle, H. F., 102, 103, 105, 129, 146, 158, 159, 172, 217.
Bradley, A. G., *writes* 54.
Braid, James, 157, 331, 336.
Brain, J. H., 173, 176, 191, 243.
Brain, W. H., 321.
Brann, George, 352.
Braund, L., 281, 296, 305, 307.
Briggs, J., 64, 170, 173, 176, 190, 203, 216, 221, 256, 262, 294.
Brockwell, W., 153, 241, 272.
Bromley Davenport, H. R., 256.

Brown, Ernest, 326.
Brown, J. T., 241, 263, 281, 294.
Bruce, W., 183.
Buchanan, David, 62, 75, 83.
Bull, F. G., 266, 276.
Buller, C., 14, 33, 34, 63, 114.
Burbidge, 340.
Burgoyne, T., 49.
Burls, C. W., *writes* 163–165, 347.
Burnham, Lord, *writes* 252–254.
Burnup, C. J., 352.
Bush, J. A., 101, 119, 180, 197, 198, 204, 352.
Bush, R. E., 112.
Butler, Rev. A. G., 322.

Cadogan, Lord, 318.
Cæsar, Julius, 226.
Callaway, 219, 220.
Candy, 164.
Cannon, G., 352.
Carpenter, Robert, 20, 76, 83, 94, 186.
Carter, Canon E. S., *writes* 36–38, 38, 39.
Cavell, Strutt, 295.
Charlton, P. C., 210.
Charlwood, H., 47.
Chatterton, W., 241.
Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, H.R.H. Prince, *writes* 319–320, 318.
Christian Victor, H.H. Prince, 204, 319, 322.
Christopherson, Stanley, 172.
Cinquevalli, 354.
Clarke, C. C., *writes* 211–214, 150, 211, 321, 352.
Clarke, 13.
Clayton, R., 55, 75, 84, 109.
Cobham, Lord, *writes* 34–35, 33.
Collins, A. E. J., 30.
Cooper, B. B., 47, 51, 52, 102, 105.
Cooper, W. H., 171.
Cosstick, S., 103, 105.
Cotter, A., 219, 308.
Cotterill, J. M., 125.
Cottrell, George, 115.
Coventry, Lord, 318.
Coxon, H., *writes* 344.
Craig, A., 184.
Cranston, J., 168, 198, 210, 202, 211.
Crawford, J. N., 298.
Cricket, 179.
Croome, A. C. M., *writes* 226–235, 320–322, 18, 131, 185, 200.

Daft, H. B., 265.
Daft, Richard, 14, 19, 25, 50, 60, 70, 76, 78, 80, 83, 116, 118, 119, 120, 124, 125, 134, 136, 225, 226, 285, 286.
Daily Telegraph, 52, 214, 252, 343.
Dale, J. W., 60, 61, 62, 78, 82, 98.
Dames, Longworth F., 321.
Darling, J., 282.
Darnley, Lord (Hon. Ivo Bligh), 136.
Davidson, G., 185, 256.
de Winton, E. S., 263.
Dickinson, 300.
Diver, E. J., 156.
Dixon, J. A., 200, 266, 272.
Draper, H., 114.
Duff, R., 296.
Dyer, 301, 310.

Easton, A., 42.
Edwards, J. D., 194.
Emmett, Tom, 37, 38, 51, 58, 69, 83, 95, 96, 111, 116, 118, 119, 125, 133, 134, 136, 140, 150, 169, 182, 192, 198, 268.
Evans, A. H., 138, 152.
Evans, E., 183.
Evans, F. R., 33.
Eyre, C. H., 306.

Fairbanks, W., 125, 168, 178.
Farrands, F. H., 86, 111, 151, 205, 207.
Faulkner, G. A., 305.
Fellowes, J., 114.
Fellows, Harvey, 289.
Ferris, J. J., 155, 193, 207, 209, 238, 241, 287.
Ferris, Sam, *writes* 339–340.
Field, F., 281.
Fielder, A., 297.
Fillery, R., 125.

FitzGerald, Captain Keane, 87.
FitzGerald, R. A., 5, 49, 85, 87, 88, 89, 113.
FitzHardinge, Lord, 71, 136.
Flowers, W., 129, 173, 175, 179, 185, 190, 195, 200, 203, 215.
Foord, Kelcey W., 118, 352.
Forbes, Walter F., 38.
Ford, F. G. J., 14, 352.
Ford, W. J., 199.
Foster, R. E., 295.
Fowler, Gerald, 249.
Fowler, W. H., 160, 352.
Francis C. K., *writes* 61–66, 85–88, 97–101, 344–349, 5, 61, 352.
Freeman, George, 37, 51, 58, 69, 84.
Fun, 101.
Furley, J., 125.

Gale, Fred, 148, 149, 284.
Gale, Percy G., *writes* 308–311.
Garrett, T. W., 158, 183.
Geeson, F., 306.
George V, H.M. King, 282, 352.
Giffen, George, 159, 183, 218, 220, 235, 261, 270.
Gilbert, W. R., 101, 106, 122, 124, 129, 137, 154, 234, 286, 346.
Gilman, J., 307.
Gladstone, W. E., 50, 290.
Gordon, Sir Home, *writes* 12–23, 130, 182, 352.
Gordon, C. S., 59.
Grace, Dr. Alfred, 345.
Grace, E. M., 5, 25, 26, 27, 28, 33, 34, 35, 41, 42, 55, 79, 94, 96, 97, 100, 108, 130, 136, 145, 146, 151, 152, 154, 155, 159, 162, 163, 170, 180, 185, 186, 197, 200, 211, 217, 225, 230, 233, 241, 268, 283, 289, 345.
Grace, G. F., 6, 7, 22, 24, 28, 29, 36, 38, 61, 65, 68, 74, 77, 78, 80, 92, 93, 95, 101, 105, 108, 110, 116, 122, 123, 124, 126, 136, 137, 139, 145, 148, 154, 283, 345, 346, 347.
Grace, Dr. Henry, 30, 55, 56, 154, 155, 230, 231, 245.
Grace, Dr. H. M., 24.
Grace, Mrs. Martha, 25, 26, 36, 155.
Grace, W. G., jun., 72, 207, 238, 239, 240.
Grace, Mrs W. G., 72, 101, 287.
Graham, H., 235.
Great Golfers, 333.
Green, C. E., *writes* 67–73, 14, 49, 58, 276, 349, 352.
Green, 240.
Greenwood, A., 84, 101, 106, 149.
Greenwood, Luke, 97, 108, 113, 131.
Gregory, D., 106, 128, 132.
Gregory, S. E., 225, 260.
Griffiths, G., 84.
Grundy, J., 47, 48, 67.
Gunn, J., 294, 299.
Gunn, W., 190, 200, 201, 202, 203, 209, 210, 216, 224, 235, 260.

Hadow, E. M., 179.
Hadow, W. H., 62, 85.
Haigh, S., 272, 273, 278.
Hall, James, 328.
Hall, Louis, 190.
Halliwell, E. A., 297.
Hallows, J., 296.
Hamilton, A. H., *writes* 343–345.
Hardstaff J., 299.
Harnett, George, 348.
Harrigin, A. E., 299.
Harris, Lord, *writes* 5–12, 147, 263–264, 18, 65, 85, 86, 98, 99, 114, 118, 145, 148, 149, 211, 227, 232, 283, 349, 351.
Harrison, G. E., 148, 149, 167.
Hawke, Lord, *writes* 1–4, 65, 159, 176, 190, 192, 202, 324, 349, 351, 352.
Hawkins, Rev. Walter, 328.
Hayes, E. G., 299.
Hayward, Dan, 186.
Hayward, T., sen., 20, 65, 186.
Hayward, T., jun., 14, 186, 256.
Hearne, Alec, 237, 242, 250, 251, 272, 297, 352.
Hearne, G. F., 239.
Hearne, G. G., 118, 129, 136, 190.
Hearne, J. T., 261, 269, 272.
Hearne, Tom, 40, 48, 142, 143.

Heath, A. H., 112.
Hedley, W. C., 211.
Hemingway, W. M. G., 257.
Henderson, R., 352.
Hereford, Bishop of, 354
Hewett, H. T., 14, 52, 246, 352.
Hickton, W., 50.
Hill, Allen, 109, 111, 113, 117, 118, 119, 120, 122, 123, 150, 169, 195.
Hill, Clement, 280, 281.
Hill, V. T., 244.
Hirst, G. H., *writes* 278, 3, 14, 112, 265, 277, 294.
Hiscock, R., 295.
Hobbs, J. B., 14, 183, 270, 329, 350.
Holmes, Rev. R. G., *writes* 58.
Hopkins, A. J., 296.
Horan, T., 105, 131, 158, 159, 216.
Hornby, A. N., 38, 65, 83, 85, 86, 98, 129, 150, 169, 175, 190, 199, 249.
Horner, C. E., 156, 176.
Howard, R. E., *writes* 338–339.
Howitt, G., 48, 142.
Huish, F. H., 352.
Humphrey, R., 32, 33, 46, 47, 48, 101, 155.
Humphreys, Walter, 194, 206.
Hunter, David, 278.
Hunter, J. C., 342.

Iddison, Roger, 76, 82, 84, 111.
Iliad, The, 354.
Incog. in *Lillywhite's Annual*, 124.
Iredale, F. A., 260.
Irish Field, The, 348.

Jackson, Hon. F. S., 14, 169, 256, 265, 266, 272.
Jackson, J., 194.
Jayes, T., 299.
Jephson, D. L. A., 308, 311.
Jessop, G. L., 80, 258.
Jones, A. O., 116.
Jones, E., 247, 263, 282.
Jones, S. P., 149, 158, 159, 183, 193.
Jubilee Book of Cricket, 285.
Jupp, H., 9, 10, 32, 33, 40, 46, 47, 48, 51, 52, 82, 84, 95, 101, 102, 113, 125, 133, 134.

Kelson, G. M., 76.
Kempe, J. A., 54.
Kernahan, Coulson, 350.
Key, K. J., 201, 262.
King, J. H., 298, 299.
Kingston, J. P., 274.
Kipling, Rudyard, 219.
Kirk, E. C., 307.
Kitcat, S. A. P., 251, 352.
Knapp, E. M., 96.
Kortright, C. J., 265, 272, 273, 276.
Kotze, J. J., 297.

Lacey, F. E., 99.
Lambert, W., 48, 192.
Lane, C. G., 70.
Le Couteur, P. R., 36.
Lee, F., 177.
Lees, W., 299.
Leigh, Hon. Chandos, 70.
Leigh, T. A., *writes* 32.
Leno, Dan, 325.
Leveson-Gower, H. D. G., *writes* 258–260, 329, 352.
Lewisham, Lord, 190.
Lilley, A. A., *writes* 280–282, 272, 296.
Lillywhite's Companion and Annual, 31, 45, 46, 57, 81, 104, 130, 175, 235.
Lillywhite, J., 12, 43, 46, 47, 68, 69, 78, 79, 101, 106, 108, 109, 120, 150.
Lipscomb, R., 81.
Lockwood, Ephraim, 37, 38, 78, 95, 111, 113, 119, 122, 124, 125.
Lockwood, W., 237, 238, 242, 265, 272.
Lockyer, Tom, 47, 162.
Lohmann, G., 14, 28, 64, 176, 182, 185, 190, 201, 209, 215, 216, 224, 261, 287.
Londesborough, Lady, 180, 204.
Londesborough, Lord, 164, 165, 180, 204, 213, 347.
London, Bishop of, 338.

London, Lord Mayor of, 147.
Lubbock, Alfred, *writes* 90–91, 34, 46, 63, 85, 86, 89
Lubbock, E., 85, 86, 87.
Lucas, A. P., *writes* 148–150, 20, 71, 125, 145, 173, 352.
Lucas, E. V., *writes* 352–354.
Lucas, F. M., 187.
Lyons, J. J., 193, 209, 219, 220, 235, 236
Lyttelton, Hon. Alfred, 10, 63, 125, 136, 145, 149, 178, 199.
Lyttelton, Canon the Hon. Edward, *writes* 139–143, 292.

McAllister, Andrew, 93.
McArthur, J. A. S., 325.
Macdonald, Dr., 306.
McDonnell, P. S., 132, 158, 172, 194, 206, 217.
MacGahey, C., 276.
MacGregor, G. E., 216, 272, 352.
M'Ilwraith, J., 183.
McIntyre, Martin, 17, 95, 101.
McIntyre, W., 75, 80.
M'Kibbin, T. R., 261.
MacLaren, A. C., 257, 272, 281.
M'Leod, R., 220.
Mace, Jem, 18.
Magdalen, President of, 322.
Maitland, W. F., 33.
Marchant, F., 251.
Marshal, Alan, 298 302, 303.
Martin, F., 224, 251, 287, 352.
Mason, J. R., 251, 266, 272, 282, 295, 321, 352.
Massie, H. H., 158.
Matthews, T. G., 84.
Maxwell, Sir John Heron, 304.
May, Phil, 309.
May, P. R., 306, 307.
Mead, W., 276, 97.
Meade, 88.
Midwinter, W., 105, 124, 129, 130, 134, 147, 150, 151, 155, 161, 167, 172.
Miles, R. F., *writes* 55, 56, 59, 352.
Miller, Audley, 303.
Mitchell, F., 239, 266.
Mitchell, R. A. H., 34, 68, 70, 141, 142, 227.
Moberly, W. O., 119.
Mold, 195, 237, 242, 256, 258, 265.
Mordaunt, G. J., 265.
Mordaunt, H. J., 211.
Morgan, W. A., 342.
Morley, F., 109, 113, 118, 120, 125, 129, 134, 135, 136, 139, 140, 141, 145, 147, 169, 174, 206.
Morris, 218.
Mortlock, W., 61.
Moses, H. H., 219, 220.
Murch, W., 240, 244, 301.
Murdoch, J. A., 183.
Murdoch, W. L., 128, 132, 146, 149, 158, 163, 205, 209, 210, 266, 281, 296, 297, 307, 308, 309, 310, 313, 335.
Mycroft, W., 114, 125, 136.
Mynn, Alfred, 11, 12, 13, 284.

Napier, G. G., 306.
Nash, G., 145.
Need, Philip, 294, 352.
Nepean, E. A., 192, 204, 252.
Newhall, C., 88.
Newham, W., 206.
News of the World, 343.
Nichols, G. B., 246.
Noble, M. A., 280, 282.

O'Brien, Sir Timothy Carew, 36, 191, 205, 215.
Ottaway, C., 11, 62, 66, 83, 85, 86, 87, 88, 95.
Oscroft, W., 101, 109, 113, 118, 136, 139, 143.
Owen, H. G., 71, 276.

Page, H. V., *writes* 194–200, 117, 168, 178, 204.
Painter, 198, 199, 238, 251.
Palairet, L. C. H., 20, 52, 246, 249.
Pall Mall Gazette, 274.
Palmer, G. E., 132, 146, 158, 171, 172.
Paravicini, P. J. de, *writes* 178–182, 337–338, 344, 177, 321, 322, 336, 352.
Pardon, S. H., *writes* 154–155, 160–162.

Parr, C., 86.
Parr, George, 20, 25, 33, 142, 226.
Pauncefote, B., 62.
Patterson, W. S., 29, 125, 126.
Patteson, T. C., 85.
Patti, Madame Adelina, 50.
Payne, Charles, 47.
Pearson-Gregory, T. S., *writes* 160.
Peate, E., 3, 64, 148, 150, 151, 159, 167, 169, 173, 175, 179, 185.
Peel, R., 3, 64, 175, 194, 195, 201, 215, 216, 2 8, 256, 261.
Penn, A., 150.
Penn, Frank, 125, 136, 145.
Perkins, Henry, *writes* 39–40, 59, 34, 77.
Perrin, P., 276.
Philipson, H., 204, 216.
Phillips, H., 78, 124, 185.
Phillips, J., 196.
Pickering, F. P. V., 85, 87.
Pilch, Fuller, 8, 13.
Pilling, R., 190, 201.
Pinder, G., 77, 84, 96.
Platts, J., 69.
Plumb, T., 48, 61.
Poidevin, L. O. S., 310.
Pooley, E., 48, 52, 113, 121, 125, 136, 153, 167, 169.
Posno, Bernard, 204.
Pougher, A. D., 215, 256.
Powys, W. N., 82, 83.
Preston, J. M., 192.
Pullen, W. W. F., 211, 234.
Punch, 129, 352–354.

Quaife, W. G., 266, 299.

Radcliffe, O. G., 201, 210, 211, 216, 238, 352.
Randon, F., 114.
Ranjitsinhji, K. S., 3, 8, 14, 19, 73, 74, 227, 249, 260, 264, 266, 280, 352.
Rawlin, J. T., 190.
Read, Maurice, 160, 190, 201, 216, 236.
Read, W. W., 154, 155, 160, 166, 169, 175, 186, 190, 193, 197, 210, 231, 246, 251, 259.
Reedman, D., 218.
Relf, A. E., 297.
Rhodes, Wilfred, 183, 267, 272, 289, 294.
Rice, R. W., *writes* 257–258, 225, 277.
Richardson, Tom, 238, 252, 256, 261, 265, 266, 267, 270, 282.
Riddell, Sir George, *writes* 330–332, 337, 342, 352.
Ridley, A. W., 114, 126, 129.
Roberts, F. G., 205, 229, 231, 238, 240, 244, 251, 262, 267.
Roberts, John, 33, 354.
Robertson, G. P., 102.
Robertson-Walker, J., 234.
Robinson, C. J., *writes* 243–247, 267.
Robinson, Sir Hercules, 105.
Robson, C., 281.
Roe, John, 345.
Roe, W. N., 260.
Rogers, J. A. R., 240.
Roller, W. E., 176.
Rosmead, Lady, 105.
Rose, W. M., 85.
Rotherham, Hugh, 179.
Rowbotham, J., 97, 286.
Royle, Rev. V. F., 136.
Russell, Lord Charles, 136.
Rutter, E., 190.
Rylott, A., 95, 109, 215, 287.

Sainsbury, E., 26.
Scott, Dave, *writes* 102–103, 216–217.
Scott, H. J. H., 183.
Scott, S. W., 234.
Scotton, W., 183, 200.
Selby, J., 136.
Sellars, A., 255, 268.
Sevier, Robert, 281.
Sewell, E. H. D., *writes* 300–308.
Sharpe, W., 215, 216, 287.
Shaw, Alfred, *wrote* 136, 17, 33, 50, 64, 75, 76, 80, 83, 95, 109, 111, 113, 115, 116, 117, 118, 120, 129, 134, 135, 136, 139, 140, 141, 145, 169, 187, 216, 219, 223, 292.
Shaw, Arthur, 122, 123.

Shaw, J. C., 9, 17, 50, 57, 60, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 94, 95.
Shaw, V. K., 118.
Sheffield, Lord, 216, 222.
Sherwin, Mordecai, 190, 239.
Shrewsbury, Arthur, 19, 120, 125, 134, 137, 168, 175, 186, 189, 190, 197, 200, 210, 216, 235, 236, 272.
Shuter, J., *writes* 152–154, 155–157, 20, 169, 191, 193, 210.
Shuter, L. A., 154.
Silcock, F., 47, 51, 109, 285.
Sinclair, J. H., 295.
Smith, Ernest, 294, 321, 324.
Smith, Miss M. K., 324.
Smith, W. C., 300, 301, 306, 352.
Southerton, J., 48, 76, 78, 97, 101, 113, 133, 139, 169, 207, 285, 292.
Spofforth, F. R., *writes* 104, 130–132, 103, 106, 129, 130, 145, 161, 172, 184, 196, 310.
Spooner, R. H., 20.
Sportsman, The, 254, 338, 350.
Sprot, E. M., 298.
Spry, 328.
Stedman, A., 231.
Steel, A. G., 14, 17, 99, 129, 133, 135, 145, 146, 173, 177, 179, 187, 199, 256, 286, 321.
Stephenson, H. H., 77.
Stoddart, A. E., 14, 180, 190, 191, 192, 204, 207, 216, 219, 224, 235, 236, 237, 242, 250, 256, 266, 272, 277, 321.
Storer, W., 261, 266, 272.
Street, J., 50.
Stuart Wortley, A., 12, 208.
Studd, C. T., *writes* 173–174, 112, 147, 167.
Studd, G. B., 199.
Summers, George, 60, 69, 70.

Tarrant, F. A., 186, 194.
Tatham, Canon, *writes* 121, 122.
Taylor, J. H., 333, 334.
Thewlis, John, 112.
Thompson, G., 294.
Thompson, W. T., 328.
Thoms, Robert, 120, 149, 285.
Thomson, E. A. C., *writes* 327, 343–344.
Thornton, C. I., *writes* 109–111, 203–207, 14, 49, 58, 64, 65, 80, 99, 177, 192, 215, 319, 352.
Thornton, P. M., 112, 186.
Times, The, 110, 333.
Toole, J. L., 164, 165.
Townsend, C. L., 250, 262, 268, 269, 272, 281, 283, 339, 351.
Townsend, Frank, 123, 133, 136, 178, 199, 228, 234, 287, 288, 352.
Trott, Albert, 299.
Trott, G. H. S., 193, 210, 281.
Troup, W., 277.
Trumble, H., 210, 235, 261.
Trumble, J. W., 183.
Trumper, V., 14, 163, 270, 296.
Tunnicliffe, J., 272.
Turner, A. J., 276.
Turner, Charles, 71.
Turner, C. T. B., 155, 156, 193, 194, 196, 204, 207, 209, 210, 219, 235.
Tyldesley, J. T., 14, 305.

Ulyett, George, 109, 118, 120, 126, 133, 134, 150, 167, 173, 185, 190, 198, 199.

Vardon, H., 157.
Vernon, G. F., 129, 164, 211.

Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of (King Edward VII), 254, 282, 325.
Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of, 321.
Walker, I. D., 32, 33, 60, 61, 62, 68, 71, 98, 99, 109, 114, 173, 178.
Walker, J. G., 190.
Walker, L., 295, 296, 308.
Walker, R. D., *writes* 33, 35, 63.
Walker, V. E., 41, 70.
Walker, Whimsical, 205.
Walker of Trent Bridge, 120.
Ward, W., 13, 118.
Warner, P. F., *writes* 267–270, 105, 294, 351, 352.
Warren, Algernon, *writes* 41–42.

Warren, Henry, 298.
Watson, Alec, 133, 145, 176, 177.
Watt, Killigrew, 42.
Watts, 215.
Webbe, A. J., *writes* 115–117, 71, 113, 119, 120, 129, 149, 190, 191, 214, 268, 321.
Weigall, G. J. V., 352.
Wells, L. S., 274.
Welman, F. T., 352.
Westminster Gazette, 53.
Westmorland, Lord, 345, 346.
Whitehead, Rev. A. Goram, *writes* 340.
Wickets in the West, 88.
Wild, F., 129, 136, 167.
Wilkinson, A. J., 76.
Willsher, E., 43, 47, 76, 80, 96, 109, 110, 285.
Wilson, G. L., 255.
Wilson, Leslie, 201, 232.
Winterbotham, A., 228.
Wisden, 217, 218, 264, 278, 279.
Wood, C. J. B., 295.
Woodcock, 265.
Woods, S. M. J., 193, 250, 265, 272.
Woof, W. A., 151, 194, 200, 202.
Wootton, F., 182.
Wootton, G., 33, 47, 48, 51, 60, 66, 75.
Wright, Walter, 151, 251.
Wrathall, H., 269.
Wynyard, Capt. E. G., 260, 272.

Yardley, W., 20, 51, 62, 82, 95.
Yorkshire Cricket, His ory of, 58.
Young, 347.

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner *Frome and London*

LIBRARY
MAR
9
1962
OF TORONTO

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY